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China Suffers

Ernest M. Wampler

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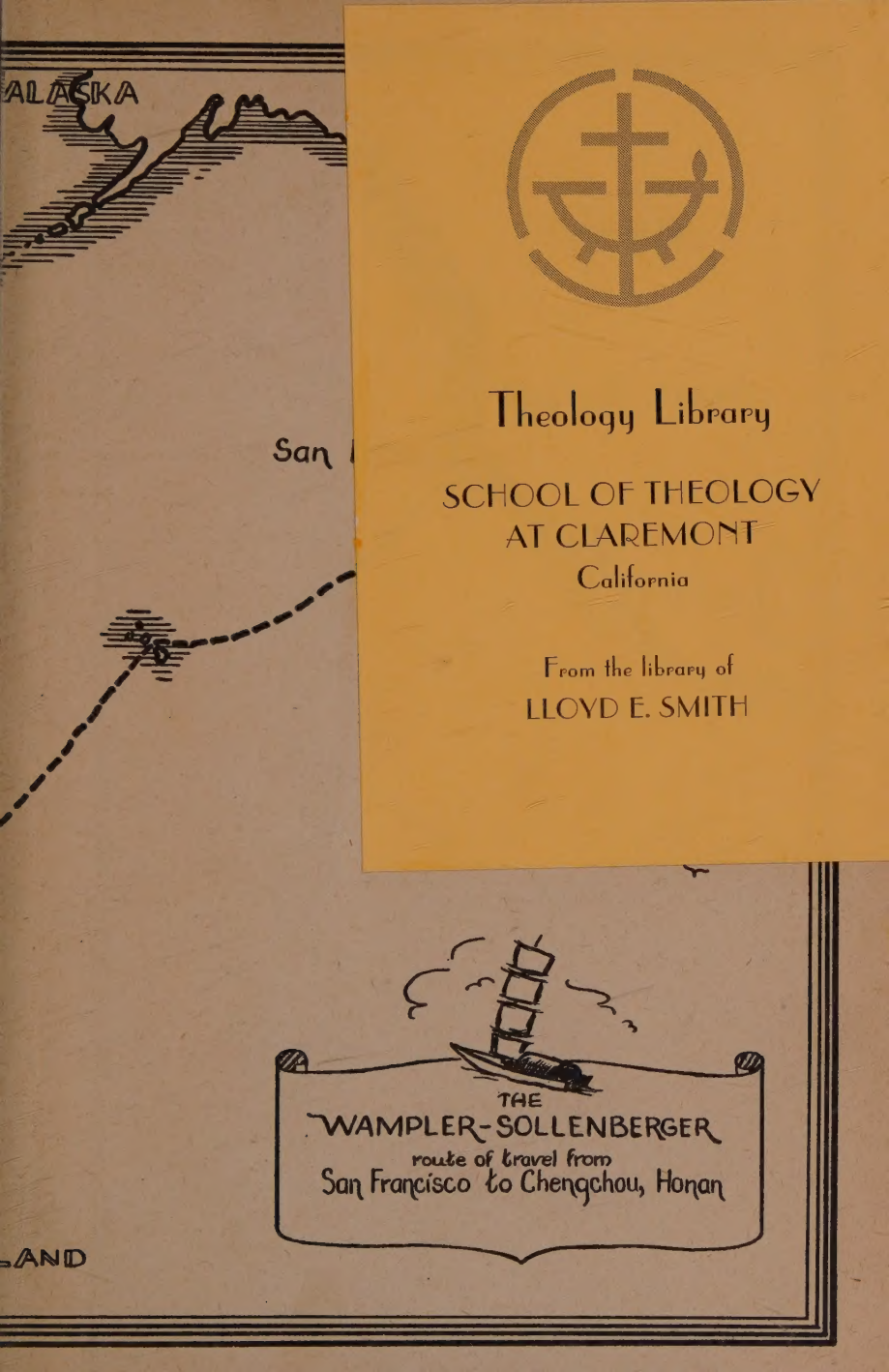

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From the library of
LLOYD E. SMITH

Dear Mr. Fey

Hope you enjoy reading
this story. Will be glad for
your reaction.

Ernest M. Wampler.

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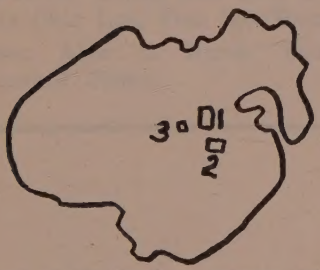
China Suffers

or

My Six Years of Work During the Incident

ERNEST M. WAMPLER
Missionary to China since 1918



1. Church of the Brethren mission field in Shansi
2. Honan famine area
3. Flooded area in Shensi

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

To the thirteen Chinese at Liao and the three American missionaries at Shou Yang whose devotion to duty, the church and their Lord caused them to lose their lives—

Chinese Men: Chao Chun Jen, Li Cheng Chang, Liu Chun Jung, Lu Fu Jung, Wang Kuei Jung, Wang Kuei Lin, Wang Pao Lo, Wang Yu Kang.

Chinese Women: Chang Shu Mei, Chao Si Ti, Chao Yu, Liu Chin Lan, Tien Mei Hsiu.

Missionaries: Alva C. Harsh, Mary Hykes Harsh, Minneva J. Neher.

(A GENEROUS GIFT TOWARD THE PUBLICATION EXPENSE OF THIS BOOK MAKES IT POSSIBLE TO DISTRIBUTE CHINA SUFFERS AT A REDUCED PRICE.)

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INTRODUCTION

Confucius, traveling with his disciples one day, came to a very large tree. "It is large enough to house a thousand chariots," said one of the group. They approached the tree. The teacher tasted its fruit and found it was pithy, of no value for food. He tasted a leaf; it was bitter. The limbs were too crooked for rafters and the trunk was too gnarled and full of knots to be good for coffins. Then Confucius said, "The reason why this tree has grown to such a great size is that it is good for nothing."

There are those who have thought of China as good for nothing. They have never felt that any permanent or lasting value could ever come from that country. None who have ever lived in China have felt this way about her. They have appreciated her fine old heritage and her culture, which has been preserved these many centuries. They have realized the possibilities of the tremendous man power of China. They have felt the keenness of her scholars and have been able to visualize what the present all-covering educational plan will do for the teeming millions of Chinese children. They have become acquainted with the unlimited natural resources of China, but even in the wildest flights of their imagination they have never been able to comprehend fully the magnitude or the possibilities of these resources.

It is refreshing to have a book written by one who is fully aware of all these things. He sees in China a potentially powerful Christian nation. The author of this book knows China. He has lived with her people in times of abundance and of famine. He has seen the ravages of disease sweep over the villages and has been in the midst of the destruction of war. He loves the Chinese people for what they are and what they can become through the message of the church. Therefore, the information here is reliable.

Ernest Wampler is a graduate of Bridgewater College, Bridgewater, Virginia, and of Yale Seminary, New Haven,

Connecticut. His experiences as a missionary of the Church of the Brethren for twenty-five years prepared him to serve effectively during the recent years as a relief worker under the direction of the Church of the Brethren and the American Advisory Committee for Relief in China. During his terms of missionary service he did relief work during two major famines. The first famine occurred in 1920-21 and the second during the spring and summer of 1930. As a missionary, he gave much attention to the improvement of crops and animals. He worked with Dr. R. T. Moyer, Dean of Agriculture of Oberlin, Shansi Memorial School of Taiku, Shansi. He did extensive work in developing home industries.

We, therefore, heartily commend this book to all those who are interested in the great land of China and in suffering people everywhere.

Leland S. Brubaker
Secretary
General Mission Board

M. R. Zigler
Secretary
Brethren Service Committee

PREFACE

The story, China Suffers, or My Six Years of Work During the Incident, is not a history of Brethren mission and relief work. It is the story of my family and our relation to that work that is here recorded. Many more relief projects were sponsored, and schools, medical work and missionary enterprises were carried on under handicaps and hardship during these six years by other members of our mission; about these I have not told. This story is similar to theirs and therefore represents the problems we all faced during those years. It is a simple story of the struggles and the sufferings of a people oppressed by an aggressive military machine, a story of a mission family trying to live and teach the abundant life in the thrall of this confusion and suffering. It is written that those who read this might continue to aid, by gifts and service, those who suffer more than we.

The story is divided into three sections according to the progress of the war. The first section of two years deals with our mission and relief work in the five southern counties of our territory before the coming of the Japanese army to occupy that territory permanently. The second tells of the one and one-half year we were under Japanese army control. The third deals with travels and relief activities during a little over two years in free China. The subdivisions of each section often refer to incidents covering the entire period, even though other subdivisions deal with incidents of the same period. The three main sections, however, are chronological and do not overlap.

My experience convinces me that the best way to do relief and reconstruction work is through the organized missions and churches of the communities where this work needs to be done. They generally have the confidence of the government and the people of the community, and co-ordinating the work with government agencies is easy. I definitely believe that relief should not be separated from mission work.

This does not imply that the church should receive any special favors or that its membership should get extra help. When the Christians administer the funds, these gifts generally get to the people who need them without discrimination and with practically no extra overhead expense. The church and mission worker will generally put up with fewer conveniences and go into harder situations than government or benevolent agencies will. The people receiving the help do not have suspicions about the giving as much as when it is done by the others, as, for example, a foreign government. Some criticize this method, in that it may make "rice Christians." I think it does help in building the good name of the church and it will make converts to the kingdom of God in the long run. However, that is my aim in life, for I believe that only in the proportion that we have people live the Christ way will we be able to have permanent peace and world brotherhood. You cannot build it on any other foundation.

I do not believe in free relief except for emergencies and that for only a short period of time. All free relief should evolve into work relief, in which the individual partly supports himself by work organized by the relief agency.

Brother O. C. Sollenberger was in China and traveled with me for about two thirds of the six years of this story. He is generally known by his initials, "O.C.", so I have adopted the term "Osee" and refer to his son as Howard.

This story could not have been produced had I not had the untiring help of my wife. Others who urged me to put this in form, and have been kind enough to read and offer corrections, are Dr. John S. Flory, Mrs. Rebecca S. Wampler, Secretaries Leland S. Brubaker, M. Robert Zigler, Anetta Mow, and Brethren H. A. Brandt and Ora W. Garber. Miss Velma Ober, Brother F. H. Crumpacker and my daughter Sara Anna have read parts and offered suggestions. Miss Marlene Wandle did most of the typing. I want to thank all

for giving me this encouragement and assistance. If this story challenges some young person to go out and serve in China, let us all remember that this work or the work which he hopes to do cannot be done except by the prayers and gifts of thousands in the home churches who sacrifice that others may have this abundant life which Christ came to give to all.

Ernest M. Wampler

New Windsor, Md.

Mrs. Tien, one of the thirteen martyrs, with her baby boy

PART ONE

The Coming of the Japanese Army

1

RETURN TO CHINA

It was the afternoon of March 13, 1937, that a porter at the Dearborn station, Chicago, loaded our luggage with Joseph and Gene into his pushcart and we followed along the platform by the side of the "400" to our coach. We found good seats. H. Spenser Minnich and his wife, Eva, gave us good-by as we started back to China, back to that land where on the surface is so much change, where underneath the surface the great current of progress is slowly moving on, with such slowness that it is hardly noticeable in the lifetime of one generation. We had had a good furlough. I left my daughter, Sara Anna, at Bridgewater College where she was continuing her schoolwork. We were returning to China with great hopes for another six years of service for the Master. There is always a thrill in getting off to one's lifework, and as we sat in the good coach and the train picked up speed after getting out of the yards we rested in perfect contentment. Out over the Canadian Rockies we went to Vancouver. On the day after our arrival in Vancouver we went down to see our big boat, the Empress of Asia, that was to carry us across the Pacific Ocean. Our heavy baggage had all arrived and we got it checked after properly labeling each piece so that it could be loaded.

The day of departure came and as we went aboard we found a handful of letters lying in our stateroom. We wanted to read them, but we left them while we talked to

friends who came to see us off. Mr. Fee, the man in whose home we stayed while in Vancouver, had given us a package of seeds to send to his son in China, and with them he also gave us a package of choice pansy seeds for our flower garden which we would soon be starting again in the yard of our Chinese home. Directions were given to the boys carrying our hand luggage into the stateroom, and a few things were put in place before the boat put out to sea.

We took the children and went up on deck. Standing there by the rail we heard the gong start its warning to all persons on board the ship who were not sailing to leave the boat at once. Paper ribbons of all colors were thrown to the passengers by their friends on the wharf. It was a complete medley of crosses and crisscrosses of those paper streamers. As the great ship started out, friends on deck and wharf walked along to see how long they could keep the paper ribbons from tearing and breaking the last connection. Soon the last tie had been severed and we were on the open sea. We went to our room and began to open and read mail. The letters, though short, were full of good wishes, bade us Godspeed, and included prayers for a safe voyage. We were thankful for our friends' interest in our work and we were happy to go forth again in an effort to live and preach the gospel of good news for our Chinese friends.

When we landed at Tang Ku, China, Mr. Mackenzie, our treasurer at Tientsin, was on the wharf to meet us. He helped us get our baggage through customs and get on the train for Tientsin. We stayed in his home in Tientsin. After doing a little shopping we went on to Peiping, where after a half day's rest we took the train for Shansi. There we met our fellow workers in our spring mission meeting. At the close of the meeting we were on the road again, on our way to Tsinchou, our home. We stopped at Taiku, the end of the railroad, and there visited our sick coworker, Nettie Senger. We engaged the Taiku mission hospital car to drive us to our

Mission meeting at Ping Ting, 1937

home city, sixty-five miles away. Mrs. Raymond Moyer, in whose home we spent the night in Taiku, was thoughtful in supplying us with a few things, even to a small can of yeast starter, to help us until we could get our kitchen going.

Word of our coming had gotten through to our church friends at Tsinchou and a big delegation was out at the bus station to greet us. In true Chinese style we got down from the car and walked along with them to the city gate and on across to our own dooryard. The boys were snatched out of our arms; also small hand baggage was taken from us and carried by those who wanted to be of help. The principal of the city's government girls' school was among those who came to greet us. Just as we got to the center of the town, close to the place where nearly two years before we had forced our little dog to leave us, I saw him making himself at home under the butcher's block with other curs of the town. I needed to call his name but once and he came bounding toward us. He seemed to know all of us, even Gene, who was only three months old when we left China,

and now was not quite two years old. All of his strength was used in trying to get as close to our faces as possible. He went home with us and I believe he resolved never to allow another parting until death should separate us, which it did when the Japanese came. Because he hated soldiers, they enticed him into Liao Chou city and shot him.

The cook had the house partly cleaned, and, after unlocking boxes, we made our beds ready for sleeping. We were tired, especially the children. The church and the community had prepared a welcome party for us that evening;

Fellowship meal in church yard in Tsinchou

we went to our little chapel and ate pumpkin seeds and peanuts, drank tea, and listened to songs and speeches of welcome. I think they were happy to have us back, and I know we were happy to be back at our place of work again.

Everything seemed right for a good start in our evangelistic work. The Chinese colaborers were enthusiastic and the surrounding villages were glad to have us among them. A few days later the Chinese workers, men and women, were

called to our home and plans were made for our spring program. Village visitations (tours), short classes for villages which had eight or ten Christians, and then the final retreat to be held the latter part of June were planned. Brother Frank Crumpacker and Mr. Nieh were engaged to take leading parts on the program for this retreat.

Before we left America, friends gave us many beautiful used Christmas, Easter and other greeting cards. One children's Sunday-school class cut out and mounted pictures from Scripture-text calendars, to be taken to their friends in China. One small suitcase was packed full of these cards and carried along with our baggage to China. Many of these cards were of beautiful gold- and silver-tinted paper which made excellent material for hand cuttings for some of the larger children. The pictures were given as prizes for attendance and work done. The large mounted Scripture-text calendar pictures were first labeled in Chinese, then were given to the children for perfect attendance and memory work prizes.

During the early summer months Elizabeth called the women evangelists together with some young helpers who had had training in our Bible school and held a week's training class for leaders of vacation Bible schools. After this training they were sent forth two by two to conduct these schools in the city and the villages. We had three of these vacation schools in different sections of the city of Tsinchou and ten in surrounding villages. Some of the schools had excellent attendance and the results were very encouraging. Some were hindered by the wheat harvest coming at that time, when the children must go to the fields to glean after the reapers or stay in the homes to care for smaller children while the mothers went to the fields. In all, we touched about four hundred children. It seemed unfortunate we could not follow this work the next year, for we had plenty of material and interest ran high. In the burning of our chapel the next spring all these leftover supplies were destroyed.

While in Tientsin we had received a prospective order for three hundred bed blankets. Consequently the workers in the wool school were feeling happy for they knew that this work would keep them busy for quite a while. A co-operative wool spinning and weaving was started by the Christians at Shih Pan, a village about thirty-five miles from Tsinchou, and it was doing splendid work. A large quantity of good wool was purchased and plans were made to enlarge this branch of home industry.

Two Poland China pigs were bought from the agricultural department of the Taiku school and placed in the care of a Christian farmer. He hoped to cross them with the Chinese hogs, thereby getting a crossbreed hog which would develop much faster and produce more and better meat. Plans were also made to get one or two Rambouillet rams to cross with our local sheep at Tsinchou, thereby increasing both the quality and the amount of wool and producing a better animal for eating. This had been tried for several years and the farmers were very enthusiastic about getting a better breed of sheep. Experimental wheat had been planted at Tsinchou in the fall and now the extension director of the Taiku agricultural school was looking after this branch of the work. The days were busy but everywhere we went we found men and women wanting to enroll as inquirers, wanting to know about the gospel, the good news which we were living and proclaiming.

2

THE INCIDENT AT THE MARCO POLO BRIDGE

The atmosphere was washed clean of dust as the early summer rains started. The sunset was beautiful; the joy of living was enriched; the low tinkle of the cowbells was heard as the cattle made their way back into the city from their work, or in from the pastures in the near-by graveyards. The

smoke from the fires started to cook the evening meals hung low over the city and the near-by villages. The early rains gave promise of good crops, and all were happy. People from the neighboring villages who had come to the city to shop and sell some of their poultry and eggs or grain were now passing out from the west gate of Tsinchou, chatting as they went about the news they had picked up while in the city.

These interior cities have few radios and telegraph connections, but rumors were afloat that the Japanese army was maneuvering near the Marco Polo bridge close to Peiping. At the close of their maneuvers one soldier was reported missing. Over the dispute as to who was responsible, the Japanese had opened fire on some Chinese soldiers and the Chinese had returned the fire.

The Japanese demanded that the incident should be settled by the North Political Council and the Chinese authorities at Nanking insisted that this was a national affair and could be settled only through Nanking. All daily papers were full of the arrival of Japanese soldiers and of great preparations by the Japanese of Manchuria and Korea. It also appeared that the Chinese nation, although not wanting war, was determined to resist the invasion of their land by the Japanese. No war was declared, but, with the bombing of schools and other places in Tientsin and the taking over of the central railroad station there, it was clearly evident that war was actually in progress. The Chinese were resisting and, even though they had equipment very inferior to that of the Japanese, they made the invader pay for every advance he made. We all felt that the struggle was going to be long and hard, but no one thought that either Japan or China could hold out as long as they have. I remember talking to several Chinese businessmen and the postmaster at Tsinchou, and during the conversation they said to me, "The Japanese will win now, but you wait four or five years as our army retreats back as far as Szechwan province, then you will see who will win." I thought it would all be over

before that time. They told me of the bitter resistance that the Chinese people were willing to make in order not to be subjected to the oppression of any outside nation.

All the attempts at arbitration failed. From the beginning of the incident both sides were planning for active warfare. Soon hostilities spread to places other than North China, and when the Japanese tried to take Shanghai they found the Chinese prepared. In that city they had to pay very heavily for every gain made. They struggled three months before they had complete control of the city. In the north the Chinese army did not hold the enemy so well as they did at Shanghai. From Tientsin they spread out in fan-shaped form, south along the railroad toward Chinan, west to Peiping, north and southwest along the rail arteries of North China.

As the advancing armies came closer to our mission field, many problems were discussed and prayed over by both native and foreign workers. The policy of the mission when the enemy should get to our own province was a subject often prayed about. Should the older missionaries stand by and have the younger workers and families who had young children leave? A part of the Field Committee met at Ping Ting and decided that Mr. and Mrs. Harsh and Misses Ober and Gauntz should go farther into the interior for language study and that I, with my family, should go with them. After getting them located I was to go back to Tsinchou by myself to the mission work there. We had a truck engaged to take us on south across the Yellow River, and the day was set for departure. But before that day came, the situation was so tense at Ping Ting and Shou Yang that the four young people did not come. We went on the truck to Luanfu, a China Inland Mission station fifty-three miles south of us. I left my family to go on south with families of that station and the next day I returned to Tsinchou. After a week, however, it was decided that the families should stay on in their homes for a while and so our family was united again in our

home at Tsinchou. We decided that we would stay on at Tsinchou at least until the Japanese army got as close as Taiyuanfu, the capital of our province.

The people at Luanfu had a radio and every night picked up news of war developments. We made arrangements for them to send newssheets, and these radiograms reached us, with some exceptions, daily. Our mail from the coast and America was slower and slower in getting through to us. The daily paper seldom came. No news from Ping Ting and Shou Yang came through any more.

The Sunday services in our little chapel were better attended than before. Businessmen and school people began to come. We often found out-of-town Christians coming to our services, some of them college professors, some representatives of business who were fleeing from the advancing Japanese army.

One evening a truckload of school equipment and clothing came up to our church compound. The headman asked if they could get storage for their boxes until the school authorities should decide where they would evacuate. They were from our neighboring mission school at Taiku, sixty-five miles to the north of us. The enemy was getting too close and they felt it was best for the school to move. They stayed with us for about three weeks; then when the faculty and the pupils left Taiku for their new home in Linfen, in the southwest part of the province of Shansi, these boxes were transported to their school. Soon they moved from Linfen on into Szechwan. The school's fine flock of Rambouillet sheep was sent to us at Tsinchou. We divided the sheep and cared for them during the winter. The shepherds were honest Christian men and, even though we did not have proper feed for the sheep and the shepherds had never cared for such fine sheep before, they got most of them through the winter. Only two or three of the very old ones died. In the spring we sent the remaining sheep out to the mountains where the Chinese native flock of this school was being cared for.

Our Bible and homecraft school was being well attended. At one of our weekly prayer meetings someone suggested that we ought to meet every day since the situation was so tense. All felt the need of extra wisdom and divine guidance. Thereafter we met each morning, except Sunday, at eight o'clock for fellowship and prayer, to exchange news, and to plan for emergencies when needed. At the close of these service we would translate the radiograms to our Chinese friends. The meetings were held in one of the rooms at the chapel until the cold weather necessitated fire; then we moved to our home to conserve fuel. Visits were made to the country with the Chinese evangelists, and in the late autumn six men and two women were received into the church by baptism.

Besides these activities of the church, our city was astir with war activities. The auto road that passed our city was busy transporting troops and supplies north. A record for our interior city was sixty truckloads of soldiers passing the bus station one evening between four and five o'clock. Civilians were fleeing south along the same road, hauling or carrying what belongings they could. Our city was made headquarters for Governor Yen's "Dare to Die" brigade of soldiers led by General Poa. Most of the leaders of this army were young men trained in the high schools and colleges in the coastal cities. We also had reports that along with this Shansi army the Eighth Route or Communist army would have men in our territory under the famous leader, Chu Teh. All this troop movement, along with the harvesting of the autumn crops, made the farmers exceptionally busy. Roads and inns, temples and school courts were always crowded, and many soldiers had to stay in the private homes of the people. The behavior of the soldiers for the most part was good. But often one could see divisions which were poorly equipped and poorly clothed for facing the winter. The people, though poor themselves, were willing to help in supplying places for the soldiers to stay, furnishing

food and making clothing for them. Thousands of pairs of shoes were made for the army by women in their homes during spare hours.

3

ISOLATION; CHURCH WORK HANDICAPPED

Evangelistic work in the villages was more difficult because of the war. People were restless, and large gatherings were discouraged because of air-raid dangers. However, Chinese evangelists and I made numerous calls on village Christians. Wherever we stayed all night in a village a prayer service was enjoyed with the church members and their friends. The next morning we were up and on to other villages. As we traveled from village to village we invited all to an inquirers' Bible class to be held the following week at the center for these villages. If there were any who could not get to the general classes, where we all studied, worshiped and ate together for a week, they at least had one day of fellowship with the evangelists as they made these tours. The few classes held before the coming of the Japanese were not very satisfactory. The attendance was spasmodic, not because the membership wanted it that way but because necessity required it. The Chinese army was demanding a great deal of service from the civilians when they were not busy with their crops, and of course that was also the time for us to hold our Bible classes. Here a man would come intending to stay the entire week but in two or three days he would be called by his village headman to go to take his share of delivering supplies to the front. Sometimes he would have to take his animal and his cart for a week or ten days. All this made class attendance very irregular, but still interest was good and church work went on. We were asked not to hold our annual farm exhibit in the city because each year it had been drawing large crowds and the au-

thorities felt that was not best under existing circumstances. There were a number of spies circulating in the cities and villages and these large crowds made it easier for them to get the information they wanted.

One of our Christian boys eighteen years old, living three miles north of Tsinchou, was asked to help carry supplies for the army. This boy was a very faithful church attendant and practically always carried his New Testament when he went away from home. Because the order to carry demanded haste he got only a few things to eat and his carrying pole and started, without his Bible. The army used him for three days, each day taking him farther away from home and closer to the front lines. On the evening of the third day he was told he had done his work well and was dismissed. He was about seventy-five miles from his home village. All along these roads close to the front line were road guards to question anyone they did not know as to his business and travel. This was one way of catching the spies. On the road home this young man was questioned as to why he was traveling and why he was not carrying anything. He told them how he had been used to help soldiers, but no one knew him in this community and no verification of his statement could be had. So far as the soldiers could tell, his story could have been made up. He told them he was a member of the Christian church at Tsinchou. "What proof do you have that you are a Christian?" he was asked. Poor fellow, he did not have his New Testament. "I can sing some Christian songs," he replied. After he sang two or three songs they told him that even a spy can often sing Christian hymns. He said, "I can quote parts of the Old and the New Testament." "What can you quote?" they asked. Then he quoted the Ten Commandments, Psalm 23, John 14: 1-3. After this the examiner said, "I believe you are a Christian; go on your way in peace." That young boy realized that day that God's Word is more precious than gold, yea, than much fine gold. But because of long weary hours and exposure on this trip he became

seriously ill upon his return home and lived only a few months. Although he died very young, because of his true life of consecration and strong faith he led several of his family and neighbors to Christ.

We began to realize more and more our isolation as mail and other news from the outside came less frequently. The last mail or news from Ping Ting friends came the first part of October and that from Shou Yang reached us on October 22, after having been almost a week on the way. About the last of November we were surprised to receive a letter from Brother Oberholtzer at Liao. He, too, was hearing nothing from the other places of our mission. On the other hand, mail was rather regular from our China Inland Mission friends at Luan. Some mail continued to get through from America to us, although we learned later that we were the only ones of our mission that had this service.

By talking to the Chinese we got news of the gradual retreat of the Chinese army. The Japanese had taken over the important railroad junction of Shih Chia Chuang and now the army branched out on two spearheads, one going along the Peiping-Hankow railroad south toward Shentehfu and the other west along the railroad leading to Taiyuanfu, the capital of our province. The struggle was hard and the Chinese held the Japanese at Niangtzukuan, on the eastern border of Shansi province, for thirteen days, and still there was no sign of cracking the Chinese resistance. Then the sad report came of how a few of the Chinese of the Hopei plains led the Japanese through a small mountain pass that was not guarded, thus placing them behind the main Chinese army and necessitating the withdrawal of the Chinese from their fortified positions in the mountains. After the Japanese got through that pass, the road was open to Yangchuen and out to Ping Ting station.

On the third or fourth of December word came from our friends at Luan. In the short letter with the radiograms

they gave news of their city and mission work, then said, "You will be especially interested in radio message No. 7"; we turned to it with haste and read, "Reverend Crumpacker wishes to announce to the world that the Japanese Imperial Army has entered Ping Ting and that the seven American missionaries stationed there are all safe." However sorry we were of the progress of the Japanese army, we were glad for this message that our coworkers at Ping Ting were safe. We knew then that they could not hear from us and that we would not be able to hear from them, but we felt that as the battle front had rolled over their city and had passed on they were safe. We would continue to wait God's guidance as that force came closer to us.

We did not hear until many months later how Brother Crumpacker, with the other missionaries inside the city, held the victorious soldiers back from entering the mission compound. Here were crowded in fear many young women and girls, along with hundreds of young men, who had fled to the compound for protection at the hand of the Christian missionary. Neither did we know how the few lone ladies at the hospital compound outside the city held the Japanese common soldiers out of that compound and carried on the work of healing, headed by Nurse Pollock, while Doctor Parker and his family were detained in Peiping, unable to secure traveling accommodations. Hundreds of Chinese to this day thank God for the way those brave souls stood in doorways before the point of the bayonet to protect them. Some evil-minded soldier would occasionally get over the wall at some not-too-well-protected place, but whether it was day or night, he found some foreign missionary standing in his path to turn him back from accomplishing his purpose.

"Missionaries have succored the wounded and helped our refugees, have faced bayonets, cannon and bombs . . . and have stood their ground. The Generalissimo and I feel that no words which we could speak could sufficiently express

our debt of gratitude to the missionary bodies all over China, who have been a help to the distressed and the best of friends to the millions of refugees," said Chiang Mei Ling.[1]

Later on word came by way of the Luan radio that the Japanese army had passed on through Shou Yang and Taiyuanfu, to Taiku, the location of the American Board mission, where our Tsinchou coworker, Miss Nettie Senger, was convalescing in the hospital. How often we wished that we could communicate with them and get information about what to do and how to proceed when the army should come our way, but that was impossible. We were content, though, knowing that He to Whom we had committed our all was able to keep all that we had entrusted to Him.

On January 24, 1938, a man came into our yard bringing a letter from Taiku. It was written by Mr. Raymond Moyer of the Oberlin-in-Shansi Memorial School of that city. It contained business about the care of the foreign sheep and paying the shepherds for their work, then a short paragraph saying he had passed through Yangchuen a few days before writing the letter. He said he had seen Brother Crumpacker at the railroad station there and had learned through him that all at Ping Ting were safe. The next sentence said, "The three at Shou Yang are missing and there is little hope that they are yet alive." We finished the letter, then talked to the bearer a while. Mr. Moyer had suggested that we talk to the carrier about details. After a few minutes' chat with him he was dismissed. It was only with the second reading of the letter that it dawned upon us that we had three American coworkers, Miss Neher and Mr. and Mrs. Harsh, at Shou Yang and that it was they who were reported missing. Mr. Moyer had written as if we knew all about this, but we knew nothing. We had had word that all were safe at Ping Ting and we concluded that all were safe

[1] Miller, Basil, *Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-Shek*, page 138. Zondervan Publishing House.

at the other stations. How we longed for more news of the actual condition at Shou Yang! We had heard through Chinese friends that hostilities at Shou Yang were bitter as that city was taken. We did not realize that the little we had heard regarding these three missing missionaries was about all there was to be said, for even up until now, seven years later, little is known. We know they left their home in the suburbs of Shou Yang with the permission of the Japanese military police, went a half mile to settle a supposed dispute between a Japanese wife and her French husband. They left their home at about eight o'clock, went out into the dark night on the road leading back to the Frenchman's home, and there the story stops. Perhaps we shall hear no more until we hear John say: "I saw underneath the altar the souls of them that had been slain for the word of God and for the testimony which they held; and they cried with a great voice saying, 'How long, O Master, the holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?' And there was given them to each one a white robe; and it was said unto them, that they should rest for a little time, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, who should be killed even as they were, should have fulfilled their course."

Great bravery was shown on the part of Miss Schaeffer of Ping Ting, who, with Brother Crumpacker, immediately volunteered to enter that vacant home at Shou Yang standing in the midst of a yard full of Chinese refugees, where she took up the work of those three missing friends just where they had laid it down. Brother Crumpacker, after making a hasty investigation of the incident, left for Peiping to report the tragedy to the American Legation. Miss Hutchison, who was at Peiping on her way from furlough, accompanied him back to Shou Yang and took her place with Miss Schaeffer. We leave the readers to draw upon their imagination as to what it meant for those two women to take their stand in such a crisis.

The furlough of Miss Schaeffer and the illness of others caused changes in the mission staff at this station, and it was cared for in turn by Brother Bright and wife, Miss Clapper, and Brother Smith and wife until all foreigners were forced out of our mission field in December 1940.

Our little church group at Tsinchou saw hundreds of people fleeing before the advancing Japanese army. Food prices were advancing, and as Chinese soldiers went to the front all inns and food stands were crowded with them. It was hard for the common traveler even to get water to drink, for all water must be boiled to be safe to drink. One morning after prayers, some of the leaders stayed to talk over plans by which we could help these poor fleeing people. It would have been impossible to feed the entire group. One of the greatest needs was water, for most of the refugees had money to buy food or were carrying meager rations for themselves. Our little group decided to have a stand out at the bus station where people could get millet gruel to drink with their dry food. This was to be free to the passer-by, and all labor was to be voluntary. Some gave millet, some coal or kindling for the fires; others gave their time cooking and dishing out the gruel and distributing it to the people; children volunteered to fan the fire, men to carry the water from the wells several hundred yards away. Someone got half a yard of bleached muslin and printed the notice that each passer-by could get one big bowlful of hot millet gruel free. A short statement explained that it was the Christians of the Tsinchou church who were rendering this free service. Thirty to fifty gallons of this gruel were served daily. This work was carried on for about two weeks and many civilians and soldiers came and received bowls of steaming millet gruel as they went on their way. The good deeds of the church were spoken of by many people and some who were critical or indifferent before began to respect the church and take knowledge of what it was doing for the needy.

4

MAKING PLANS TO FLEE

The government had asked the people of three counties to build an automobile road from Tsinchou to Liao. If this road were completed, it would connect the Taiku-Tsechou bus line with the Liao-Ping Ting auto road. Then trucks and cars could get from Taiku to Liao and to Ping Ting; also from down in the southwest part of the province they could go all along the eastern section of the province to the railroad at Yangchuen. The road work was ordered done in the late summer but the village leaders of the communities asked permission to be allowed to wait until they had gathered the autumn crops; they promised that they would then put the work through in a hurry. This was agreed to, for this road work would destroy many acres of fine growing crops if put through before the crops were harvested. They waited until the first part of November to start to work and then one could scarcely imagine a busier beehive of industry.

We put preaching teams on the road and as the men would rest at the noon hour or stop for forenoon and afternoon water drinking we would preach and teach them songs. At first we thought it would take a long time to complete the dirt work of this fifty-mile stretch of road. At some places the cut was ten to fifteen feet in loose ground. In some places dirt had to be carried as much as a hundred yards, making fills ten or more feet high. As one walked along the road the workers reminded him of ants on a sand pile. Every one seemed to know his job, for there was a mind to work. The foreman did not have a very difficult time. We were not able to preach and sing with the men long, for, as the sun began to decline on the third day of work, gangs of men began to pick up their crude tools and start back to their villages. The work was finished and before the sun actually set that day all the dirt work was done from Tsinchou to

Liao. All bridges had yet to be built, and some of the hills had to have some rocks blasted away, but the greatest part of the labor for that road was done. I remember remarking to the Chinese evangelists that evening, as we walked back to the city, that Japan could not conquer a nation which had such tremendous man power and which was so determined and willing to work. It cost days of work but not one cent was expended by the government for all that work accomplished. This was one method by which the Chinese people resisted the aggressor, and it is by that tenacity and ability to suffer that China has won the respect and admiration of the world.

The Christmas season came. This time we did not prepare any Christmas message to send home to the States and we did not expect to receive any from home folks. I went out to the near-by hills, cut a limb from one of the sturdy pines, brought it home, fastened it with nails to a board base and then placed it in a corner of the living room. Meager decorations, which had been saved from other Christmases, were brought out and placed on the tree. The boys were too small to help much but the family worked at it together. Some of these things were decorations Sara Anna had used to decorate Christmas trees, and how glad we would have been to have had her with us, and, above all, to have heard from her! But still we were glad she was safe in school at Bridgewater. As it is always difficult to get good, suitable Christmas gifts for children in interior China, my good wife was wise in providing a few books and toys for our boys and many suitable gifts for the children of our Chinese friends. The next morning Joseph and Gene handed out filled sacks to Chinese children who were invited in around the Christmas tree. These bags were purposely made of colorful cloth that they could use later. Then the children got on the floor to play and inspect their toys as we older folks chatted awhile about plans for the day. At 10:30 A. M. we went to the church chapel for a Christmas program, and then with our village and city

Christian friends we ate our Christmas dinner. Each one was served a bowl of noodles mixed with pork, potatoes, cabbage, beancurd and steamed buns, and each ate with chopsticks. China and Japan were at war and much suffering was endured at the front but still it could not rob us of the peace we had, we who had learned to trust and follow Him of Whom the angels sang, "Peace, good will to all men," and Whose birth we were celebrating. This was the Christmas of 1937.

Only a few soldiers were stationed in our city but the villages were crowded with them. Some villages of no more than five hundred citizens would be housing as many as five or six hundred soldiers. They lived mostly in the temples and the unused buildings of the villages. We learned to know many of the leaders of both the "Dare to Die" battalion and the Eighth Route or Communist army who were stationed in our mission territory. These soldiers were very well behaved, and though the people could not supply them with fine clothing and equipment they did all that they could to help them and make their hardships less. They really did share their household effects and also their grain and other food. Of course the soldiers always paid for their grain. Women made shoes and garments for them.

One afternoon a young officer came to my house to talk awhile. Before he left he informed me that a rather important American official was coming to our city and since he and his group of men were responsible for entertaining him while in this city they would be glad if I would help them. They did not know much about American customs, and their quarters were cold. I was very happy to tell him I would do all I could to help make their American guest as happy as possible during his stay among them and that my home was open to him to come in if he wanted to. As I walked to the gate with this young officer, he withdrew his white glove as he shook hands in saying good-by.

In a few days this American official arrived, but, having a

rather large staff of interpreters and aides, he preferred to stay in a Chinese inn. He was in our home on New Year's Day and took supper with us, and, the next day being Sunday, he was in a while in the afternoon to chat with us. He was Major Carlson, then a member of the American Embassy, a very pleasant man to meet. During our visit with him we found he knew many of our friends in Peiping. He had been active in the men's club of the Union Church there when he was with the American Marines. Having traveled so long in the interior of China, he seemed to enjoy fully an American-style dinner and ate very heartily. Being isolated as we were it was pleasant to talk to a fellow American and to get his reaction about some of the problems we were facing. I remember very well that as he bade Elizabeth good-by (she was holding Gene, who was having a little fever that day) he spoke words of encouragement for the work we were doing. We sent word along with him to Brother Oberholtzer at Liao, and through the people who escorted him to Liao we had word back from Oberholtzer concerning the work there.

Troop movements became more frequent. The Japanese soldiers were in control of most of the railroads in Shansi and they were beginning to push out along the automobile roads but in our section their progress was more difficult. The Chinese soldiers were practicing the scorched-earth policy so far as the roads were concerned. The road which was so spectacularly built in three days was never finished; the farmers were asked to plow the road and put out crops on it when the spring planting opened. The road to Ping Ting was strewn with rocks rolled from the sides of the cliffs. Bridges were broken and often the rocks were carried away. The Japanese, trying to come up along these roads, often found their armies ambushed. One day a convoy of one hundred or more trucks, trying to carry supplies to the army which had gotten into the foothills southeast of Tsinchou, was ambushed. This is how it was done: The guerrillas back

of the Japanese army started firing at the trucks. Along with the supplies there was a rather large squad of soldiers guarding the convoy. Naturally the soldiers got out of the trucks and chased the small group of Chinese soldiers who had opened fire on them. They had to cross a river bed and some were killed but they pushed the guerrillas back into the hills. Just then a large group of guerrillas came out from the fields opposite where the trucks had been left and killed the few Japanese who had remained with the trucks. The guerrillas took shelter behind and in the trucks, and the Japanese, caught between the fire of these two bands, were wiped out. Thousands of people were used in carrying the supplies they had captured up into the foothills and mountains. The Chinese reported one hundred fifty trucks destroyed. A China Inland Mission missionary passing along that road two weeks later counted ninety-seven automobile skeletons strewn along the roadside. The guerrillas get most of their supplies and equipment by these raids on the enemy's supply lines in the foothills and mountains of the country.

The Japanese would retaliate by bombing cities and villages but generally the soldiers were all away when the bombings occurred and very few were ever killed this way. On January 5, 1938, our city, Tsinchou, had its first air raid by one lone bomber which dropped ten bombs. These were small bombs of about twenty-five or fifty-pound size, but more people were killed in this first raid than during any other raid, even though the bombings were intensified many times. This first one taught the people how to protect themselves except from a direct hit. In this first bombing people were caught because they were out in the yards and in open spaces watching the plane. Seven people were killed and a few injured. Elizabeth and two Chinese children were standing in our yard watching this plane while it was dropping its deadly missiles. One of our good friends, Mr. Wang, the principal of the government girls' school, was killed in-

stantly. After the bombing we went to see the holes and the action of the shrapnel. I tried to pick out a few small pieces from trees and buildings for relics, not knowing that less than two months would elapse until my own yard would be strewn with shrapnel from a five-hundred-pound bomb. Even we got good lessons from the first raid; we learned that we should keep low and avoid standing in doors and windows. This knowledge with God's help saved the family when the test came on February 19.

5

BOMBING OF DEFENSELESS CITIES

Immediately after dressing this morning, February 19, 1938, I walked down to the river just outside the west city gate for meditation. As I walked along the side of the frozen river I repeated Psalms 23 and 19. As the sun peeped over the eastern hills, I thought, "What a beautiful world in which to live and how accurately the psalmist has expressed it." But all around us were sorrow and suffering, and we knew not what one day would bring forth. I returned home for breakfast. Immediately after eating we held our daily prayer service in our home with the few Christians of the city. At the close of the service we interpreted the last radiogram which had come the evening before. It reported the likelihood of an invasion in our section. After dinner, I went out to chat with friends on the street or in their homes, and to get the latest news, while Elizabeth put Gene to bed for his afternoon nap and busied herself with household chores.

At the wool school, one of the boys told me that word had come that Liao Chou had been severely bombed early in the day. Walking to the east section of the city I heard the airplane alarm sounding. Being near the east gate, I went on out to seek shelter on the hillside. It was quite a distance back home. Outside the city I heard the planes coming.

About one hundred yards from the city gate I got behind a large rock for cover. By this time I could see six planes approaching. The first three were soon over the east side of the city flying low, letting loose their deadly missiles. I breathed a prayer that God would let them fall in places where the least harm would be done and that my family would have His protection. No sooner had the first three planes gone north than three others were upon the city. I counted twelve bombs falling from the plane nearest me. From my position I thought none of them had gone farther west than the main street, therefore not reaching our home.

As soon as the last three planes had left the city I started home. The east gate having been closed, I went around the city to the north gate. The policeman on guard hesitated to let me enter, but because of my insistence and haste he let me pass. I had no more than gotten inside when I heard one of our Christians from a near-by village call, "Run, pastor, more planes are coming." I told him I must go home. I went across city lots. Near our street, I had to go around a hole where a bomb had dropped in an open space killing a dog and a donkey and demolishing a cart. I now realized that my hope that bombs had missed the west side of the city was blasted.

The street door leading to our yard was torn to pieces. The yard through which we passed to reach our court was literally covered with debris. A bomb had hit one of the rooms in this yard, practically leveling it to the ground. Our roof had a large hole in it right over our bedroom where I knew our baby boy should have been having his afternoon nap. I hastened into the house to look for the boys and their mother. The house looked like a wreck, for windows and doors were blown to pieces. Finding no one, I went up to the little bed. On finding no blood, I presumed that my family had escaped before the crash came. But where could I find them? I started to the street again. This time, I went towards the west gate. After going a little space, I saw my family at the

mouth of the cave that had been dug into the west city wall near the gate. I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving, knowing that they were apparently safe. In the evening as we looked over the wreckage of the house, I knew it was only the pro-

Wamplers' home, destroyed by a bomb; 2 shows where wife and sons crouched during raid; 3 indicates bedroom

tecting hand of God that kept the twelve persons of this court, including my family, from even a scratch as the bombs were flying all about them.

Here is the story told of the same bombing by Elizabeth, who with the boys was only fifteen or twenty feet from where the bomb exploded. "Saturday about 2:30 P. M. we had a terrific air raid from six heavy bombers dropping about seventy bombs on the city. Ernest was out of the house when I heard the signal, and I did not know where he had gone. Joseph was in the yard playing with his little wagon. As I heard the roar of the planes coming nearer, I had him go into the inner room on a little stool under a high window. We had chosen this spot as the safest place. Gene was upstairs napping. I went up to get him. I gathered him up and

started downstairs. I do not know when I realized that more planes were coming, but as soon as I got down the steps, I got down low with Gene in my arms beside Joseph. The cracking began again, coming nearer and nearer. The house shook terribly. I remember saying, 'Oh, heavenly Father.' Then there was an awful crash and suddenly darkness. It was so dark I could not see the children. I asked them if they were hurt, and there was no answer. I wondered if they were killed. Then Joseph asked if he were dead or not. When the atmosphere began to clear a bit and we could see, we started out to see what had taken place. We found debris everywhere. We were covered with dirt from the falling walls of the mud house. I found that the cook and his family had already come in from the outer yard and were in our kitchen. He came out looking for us as we went to the yard. His eyes were bloodshot and he was covered with dirt. He looked like a clod of earth, and I presume we looked the same. He said we should get out, as more planes might come.

"I threw a shawl around Gene and took Joseph by the hand and started toward the west gate. We could hardly get out for there was debris everywhere. I soon saw that I could not carry Gene far. A policeman, seeing my dilemma, offered to carry him for me. I had his suit in my hands for I had not taken time to dress him. Others were also hastening toward the city gate, some with little babes. Some were covered with dirt as we were. We went to the mouth of the cave in the city wall and waited there, not knowing what to do next. Gene began to shake with cold, and as I had no coat I asked the cook to go back for my coat and for Gene's shoes if he was not afraid to go. I kept wondering where daddy was. But before long I heard someone say, 'The pastor is coming.' I looked up and saw him looking around. Then all of a sudden he clapped his hands together and started our way. I knew he had just seen us as his eyes were searching in all directions. Our little son had just been asking if daddy

was dead or not, as he had not seen him. It was relief unutterable as we saw each other! By this time we were urged to go outside the city walls for fear that other planes would come. It was a sad-looking crowd. Some gathered together under trees, and a few collected here and some there, but none wanted to be in a large crowd to be a good mark for possible planes. We went across the frozen river to the hillside near a small village. Our family got near a deep gulch on the slope so as to get low if planes came. I remember saying that if we had to lose one member of our family, I hoped that we would all be taken. It seemed then in our excitement that I could not stand the loss of one. A couple of times as we wandered along we heard the air-raid signals, but no planes came within hearing.

"About 4 P. M. Ernest and I, with the cook and the yard man, returned to our home—to begin we knew not where.

Wamplers' bedroom littered by shrapnel from a bomb

We left the children with friends who took them in a home in the little village on the hillside. When we returned to our yard, a man was standing there who had come in from

his cave home about three miles out in the mountains. He invited us to go to their home for the time being until we could do something better. We decided to go the next morning as we thought it was unsafe to stay in the city even if we had a place to stay. Our postmaster also came in and told of six or eight places that were bombed during the day, places not very far from us. With help, we got two rooms cleared a bit and fixed up our beds in the living room to pass the night. Both of our large beds were broken so we put the springs with the mattresses on the floor. We closed up windows and doors as best we could to keep out some of the cold. Glass was all over the place upstairs, downstairs, and out in the yard. Things from the north study windows were blown across the house, out through the window, and into the yard beyond. Only one lamp was usable. We could only say over and over that it was only God's mercy that spared us amid such wreck and ruin. Had we not kept our heads low while the missiles were flying, we would surely have never known what hit us."

The next morning we arose as soon as we could see to work. We wanted to get the children away from hearing the signals, which had been quite frequent and which frightened them greatly. Elizabeth took the little boys in their wagon and a basket of the first essentials on her arm, and, with the cook's wife and her four little ones, started to the cave home to which we had been invited. I helped them across the river and then returned to gather up other things to carry. They had to stop twice on the way out for passing planes, which of course was very upsetting to all the children. All roads were crowded with people moving out to the villages carrying their most essential belongings. The novelty of the trip soon wore off for the children and their progress was slow. I went a little later carrying other things and the cook and the goatherd went with two baskets of food. We three men with three hired carts returned to the city in the afternoon for beds and bedding, more food supplies, and the

goats. It was not easy to get anything accomplished in the city, for when the air-raid signal sounded everyone dropped what he was doing and got outside the city, and the gate police would not allow one to return too soon. Our goatherd stayed in our kitchen to watch the place, for gates and doors were so broken that we could not shut up anything against pilferers.

Back in the city the next morning, we worked as fast as we could to supply four men who were carrying things for us to our new home. Each man could carry about seventy-five pounds. Our flour, canned fruit, sugar and vegetables were the first things to get out. We had not more than finished these loads when an air-raid signal was given. We left the city for a while, then returned to straighten up a little more, and more thoroughly investigate the ruins. I found the book, Victorious Living, and Gene's Teddy bear in the front court. Both had been lying on the bathroom window. The book back was completely blown off, but no other harm was done to the book. Strange as it may seem, these things were blown toward the site of the explosion rather than away from it. The railings of our iron beds were snapped off as if a knife had cut them. Our Aladdin lamp was blown across the room through the door and under the sewing machine in the next room. The scissors which were lying on the dresser beside the baby's bed were found on the ledge on the opposite side of the room up near the ceiling. The floor boards of the bedroom, which were nailed down with eightpenny nails, were forced up at one end of the room by the concussion caused by the explosion. Although it had not been hit by any of the shrapnel, our desk was in ruins. Drawers were open and the two locked doors behind which we kept some money, etc., were off their hinges.

Always before this when the Japanese made an invasion of Chinese-held territory the invasion was preceded by planes and the bombing of villages. It was often difficult to decide whether to travel or not, but in all these journeys we were

spared any harm and were able to do a great deal of good. While I made a tour for relief work and evangelism, Elizabeth kept the story of happenings at Liao, where we lived after leaving Tsinchou. I quote from her diary.

"April 22. All three men took to the road this morning. Ernest and Howard went to Yu She and want to go on to Kucheng and Shih Pan. Howard wants to go on to Tsinchou. The Japanese have been to Kucheng, getting there right at the time we had hoped to have our meeting there, so it is good we did not try to go on.

"April 25. This morning, between eight and nine o'clock, two planes came from the north and circled around for about forty-five minutes, dropping bombs five or six times. We stayed in the basement most of the time. Our cook's children are in the worst stage of the measles, but he came carrying the oldest son through our house and into the basement. I fear our children will be in for them now although he stayed in a room separate from the rest. So many children in the compound are having them; a couple have died. Quite a few folks are leaving the city again for the mountains. I have been helping sell some of the cloth which has been made by people getting relief money. It is so difficult for the local people to buy anything now, for merchants have taken their supplies to villages and hidden them.

"April 27. Yesterday a note came from Ernest. He says the Christians there are safe but they lost much through burning and looting, as they were chased to the hills for the day by planes; then before they returned the enemy had come and helped themselves and burned many buildings. This forenoon Osee and his three Chinese helpers returned from Hantou. They heard cannons to the north so started very early without eating. They had to carry their bedding, too, a distance of twelve to fifteen miles. At one time three cannon shells whizzed past them, not missing them far, and burst in front of them.

"April 29. More planes circled about again this morning. We heard bombs ten times and saw some planes swoop down as they do when they release their bombs, but heard no explosions, so evidently some did not report. Villages are being searched from the air."

6

LIVING IN A CAVE HOME AND MOVING TO LIAO

We were crowded in our cave home. The cook fixed up a mud cookstove near our door. The Chinese are accustomed to getting along with very few things with which to work. He surprised us one day at dinner when he walked in with a plate of deliciously baked biscuits, and he didn't have a Dutch oven, either. The children were always much frightened when they heard a plane going over. They came running and crying, wanting to be reassured that no bombs would be dropped. The rumble from the motors of the planes brought back unpleasant sensations to others than the children. Many, many poor children in China will carry unpleasant sensations all their lives because of the present conflict in their country. For one little boy who lived very near us in the city and who, with his mother, was always very friendly with us, the airplane will serve to remind him of why he has to go through life without a father. His father was killed in his store just across the street from our chapel, the main room of the building being completely destroyed by the bomb that struck their court. Their store acted as a bank for our personal money and for the mission money we used for the station.

On Sunday, February 27, we arose a little early to make a trip to the village where most of our Christians fled after the bombing. We knew they would be holding services there; also we wanted to know how they were getting along. Because the road was longer than we had expected and the

animals were exceptionally slow, the services were over when we got there. However, we had a good visit with them as we talked together of our recent experiences. We started home fairly early. After getting out of the village a mile or two, we saw two large planes coming our way. We tried to keep under cover as much as possible, at places where the road passed loess cliffs, but they soon turned and went back. As they started back we heard explosions and saw a cloud of dust rise. We knew some village had been visited and bombed. These planes had no more than disappeared when we heard more coming, and soon two appeared on the horizon. They repeated the bombing. In all, seven planes came and went. That evening we learned that a large market village had been hit with one hundred large bombs. Again the casualties were low, because the people had learned to keep low when planes came. These villages were undefended and the enemy planes came and went at will; however, instead of causing submission, the bombings increased resistance. Hundreds of young men said, "If they are going to bomb our villages and try to kill us, we will join the army and die behind a gun."

One day as I went to the city, I visited the post office, which was then outside the city about a mile, to see if I could send any mail. I was told that it was impossible for the carrier to get through. We wondered how our friends were, and we knew they were anxious about us. We wanted to send them word of our safety. Surely we were living in a time when life was little valued. Citizens fleeing over the mountains were being shot down like rabbits as the enemy advanced.

The next Sunday Elizabeth had Sunday school for our boys, then had another in Chinese for the cook's children. Later we had short services for the six adults in this home. As dinner was about to be eaten, three Christian men from the city came out to see us, and we all ate Chinese noodles together with a little vegetable and meat over them, and cold

sauerkraut for relish. They had had a short service together in the city before coming out. We were seriously considering trying to move to Liao. In facing the problems which the summer brings with its rains in such close quarters with our children, we felt that we should get into a more sanitary place if we could. Brother Oberholtzer was alone at Liao and there was plenty of house space for our family.

In trying to hire animals to help us move, I found that the drivers hesitated to promise to go because of fear that their animals and carts would be commandeered for army use. I went into the city to see the county official. He was very willing to give me a letter for the drivers' return, and he also gave me a pass for the trip. He said that the road was open and that the enemy was not making any advances. He also said that if I had any trouble getting carts, he would get as many as we needed. On my way back to our cave home, one of our Christians showed me a paper that had been dropped from a Japanese plane the day before. It urged the people not to fear the Japanese army. It promised that anyone having one of these papers would not be harmed, but of course it was dangerous for anyone not in Japanese-controlled territory to be in possession of such a paper.

Two days later found us on our way to Liao. The first day we covered only thirteen miles. Two of the four carts came the evening before and were loaded. In loading the other two in the morning, we found it impossible to get all our things on. So I went to a village a mile away and was fortunate in securing another cart without trouble. Our dog, Bingo, was determined not to be left behind; so he perched himself on top of one cartload and there he stayed until we were far enough away that he was not afraid of being left behind. My family and I walked the three miles to the city over the short road across the hills while the carts and the rest of the people came along the cart road. The inn was very crowded that night with soldiers, but we had a quiet place to ourselves upstairs where grain is stored. We climbed

up from the outside by a ladder. Our dog stayed close by our cots. He found that he, too, could climb a ladder.

On the fourth day we reached the mission compound at Liao about 11 A. M., instead of the night before as planned. With our late start, heavy roads, and much soldier movement, we could not make good time. We could not make the nights too short for the children. They were not able to sleep much on the carts. The second day out, we met many soldiers and got to our night's lodging-place after dark. As we were starting up the hill into the village that night, someone asked for our lantern to be lit so that he could see to lead the animals up the incline. Foolishly I walked on ahead by myself. Just before I entered the gate a soldier on guard ordered me to stand. As he came up to me, I spoke, telling him I was a foreigner. My dress and accent showed him I was not a Chinese, and he did not know what my nationality was. He backed off and drew his gun. I asked him not to shoot, saying that he should come and see who I was, and that I would not harm him. He came up and after seeing that I was not armed he told me to go into the village, but I told him I would wait for my lantern and the carts. We found the inn crowded to the limit; there was only one small room for all our party. We decided to stay but to look around for another possible place to put up our cots. We were eager to get our supper over and get the children to bed. At this, a man appeared with a lantern and said, "The pastor has come, but you cannot sleep here tonight. Come with me and we will put you up in our store." After going with him and looking it over, I took the family there. We found a spacious room above his store which they used as a stock room. Windows were out, as usual, and there was no heat, but the weather was getting warmer and we did not fare badly. "A friend in need is a friend indeed." The day following our arrival at Liao we had quite a snow and were glad not to be traveling. We were very grateful to our heavenly Father for our safe journey.

A few days after our arrival at Liao there was an execution of a spy. Such executions were very common for a few months at the beginning of the war. This Chinese boy was about eighteen or nineteen years old. He had confessed to having received a couple of dollars for traveling expenses, and said that when he should return and give his report to the Japanese they would give him thirty dollars more. Life is cheap when a decent living is not easy to make. At Tsinchou before we left there were spies' heads outside each gate of the city as a warning to others not to betray their country.

7

JAPANESE RAIDS

I was able to stay at Liao only a few days. The county official wanted me to go to Tsinchou and see the district official regarding a matter. I took Evangelist Tien, and the official permitted one soldier to escort us. We had three horses to ride. We made the round trip in seven days, saw our man and got a favorable reply. I rested a day in Tsinchou before starting back to Liao. The community was full of soldiers. I had many callers during the afternoon and night at the room in which I was staying at the chapel. Chao Lu, one of our Tsinchou evangelists, and I walked to the post office. The postmaster was one of our Christians. On our return to the city we had a bad scare. The air signal was given, and we were standing outside the city wall watching a plane that was flying rather high and to the east of the city, when suddenly, flying low over the city, headed right toward us, came a heavy three-nosed bomber. It was practically impossible to get under cover, but we jumped in behind a pile of sunburned bricks, trusting God for protection. As it passed over us I saw the Chinese sun painted on the two wings. I knew then there was no danger to us. So we got

out and watched it circle the city several times, dropping articles out in the sand by the river to the southeast of the city. That evening we learned that it had dropped money for the salaries of eighty thousand soldiers who were stationed in these surrounding counties—salaries for three months. My return to my family was uneventful; I made it in a little over two days.

We were in Liao while it changed hands seven times. The first time the Japanese came they did not stay long. No major battles were fought near Liao, but every time the Japanese came they were ambushed, or at least small groups of them were, and they suffered many reverses. The second time they came they retreated no farther than Ho Shen and from January 1939 they held that city. It was not until in July of this same year that they came to stay at Liao and Tsinchou. The following stories of hardships on the part of the Chinese, and of the uncertainties of our own meeting with the Japanese and the Chinese armies as they surged back and forth over this territory, tell of all three invasions of the Japanese. It is impossible to tell of all the suffering caused by these raids; neither do we pick out the worst. These are mostly those told us by the Christians who came and related their experiences.

I had been at home only a few days when Brother Oberholtzer came to our door one morning very early, before we were up, and said he had something to talk over with us. We hurriedly dressed and went out. He said, "The enemy are upon us." In the night the official had gone around asking the citizens to evacuate the city. Then in the forenoon they had a meeting and issued an order for the city to be cleared of all people. We decided that as Americans we would not evacuate. Going away seemed worse than staying, although we knew little of what awaited us. Fleeing into the mountains without proper food for our little ones seemed difficult indeed. In the afternoon the official sent us a letter asking us for a statement as to what we intended to do. He said if

we went with them they would assume responsibility for us, whereas if we stayed they would not. We replied that we did not feel we could live in the mountains. In the afternoon Elizabeth was reading 2 Chronicles 20: 12: "O our God, wilt thou not judge them? for we have no might against this great company that cometh against us; neither know we what to do, but our eyes are upon Thee." This passage seemed to apply to our own situation. After we retired that night and were asleep, at about ten o'clock Brother Oberholtzer and I were called out by officers. They asked for permission to search our premises for refugees. We had not known that some refugees had been coming into our basement and upstairs. We answered that we would not stand between the law and their people. Some folks hoped to stay with us, and others asked advice. Some wanted to leave valuables with us, just a "small" one, money, deeds for their property, etc. We felt we dared not accept their things, much as we wanted to help them in this, their extremity. We could hardly stand it to stay in our comfortable home while our friends were having to go out through the night with their little children. They took only the little bedding they could carry on their arms, to say nothing about food. One woman, whose husband is an evangelist in another county, came for advice. She had three little boys and no relatives in these mountains. As the door closed behind her, I heard a child begin to cry, and I thought it was her littlest one. My heart bled for her and others like her, fleeing with no place to which to flee.

The officials agreed to let us keep two servants but no gatemen. Our compound gateman, feeling his responsibility toward us, came asking us what to do. He had just returned the evening before from an adventurous trip to the north and had given us the first direct word from the mission there. He had risked what others would not for us in making this initial trip up there. A mother with four or five children, one a babe about twenty days old, was in the crowd of bewildered folks going out over rocky river beds and up

steep mountainsides. About twelve o'clock we went to bed with our clothes on. It was a very bright moonlight night. Bingo barked so long and loud that I finally looked out in the yard to see if I could see anyone; just then a man went out across the yard to the gatehouse and jumped over the compound wall. Whether friend or foe, I do not know. We slept some. In spite of orders to leave, a few stayed in our house, from attic to basement. Two were women with three small children each, and two were women each of whom was soon to be delivered of another child. Could we blame them for taking the risk of being punished for disobeying the law? One said the next morning she had decided that if she had to leave she would leave her baby in our basement for she thought Elizabeth and I would take care of it after she was gone.

Next morning early we were astir. Brother Oberholtzer and I got flags up on the house and at the gates. Local soldiers stayed in the boys' school building all night with their improvised telephone connections to the north, and left early after reporting to us that the enemy was near. We found our faithful gateman had gone away during the night but was back early in the morning. At 8:10 we got the word that soldiers were coming down from the north and soon we saw the Japanese flag. In a way, it was a relief. We had had suspense for months and now it would be relieved, partly at least, though we did not know what attitude the enemy would take. Where were we to get food with the local people all gone? We waited until we thought the soldiers were all in the city and somewhat settled, then we went to find the general to report to him our presence. Eight of them came along with us back to the house, drank tea and ate cookies very freely. We reported how many Americans were living at Liao and that there were a few folks in our house because they were afraid to stay in their homes. They assured us that these folks need not fear them, that they could go to their homes and would not be molested. Elizabeth went

from attic to basement passing this word on to the folks in hiding. Women with children were very glad to hear it, and said they would go home and eat some breakfast. We, being busy with our own affairs, did not know they had not eaten. They had only to go to the boys' school court in the compound, for they moved in there after the bombing. Oberholtzer and I saw the corpse of a Chinese woman just before entering the county official's office as we went to find the general. She had been in prison because of being a spy, and when the local authorities left, they just killed her and let her lie. We put up heavy planks at the windows for protection in case the Chinese army tried to drive the Japanese out of the city as we would be in the direct line of firing.

We had many things for which to be glad: that a few of our Christians could stay there with us, and that we had at least the promise of the army's protection.

Two days later when we got up in the morning, we saw fires to the south. This meant villages were burning. What a time we were living in! We men went into the city and found it empty. Food bowls looked as though the army had left in haste—chickens half eaten, rice cooked and left in bowls. Homes were all broken into and looted. Had they planned it this way? When did they go and where, and would they return? Tracks showed that they went north instead of south where the fires were doing their devastation. Would the Chinese army now come back and deal harshly with those who did not leave at all? The Japanese were with us only two days. They came to our house often and asked to look through the mission premises. They were courteous to us in every way. The day before, three soldiers stood in our yard and waved a Japanese flag vigorously as a plane circled round and round. They also had a large flag spread on the ground in front of our house. They then took it up and went out of the compound gate across the road to an open field. Then the plane came, dropped something to them and went away. Could they have been given orders to

leave the city in the night? Anyway, they were gone and we were glad. A few Chinese folks soon came back. There was a happy greeting when the gateman came in with his family and a few other folks from our compound. All had interesting experiences to relate of how they prayed and were comforted. Those out on the mountains were as anxious about us as we were about them. We then sent a guide out to bring Mrs. Chao and her three little boys back. We felt a special responsibility to her with her husband out in evangelistic work away from home. Our home became a free-for-all, the basement and attic especially.

Here again allow Elizabeth to tell from her diary some of the things a woman has to do which a common missionary man cannot do. "April 17. We think today is Easter, although we are not sure and have no calendar or anything to tell us. Yesterday I colored thirty-some eggs and gave one to each child in the compound. Quite a few folks have come back already. Apricot trees are in their best bloom. We can buy nothing, for business is paralyzed. We have a little asparagus coming up in the yard and eat alfalfa for greens, and dried green beans. Tonight I delivered one of the women of a baby boy. It was a very difficult delivery for me to manage. The baby is premature, yet I think they will be all right if they do not have to flee too soon.

"April 22. Just a year today since we landed at Tsinchou from the States. I walked with the men to a village four miles south of here to see the ruins. It is pathetic, indeed. It is a large village, and they estimate that three fourths of it is burned. In some homes there is nothing left but the blackened mud walls. Grain in their large earthen jars, if not burned, is smoked so they cannot eat it. The one wealthy man of the village found his newly built home in ruins when they returned from the mountains. It had been an elaborate place. He and his wife stood there, the picture of utter despair. She told me she had no clothes other than what she had on her back. They are her winter clothes, and she had

none for the coming warm weather. They say this place is a fair sample of villages for miles and miles around. We heard today that the Japanese were in Tsinchou about the same time they were here. They stayed nine days, then burned it,

Sons carrying their old mother back to their devastated village home

and went south from there. So we have little hopes of ever seeing our household effects again. How we long to know facts and to know if our Christian friends there are safe!"

Again let our diary relate the story of our second invasion. "January 24. The weather has hung below zero for over a month now, the lowest being -19°, but we have much steady sunshine. Yesterday things in the city became very tense; the enemy is expected again almost any day. Late last night some of the teachers of the schools came to our home saying they wanted to go yet before morning to a village four miles away which they have chosen as a refuge in case of another invasion. We urged them to wait until morning and they finally waited. Today there has been almost a

complete evacuation of the city. School children who could not get home went with our Christian group to Pei Chia Kou. Among them were old women up to sixty-seven years old who walked the entire way over steep hills. One man who returned this afternoon said his small son, not yet three years old, walked all but part of one mile. They could not get animals to ride, but did succeed in getting a couple of animals to take their millet. All carried their own bedding.

"January 26. This afternoon our missionary group walked out to see our group of Christians out in the village. There are a hundred of them there together, besides refugees from other groups. Ninety-six of our group are eating out of one

In the yard of a refugee camp

large kettle, the fire being in the open yard. They are crowded terribly. One small room, twelve by fifteen feet, provides sleeping accommodations for twenty-eight, part of them on the *k'ang*, part on the dirt floor, and some on a small table. These people have been eating millet with nothing to

vary the flavor. We encouraged them to get bean milk started, for the man who has been making it for the hospital is there with them. We reached home after dark, and found our children just beginning their supper, having been left in the care of our cook and his wife. We were questioned by two guards as we entered the city, but once they realized that we were from the mission they made no more trouble for us. The local officials have given permission for us to keep the hospital open for patients who cannot leave, and enough staff to care for them. Not many of the staff or workmen will stay. We tried to make arrangements to hold a refugee yard for women and children, but that was not granted on terms possible to run it. The age limits stipulated were not such that we could care for them. Before the patients began leaving, we had reached ninety-nine.

"January 27. Joseph was six years old today. We expected the advancing army to arrive by noon. When we got up this morning, we learned that most of those still in the hospital had left about 5 A. M. The patients left on the men's side, of course, needed a great deal of care. The day has been quiet except for distant firing of cannon a little after daybreak. We are glad for this extra time to get things in still better shape at the hospital.

"January 28. Things are quiet this morning. Will they come today? Our United States flags are up and about everything is done that we know to do to get ready for a long siege of isolation. Our relief worker is missing it at this end; perhaps it is just as well. We can hear nothing, and we have no neighbors. The post office is gone, city officials gone, or supposedly so. The enemy is supposed to have gotten within twelve miles of here two or three days ago. Perhaps they are staying in small places and repairing the road to their rear before advancing much. Zero weather this morning.

"January 30. Daylight revealed many soldiers on the hills around the city. Firing continues to the east. Many are pouring into the city, and autos are coming down the dry

rocky river bed. These autos are a complete surprise to us, when we know the condition of the roads. We counted forty-eight, mostly large trucks. The men went to see the commander, but he was too busy to talk to them and promised to call at our home in the morning. One of their surgeons called and looked through the hospital. He did not go into details as to the history of the patients and soon left. Soldiers began getting in over the walls, and they broke one gate down at the hospital compound. Our men made good use of hammer and nails for a while. One fellow was caught going through a window of the building, and Nurse Wertz had to wave him back. She is too frightened to stay there alone, so one of us will have to stay at the hospital at night to give moral support to the few there. Just after dark, I started out to take a look over the place to see whether soldiers were breaking in or not. At the gate of the boys' school, I had an unpleasant encounter with a soldier who drew his bayonet at me when I ordered him out and tried to close the door. I went on to the hospital and there I found that Osee had had an even more narrow escape from the same man. Only our bold front cowed him. I returned home saying I would have to keep watch through the night. We kept our lights very low and drew shades wherever we could. We were much relieved when the children got to sleep as we did not want them to sense any unrest on our part. We have about seventeen in our basement, babies and all. If there is fighting near us, we may have to take to the basement ourselves.

"January 31. We slept some last night in spite of it all. The autos left today. Officials began to call about 9 A. M. How tenderly they speak of our children and of their own children in Japan. In spite of the anti-Japanese slogans our children have learned, and the fear they have had put into their hearts, when they really mingle with them their hearts are soon won by Japanese politeness and kindness. They gave them candy freely. We appealed to them to have

their common soldiers kept out of our compound. They are not pleased to see that we have allowed the Chinese soldiers to paint their propaganda on our compound walls. They also knew that we had been taking care of Chinese soldiers in our hospital. They said that if we would have the propaganda erased they would put a notice on our gates guaranteeing protection to us. But the erasing has been left for them to do as we had nothing to do with its being put on, nor were we asked if it might be put on.

"After the first group of soldiers left, our mission family went to see what was happening at the school property. We could see soldiers coming and going from the gate there. With the city wall down now, we can see over there from our upstairs windows. Much destruction was found. The United States flag was gone from the one gate. They found that many people had stored some of their belongings in the school unbeknown to us. And everything had been gone through, and nothing of much value was left. We had had much trouble keeping friends from filling our houses full of their belongings before they left the city. But we have on our gates notices from the embassy saying this and all within is American property. We are as sorry as can be that we cannot help the citizens here to protect their things, for we know they have no safe place to keep anything, but we feel we are helpless since we want to stay on neutral ground. We personally know how it feels to have our things lost. Just as we were sitting down to dinner the head of the Japanese police force and his interpreter came in. We had invited a man and his wife from the hospital, who were in hiding in our basement, to eat with us. When they saw their enemy coming in our front door, they started for the back door, but finally came and ate with the boys and Elizabeth. This police officer insisted that any offense be reported to him immediately. He apologized for the happenings at the girls' school. This is the second day of their occupation. If they do as they did last spring, they will be going in the

morning, but we cannot hope for that this time. We can see a large fire just north of the west suburb, perhaps a large temple there.

"February 1. Again the seemingly impossible has happened. Our 'guests' have left us. About 4 A. M. we could see from our bedroom large fires in the city, but they did not seem to be buildings. At 6:30 the army began to string north from the west side of the city. Then autos began going, and we could hardly believe it to be true. We had been thinking these couple of days how our plans for our work were blasted for the spring. Are they going for good? And what decided it so soon again? Have they had another defeat? We have had no news from the outside for so long. Airplanes were conspicuously absent with this invasion. This afternoon we heard firing to the north. We wonder so much how our folks are out at the village. We fear the army has gone by there. We are left in great suspense again. The Japanese army is gone and the other army has not yet come. We men went into the city yesterday to see about the condition of the church and the school building and we closed them up to avoid the possibility of the second robbing by local thieves. This suspense between the going of one army and the coming of the other is very trying on our nerves. Is it just a maneuver to draw the others into a trap, or is it a retreat for good? We might be in the direct line of a battle any time. But as time drags on, we see people coming out of their places of hiding and standing on the high hills around the city. We would beckon for them to come to us, but most of them would flee, thinking perhaps we were the enemy.

"As we went down to the east suburb, we saw a man slipping around. After several attempts we got him to trust us. He came up to me and recognized me, but did not want the Chinese to see what he had. He pulled a note out of his trouser leg and gave it to me. It was from the Eighth Route army to the east asking about the whereabouts of the enemy. He took word back to them that they had gone north. This

forenoon we went to the place where we had seen the large fire in the west suburb and found a very large temple in ruins. As we came back through the city, we saw some few people, but a number were still afraid to be seen on the streets. Upon seeing us, they would dart into small passageways and soon get out of sight. As we came out the east gate, we saw several horses and soldiers looking into the city. The men were glad to talk to us and learn what they could about the enemy that had just left. This afternoon we heard heavy cannonading to the north again. They must be having some trouble getting back. These guerrillas are likely to turn up any place, but only at places where they have the advantage over the Japanese army. They will not attack them in a frontal attack. They only strike and run. This is very hard on the Japanese order of warfare. It seemed to me that I could detect quite a few discouraging notes among them as I talked to them. While they were here there were thousands of the Eighth Route army in the hills and mountains near the city, but they could not find them. We stopped at the church on our way back from the temple and found they had taken our big clock from the church and had written on the blackboard on the pulpit the following little verse:

Little deeds of a kindness
Little acts of a love
Make this earth the Eden
Heaven above now.

This morning a few of our people from the village came in and reported that all is well there with their party, but they will not come back to stay in their homes until the officials come or give a notice that they may return, for they fear being taken as traitors if they come too soon.

"February 4. We are having many callers now. Christians come in to relate their experiences and inquire about our welfare. Army representatives and the county official came asking about the enemy. We understand that they have retreated only some twenty-five miles north, and the situation

here is still quite tense. We hear that the Japanese got quite the worst of the skirmish they had to the east. They were in the gorge, and it was so narrow and the mountain so steep at the sides that they could not elevate their cannon enough to shoot to the top where the Chinese army was shooting at them. Many soldiers are going north to fight if the enemy come out. Someone said he saw them using our flag as they went north and thought perhaps we Americans were leading them. I remarked that if they would follow my leading I would lead them to their homes back in Japan and not stop at any place in China. Surely during invasions like this they are at a tremendous expense, and even though they get much loot it cannot compensate for just the trip, not counting paying the soldiers. We can hardly hope that they will not come again, but we would feel much better and would be more able to do our work which we came to China to do if they would not return. So we pray that this war may soon come to an end, and that China is allowed to develop under her own leadership.

"February 19. Sunday, Chinese New Year. The New Year is later this year because of last year having had thirteen months. Not many days ago we did not think they would be able to have a celebration this year, but now quite a number have returned to their homes. They are not making much over it. As one said to me the other day, they do not have material things nor heart left to celebrate. But they seem to be able to adjust to reverses much better than we can. I have lain awake many nights during the past year, unable to throw things off my mind. Especially was this true during the first few nights following our bombing incident. Repeating poems, psalms and songs helped much to crowd out the forbidden thoughts that disturbed my sleep. But I fear that if I had suffered what my neighbors have suffered and that without hope that there would be an end of such suffering I would have been far more disturbed than they are. We have had many callers telling of the condition

of their homes upon their return to the city and asking for either help or work. We have visited in many homes and have seen the ruins. But their first thought is whether or not the Japanese will return. Practically all the homes have been stripped of everything of worth. Doors, windows, frames, and furniture were burned. The soldiers used them for fuel. Cooking utensils are gone, and water jars were knocked to pieces. Concealed doors and dugouts that had been plastered up for months were detected and opened and the contents taken or burned. In one well-built house there was a good cellar with the entrance hidden, but when I was there a week or so later the contents were still burning down there. In one very poor home they had buried their grain, which was enough for the family for a half year yet, in earthen jars, in a manure pile, but it was all taken. One woman told me that when they were out on the hillside a cow froze to death, and they took its meat as a gift from heaven to add to their thin unflavored millet food. Villages were overcrowded and many refugees had no food with them, but the mountain dwellers shared with them without a guarantee of payment later.

"I pray that God will give me health and added days to help in this needy time, to comfort and serve these, his less fortunate children. May many more yet know of His love as shown through His Son, Jesus."

8

JAPANESE DEFEAT; DESTRUCTION OF VILLAGES

The morning the Japanese left Liao the first time a heavy smoke hung over all the valleys. The sun shone pale through this smoke. Returning Chinese soldiers told of the defeat of the Japanese at Wu Hsiang, the county between Tsinchou and Liao, and that being forced to retreat the Japanese were burning all the villages along the routes of their retreat. The

suffering was great but by its coming in the spring the people could get along better than had it come in the autumn. Warm weather was coming and crops would soon be planted and then they could supplement their food with vegetables from the field. We were wanting to get information about our church people and how they fared. We heard many horrible stories of the treatment of many innocent Chinese men and women and we wanted to know whether we could be of any service to those who had escaped death.

Brother Oberholtzer and I went to the county official, who had now returned to Liao, and asked about making a tour of our southern counties. He told us that all the Japanese had been driven out of those sections and that we could make the trip. He gave us a pass telling of our work and asking soldiers to let us pass on our trip of inspection. We went west from Liao and on to Yu She. On this road no villages were burned, only a few around Liao and a few two or three miles out from Yu She. The city of Yu She was completely burned out; only a few people were living in that once-thriving county seat. All business houses were burned. The streets were full of debris and we had to go to the north suburb to find an inn in which to stay. We had had in this city a rather large group of Christians but only a few families remained. Others had moved to the villages even before the enemy came and destroyed the city.

The next day we were on the road again. By riding bicycles we could make much better time than could the animals which were carrying our bedding and food supplies; we could stop and visit Christians and others along the way, getting information of the raid. We went on to Shih Pan for the night. Here lived one of our country evangelists and a little church group of twenty or more Christians. The Japanese had visited this village and burned more than half the buildings. This village had a wool spinning and weaving co-operative and much of their material had been looted. They had left their homes during an airplane raid and before

they got back the Japanese soldiers were pouring into the village; all the valuable things in the homes were either looted or burned before they returned in the evening. The little wool co-operative was so badly looted that it was im-

Combing wool threads for knitting and weaving

possible to get it on its feet again, and most of the men workers, along with the equipment which escaped being burned, went and joined the government unit for the producing of blankets for the Chinese army.

Ten miles away was Kucheng, which was a center for some mission farm experimenting, along with an excellent church community. When we arrived there we found that it had met the same fate that a great number of the other villages had met. All the business section was burned; only the charred brick walls were standing. All the big, substantial buildings which had been standing for two hundred years were charred and ruined. Several of the Christians took me to a back yard where we had been feeding and car-

ing for a fine pair of American Poland China hogs. We were hoping to crossbreed these with the Chinese native hog and get a better strain of hogs, but alas! there the two black skins were hanging over the mud wall of the pen where they had been kept. Soldiers of the Japanese Imperial army had eaten them. During the evening shades we called the Christians together in Deacon Cheng's home and had a Scripture reading and prayer service.

Tsinchou now lay only twenty miles to the south. Rumors of the destruction of that city had been told us all along the way. The Japanese stayed there for nine days and used that as a center from which to raid villages for loot and destruction. So naturally there was much resistance and the city which I knew only a few months ago as an interior rural city was now largely a military camp, for the Japanese when they were there, and for the Chinese army when the Japanese were forced to leave. The common people whom I used to greet on the streets were all gone. I was off my bicycle pushing it as I passed the Chinese sentinel guarding the gate. I was very glad to get back to the city where I had spent so many pleasant days in telling of God's love and salvation to a people very few of whom had ever heard of Him before. I was very glad to get back to our city home. But my heart was sad as I entered the north gate and looked upon the ruined city. Talking with several of the street police, I was told that over four thousand *chien* of buildings had been destroyed. A *chien* is a room about eight by ten feet. Most of these rooms destroyed were two stories.

We went on to the place where we had had our wool and our Bible school and found the buildings burned. We passed on to where our little chapel had been located. Everything was burned except a little kitchen. A place where we had worshiped only a few years and which we had worked very hard to have the Chinese Christians subscribe the money to buy and build, was now nothing but ashes. It did not represent a great deal of money, but much love and sacrifice on the

part of the Chinese brethren had gone into it. This leaves us without a house of worship. Our evangelistic supplies, Bibles, Testaments, and literature were stored there. Miss Senger's court was not burned, but trunks, boxes, and cupboards were emptied of their contents. Books, papers, and pictures were scattered over the floor and trampled into the dirt. Victrola records were broken and lying over the floor and in the yard. The machine of our Victrola was gone; the

Evangelist Chao with the author standing in the yard of the ruined church at Tsinchou

empty case was left. It was very evident that their object was to destroy what they could not use or carry away. Most of our personal property that we had left in the city was a complete loss except some of our furniture that they had carried to other homes for their use. However, the things we are most sorry to lose and which cannot be replaced are diplomas, family photos, records and snapshots of our work in China, with the films. We spent the next day there and asked for some of the leaders of that territory to come into the city for conference. We made plans for some relief work

and the continuation of our evangelistic program, even in the midst of ruin. We learned that many surrounding villages were burned but that none of the Christians had lost their lives, although some had lost their possessions.

On our homeward trip, because our way was along the road of the advancing and retreating Japanese army, we passed through many villages which had been burned. People had been killed. We saw others who had been stabbed by bayonets and were still living. We found much need of doing first-aid work among these people. We got reports of how frightened people in caves and ravines of the hills were often lined up before machine guns and shot. Many escaped because they were not found, and, after the Japanese left, came back and found everything in their homes gone. Shortly after passing Wu Hsiang city, which was destroyed, we came to the battleground where they said about fifteen hundred Japanese had been killed. As we neared the scene of the battle, which had taken place about three weeks before, the stench of the place reached our nostrils before we could see the dead animals. Few of them had been buried, and those that were buried were inadequately covered. The dead soldiers had all been disposed of. As we walked along, pushing our wheels, we had to go in a zigzag path between the dead bodies of the animals, two and three frequently lying together. I did not count them, but surely there were several hundred along the river valley for about two miles. The next day I was up early and traveled through many burned villages on my thirty-five-mile ride back to Liao city, which I reached at about 4 P. M.

9

REOPENING THE LIAO HOSPITAL

The Liao hospital closed in the autumn of 1937. Brother Oberholtzer was the only American worker at the station

after his family left for America in June. The Chinese doctor in charge was ill and had resigned. The closing of these doors was a disappointment to many. Besides the civilians who normally depended on our hospital for medical treatment, the Chinese army came to buy supplies as they had no access to supplies at the coast after the Japanese army had complete control of the railroads, and overland trails were difficult and slow. Our medical supplies were very low, but the army and local officials argued that if our hospital closed, the Japanese, if they took the city, would take all those precious supplies and of course they did not want that to happen. For a time there was much friction on this point between the Chinese officials and the mission. If we could open its doors again much of the criticism could be eliminated.

There was one Chinese Christian nurse of ability living in the city. He was a graduate of a mission hospital and was working in Tientsin when that city fell to the Japanese. Because he did not want to live under their rule he had left his job and had come back to his home at Liao. It was decided to open a clinic with Nurse Liu in charge; Elizabeth (a nurse having some time to give to the hospital) was to oversee it in general and see the women patients when necessary. There was a great need for medical work, and in doing this we showed our willingness to serve the people and use the supplies we had. Soon the people were coming again, but in twelve days we had to close with the first invasion of our mission territory south of the territory occupied along the railroad. The Japanese came and went after three days of occupation. Then our medical folks were busier than ever, as many injured came to be treated.

On June 16 our station family was increased by the coming of Nurse Corda Wertz and Miss Anna Hutchison. It took much faith and devotion to duty for these women to face the dangers of four days of travel, part of it across no man's land, and work in this devastated and isolated area. Miss Laura

Shock, who also came at this time, returned after a few days to her work at Taiyuanfu. The situation in the hospital was greatly relieved since Nurse Wertz could give full time to the medical side of the work. It was soon enlarged and wards were opened. It was especially convenient for patients to be able to enter the wards, for travel at this time was very difficult. But yet we had no doctor.

At the end of November Doctor Adolph, an American of the China Inland Mission at Luanfu, came up for a few days and took care of some needed surgery. He went on to Ping Ting to talk over plans whereby the two doctors from Luanfu and Doctor Parker of Ping Ting could alternate coming to Liao for operations and checking over patients who were in the hospital. They were hoping for one of them to spend at least one week at Liao each month. They were also working on equipping both Liao and Luanfu with X-ray equipment. Because of war maneuvers many of these plans were never carried out. But in December 1938 a doctor trained in Western medicine in a Chinese institution came to head up the work of healing at Liao. He was young but had a very fine disposition and did a splendid work in the community until he and Nurse Liu were executed by the Japanese about two years later.

A short while before the coming of Doctor Wang the International Red Cross asked permission to use our hospital for treatment of wounded soldiers. We had treated a few in our clinic but we had accepted no men in the wards up to this time. We gave the Red Cross permission to come, but we asked them to treat civilians also. The management was still to be in the hands of the mission station, the Red Cross taking care of the expenses of the soldier patients. Just a few days before Doctor Brown came, Doctor Wang reached Liao. Mr. Foster, who was to be manager for the Red Cross work, had arrived some days before and was at the time out at the military camp helping there. When Doctor Brown came the work began to move, and soon patients were being

carried into our wards. Our supplies were low but with what they brought and with what we could buy locally we were soon able to go forward in good hospital order.

Here I quote from Elizabeth: "Linens were low for our usual run of patients, and soon our sewing room was like a beehive. I tried first helping in the operating room, but that broke in too much on the children's schoolwork, so I took over the job of supplying linens. For a short time I had about thirty women employed, two sewing machines running until one balked and no coaxing would start it again. All but twelve or fourteen women were given piecework in their homes. The local stores had their supplies of cloth hidden in villages and that made it difficult to get the cloth as fast as needed. Today there are eighty-two inpatients. They cannot come in faster than we can supply things for their use. They are evidently sending in their most hopeless cases. The doctor says they will have our new linens worn out in three months. We are glad to have the hospital in use. Ernest returned today from another trip to the villages where he was helping distribute grain and cloth-weaving work in connection with our relief program. Osee and Howard are in the south on the same mission. I have been asked to serve on a committee to look after some in the city who need relief. I am using some of these women for sewing in the hospital. They do not make swift seamstresses, but they can do a little in return for what we give them."

We were able to continue this service for only about a month before we had to clear the hospital of soldiers for the second invasion of the Japanese army. Toward the close of January the army had gotten to Hoshun, twenty-five miles north of Liao, just as our soldier inpatients totaled ninety-nine. Then followed the evacuation of these seriously wounded men, as has been mentioned before. The army officials, thinking that these men would be killed if found in our hospital, sent carriers to take them to safety in the

mountain villages. As we got up on the morning of January 27 we learned that most of those still in the hospital had left about 5 A. M., including our Red Cross doctor and our business manager. The army was still having its men carried out, but they left five, as they could not find enough men to carry them out, and they thought these would die anyway. We felt it would be certain death for any of the soldiers to be found in our hospital. Not wanting the incoming army to see our hospital in such a condition, we asked every available person to help in putting it in as good a condition as possible. Straw ticks were emptied, wooden beds were returned to schools from which they had been borrowed, floors were swept, and all other traces of our having cared for so many of the Eighth Route soldiers were covered as far as possible. Nurse Wertz was overworked caring for the remaining patients, having no cooks or other servants and only two girl nurses.

The patients remaining in the wards were separated, the five soldiers were put in one ward by themselves, men civilians were placed in another ward, and there were a few women on the women's side. The third floor, which had been filled to capacity, was now closed. The kitchen help, of course, had fled. The Japanese advance was slower than expected and we had ample time to adjust from a large staff and many patients to few patients and helpers. Doctor Wang went along with the church, school and hospital folks to the refugee village four miles away, chosen by them a few weeks earlier. Food had been stored there for just such a time as this. On January 29 we heard rather heavy cannonading to the northwest and to the east. Two men nurses came in from the refugee village. They said the folks out there were staying well. We were much concerned about their living under such poor conditions. As we stood in the yard and listened to the firing, we thought of the lines:

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,

Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd."

But where are "the six hundred"? We had a hard time keeping the women and children from hiding in our basement. They were from the families of a few who stayed to help us. There was no need for them to huddle down there like storm-driven cattle, with windows darkened and no enemy in sight.

At 2:30 P. M. we saw the first Japanese soldiers coming in. A few came to the compound gate. They left very soon and said they would be back in the morning with more. We put heavy planks over the east door and the window of our bedroom for the night, but there was no cannonading.

The Japanese army came and of course the officers wanted to inspect all our mission buildings which were being used by the Chinese. The medical doctor of the army came to inspect the hospital. Osee and I went with him and asked Nurse Wertz to show us through the building. We visited the dispensary, the drug room, the operating room, and the women's ward; then we came to the men's ward. We had several bad cases there. Our church gateman was critically ill with cancer. We spent quite a little time talking over these cases. The soldiers' ward was next, but it was large. Empty beds stood next to the open door, which was just in front of the steps leading to the third floor. I passed the door, started up the steps, saying that the wards are much alike and that we had no patients on the third floor but that we would be glad to show him that part of the building also. The three followed up the steps onto the third floor. The inspection up there was done much more thoroughly than on the second floor. We took him to the women's side of the building and led him down to the front floor. He did not get to pass the soldiers' ward the second time, and thus we were spared any explanation there.

Only one of the five soldiers who were thought to be in a critical condition died. The others, after a few weeks of care, were released. These four living men were always

witnessing to our care of them during a dangerous crisis, and did much to gain the goodwill of the guerrilla soldiers who were in all our mission mountain territory.

This second visit of the Japanese soldiers lasted only about three days, as before; then they retreated as far as Hoshun. The people soon were returning. Schools were started again, and the hospital was cared for now by Doctor Wang and Nurse Wertz. The Red-Cross workers never returned.

At the end of March Nurse Wertz left for furlough, escorted by Howard Sollenberger through no man's land to Ping Ting. Elizabeth was again given heavier duties in the hospital. With no other doctor in charge, Doctor Wang showed his ability as a young doctor and leader of our hospital unit. He soon had the respect of all and was meeting a very critical need in the community. Again take a glance into the medical work as I quote from three days of Elizabeth's notes.

"Sunday, June 25. While I was putting the children to bed and the folks were waiting downstairs for English services, Ernest came upstairs and handed me a letter telling of the death of Doctor Anderson of Luan. Mrs. Anderson took time to write a line to us the same forenoon he died. And just about the same time a messenger came from the hospital asking me to go down for an obstetrical case. I went right away. It was a premature baby of a mother who was in fourth class with a T. B. foot. Thus, one has come into the world, a poor chance indeed of taking the place of the strong one that has just left his work. Doctor Anderson had been sick only a short time with typhus. The babe weighed less than four pounds.

"July 1. Small babe still lives. I am trying hard to keep it breathing, but its body is hard and it cannot stretch its legs out. A letter from Mr. Dunachie came telling details of Doctor Anderson's passing. It is a great loss to their mission and to the mission family in general in North China.

"Monday, July 3. At noon word came that the Japanese army is advancing upon us and may be here by night. There is quite a stir, some folks getting out and others undecided as to what to do. They have gone through the throes of leaving home and being stranded in the overcrowded villages, but if they stay, what will their own officers in power do with them when they get the chance? As patients and helpers were getting out of the hospital, a soldier of no little importance was carried in, having made a trip of four days with his hand blown to pieces. They beg hard to stay, but we have no way to care for him with the help gone and the enemy likely to make investigations of anyone we may have with us when they get here."

This last entry was just before the third Japanese invasion of Liao. Of course each time was different and we did not know what to expect.

We cannot give statistics on the medical work for this time, for the head of the department changed often in these two years. In a year and a half the city changed controlling powers seven times. As the Chinese authorities would leave before the Japanese entered they would force the local people to evacuate with them. If we could have had an American doctor he could have stayed there regardless of who was in control in the city, and people could have entered the hospital and stayed for treatment without the fear of having to leave at a most inconvenient time.

The need of medical care was appalling in the villages where refugees were crowded together. Millet, their main food, was difficult to get in any quantity; flour, their favorite food, was practically out of the question for them in most places. Many tried to get on with one meal a day, and that did not consist of much stable food. Malaria and dysentery caused much suffering during the summer months because there was no one to treat them. Infant mortality ran higher than usual; expectant mothers and mothers of very young children were forced to flee up the steep mountainsides and

across swollen rivers at a day's notice. Evangelist Chao and his wife with four little children left our hospital compound about four P. M. one day after a half-hour's decision, starting to a village twelve miles away. This was on the eve of the third invasion. The mother herself carried her twelve-day-old baby while the father and the three small sons carried what bedding, clothing and food they could. The mother was some days recovering from the journey, which took three or four days. She is a loving, brave little mother, who had the full care of the family much of the time, for the father was frequently away in his village work.

With the people living under such trying circumstances, we wanted to weep when we would go to our own table at mealtime, or to our comfortable beds at night, with our thoughts following our friends who were suffering so much.

10

RELIEF WORK STARTED

On May 2, immediately after the Japanese defeat and retreat, with so many villages having been burned and so much food destroyed, we felt that the most important thing was to get our relief work going. The church appointed a committee. Three Chinese, Brother Oberholtzer and I were to get this work organized for immediate distribution of relief. We had gotten very little word from America but we heard that funds were being raised for this use. Ping Ting sent word that we could use $2,000 for the Liao territory for the present emergency. More would be coming later. In our committee we authorized the sending out of four groups of investigators and we got our little mimeograph machine busy making out forms for the reports of their investigations. We also felt that from what we learned on our trips we would be justified in putting someone in the field to help care for wounded civilians along the route of the

Japanese retreat. This committee recommended that the hospital committee place a man in this field with a first-aid kit to give simple treatments to those who had been injured. He was asked not to charge any fees, but in wealthy homes where the people could and were willing to pay, he could receive small gifts to help with the expense of this work. In one village five miles from Liao, out on the mountains, five pregnant women were delivered of their children as they fled during the night. Only one of the children and two of the mothers lived. Some who were crowded in ravines and caves in the mountains were shot and bayonetted, receiving many bad wounds. They were still living but there was no doctor to whom they could go. Surely conditions like this warranted all the efforts we could put forth in ministering to their needs.

About the middle of May our relief work started. A partly trained Chinese nurse with a medical kit was placed in the field. He traveled along the road between Liao and Tsinchou, the route of the Japanese retreat. Along this road he found much need of his services. The other committees of investigation returned and reported regarding conditions. We worked out plans to help the most needy. The government also was distributing relief to those who had suffered through this invasion. We tried to co-ordinate our relief efforts and not duplicate help. Several of our committee men were asked by the government to work as counselors of their committee. Two of our Chinese churchmen, together with Miss Hutchison and me, were called to serve on their committee.

Here I quote from my diary: "We have had several short reports in different committee meetings which I have been attending. We have practically used up the $2,000, the first allotment, but had word that we could use at least $4,000 local currency more in this territory. We have also had the good news that two recruits are coming to help out in the work here, Osee and Howard, and perhaps by this time

they are on their way to China. Howard will give his entire time to relief work. Today we spent some time talking over a more constructive relief program, and I asked the workers to investigate the best method of furnishing some winter clothes to those in need. Whether to use people to make them and give them out or to give the people the material and let them make them, we do not know. Under the circumstances we are not sure which is the better method. We also discussed the advisability of loaning small sums of money to individuals to help them start small businesses whereby they may make a living for themselves, or use it in restocking their farm businesses with implements and work animals. Some were quite enthusiastic about putting a good bit of our money into work relief so that the people can make a livelihood, having a little capital furnished to buy raw materials, the work being done in their homes. All felt that this program of relief is going to be a long-drawn-out matter. Even after the war is over there is going to be a period of years of extreme suffering. The government's investigating committee's report on these five counties shows that the following losses have been sustained through the Japanese invasion of last spring: 42,601 *chien* of houses have been burned (a *chien* is one room; if it is a two-story building it would be two rooms, about eight by twelve feet; a Chinese family generally occupies three or five *chien* of buildings; this would mean at least 8,520 homes destroyed); 26,519 *tan* of grain have been destroyed (a *tan* is 150 to 170 pounds); 746 civilians have met violent death, and over 500 were wounded; 1,171 animals have been killed, not counting sheep, goats and chickens. It is also quite evident that the Japanese themselves lost heavily. It is claimed that more than half of the army that came into this territory did not leave alive. Of course some of those with them were Chinese hired soldiers."

Quite a few of these plans did not get worked out until after the coming of the two Sollenbergers and Velma Ober

around the first of October. With their arrival our Liao station had a full-time relief worker, a woman nurse, a women's Bible school supervisor, a school supervisor and two men for village evangelistic work, with Elizabeth as general helper at odd jobs in addition to her care of our family and house duties for the Sollenberger men. We were having fairly regular private mail connections with Ping Ting at this time, there was plenty of work for all, and we were happy in being able to serve the Chinese people in their disturbed conditions so close to the front lines.

I helped with the distribution of grain and cotton to the poor of surrounding villages. On our second day out early in the morning we heard very heavy cannonading or bombing directly in front of us. We were still about ten miles from the city, and we did not know whether it was being bombed or not. Later we learned that the places bombed were on about twenty miles to the west, and that the bombing had resulted in the killing of only one donkey and one dog. The people were being trained well to avoid the shrapnel of the bombs. Our relief work in this section was mostly work relief. People were badly in need of work, as practically all business was killed. We gave these needy homes four to eight pounds of cotton, depending upon the size of the family, to be spun and woven into cloth. In return, we got thirty feet out of every seventy feet which four pounds of cotton would produce. If they spun it quite fine they could get eighty feet and that way they got fifty feet for their work, but the thirty feet we got from this better work was also better for us for the cloth was of a higher grade and when placed on the market brought more money. The cloth was only about fifteen to eighteen inches wide and rather coarse, but because of business being paralyzed there was a ready market for all of it, and we had to limit the amount each person could buy.

By having good crops the summer before, most of the people had something to eat, but they had little money to

buy other necessities. The work which all, unless sick, were able to give, was very willingly given, and we were able to reach many more individuals by having them give back to us about two thirds of the original cost of the cotton. Of the three hundred dollars given, two hundred came back and could be used in our next distribution of relief, which would be needed if the people were to be able to keep body and soul together. Everywhere the people were very grateful and were loud in their praise of their friends in America who were making these gifts to them possible. The county official and all the leading officials expressed their thanks for what we were doing for their people. They urged us to write back to our friends in America and tell them of their problems and thank them for the way they were remembering China in her great need.

Since this section of China does not produce cotton it had to be carried in by men or animals. Many of the men did not have work at the time we started a loaning system and needed cotton to give out to the public; consequently some of them got ten dollars Chinese currency, went into the cotton-producing districts, bought sixty or seventy-five *catties* of cotton, and carried it into the district where we were buying cotton. In this way we got our cotton for our spinning and weaving program and each man made a living and was able to pay back gradually the loan he had received from the relief committee. The contract was that he should pay back at the rate of one dollar per month after the first month, and that no interest would be charged for the money.

Quoting from Elizabeth's diary I can give a glimpse of just how the work of one person fitted into the relief and mission program of the Liao station at that time. "June 8. Sold relief-made cloth today. I have been overseeing the making over of winter clothing for the hospital these few days. It seems foolish in a way to make them now, for there is no telling what may take place between now and

winter. But since there are women who need the work very badly the relief committee has allotted a little money for me to use in this work relief for the city. I am also having the floors and walls of the hospital cleaned thoroughly, for the soldier influx last winter left the hospital in a bad condition. We would have to give the women straight help if we did not give them this work. Ernest left Monday for the west, and Howard on Tuesday, going north."

A Chinese evangelist and I made a trip to Yu She and Kucheng to administer relief, and at the latter place we held the baptizing and the Bible class that we had wanted to hold in April but could not because of a Japanese raid into that section at that time. We visited all the members around Yu She and got reports of cloth spun and the need for the second distribution among the poor. There were many who wanted loans to start small businesses and these requests were carried back to Liao for the relief committee. From Yu She we went to Shih Pan, where we spent a night and almost a day. Here we talked over plans for the wool school. It was having much trouble keeping its better workers, for the government and the army were wanting these men to head weaving shops of their operation. Then the wool often had to be buried in order to keep it from being burned or carried away by the Japanese when they made frequent raids into their territory. This all made the work of this small village co-operative very difficult, and in a few months after our visit it was forced to close without ever making a final reckoning of its accounts. We gave four hundred dollars more for relief among the poorer folks of these villages, part to be used as free relief, and part for work relief.

From there we went on to Kucheng and found only one of the two men evangelists in the city. We sent our animals out for the other man and the woman evangelist, announcing the evangelistic meeting to begin on Wednesday evening. They were out seven miles. It was a busy time,

but we had a good meeting with about one hundred in attendance. On Saturday afternoon thirteen were received into the church by baptism. During these meetings many stories were told of sufferings and hardships which the membership had gone through during the Japanese invasion of this territory in April.

While at Kucheng I heard about the good work of the Christian group of Kucheng. To supply the army which was holding the pass fifteen or twenty miles northwest of here the village farmers had to take turns in carrying different supplies to these men, fodder for the animals, wood for fuel and also grain for food for both men and animals. This called for many men passing through their village. These men were not paid for their work and no food was supplied enroute; some spent as much as three days in coming and going. They carried their own *chiao mien* (parched corn and other grain ground into flour). It is very good to eat but rather dry if you have no water to drink or use with it and very few of these men had money to buy much water or other foods. This church group followed a plan much like that at Tsinchou: some gave a little millet, some gave coal and kindling, and some gave their time. They got a suitable place in a temple by the road and started boiling millet gruel to give to these men who were carrying supplies to the men at the front. As I visited in the homes of the members I saw charts telling which men were to be responsible on a certain day each week to carry water for the kettle, to blow the bellows for the fire, and to dip out the hot millet gruel which was to be poured over the *chiao mien* the men were carrying in small cloth sacks. One was to keep the bowls clean and help the men get their needed gruel. This went on for several months until the Japanese invasion changed the conditions, but all the people were talking of the good deeds of the Christians of Kucheng. It truly was a case of Christianity at work helping a needy group of men.

From Kucheng the Chinese evangelist and I went to Tsinchou, talked with the relief committee there, laid plans for the future, and then returned to Liao just before another Japanese invasion of our Liao territory.

11

VILLAGE EVANGELISM; TRIP TO TSINCHOU

With all the disturbances of war our village evangelism was maintained. Often the dates for holding meetings had to be changed and plans were disrupted, but the physical sufferings of the people drove many of them to seek comfort and peace through a closer walk with God. Many of the Christians who were spared capture or death at the hands of the enemy attributed their safety to their prayers to God, and naturally their faith in prayer and God's ability to protect increased. This increased faith on the part of our Chinese Christians encouraged us to put forth every effort to help them during these trying times. Our own faith was deepened along with theirs.

In the spring of 1939 I was wanting to make another trip back to Tsinchou to hold meetings in different centers and have baptisms in at least three places. Elizabeth decided to try to make the tour with me and take the children along. So on April 3 we and our cook left Liao with five donkeys loaded. We planned to be away about a month. We had some misgivings as we started but promised to return earlier if war conditions warranted it. A continued cold spring wind made it difficult to keep the children warm on the animals, and they could not keep up walking. The road was very difficult to get over. I had traveled this road from Liao to Tsinchou three or four times since we had moved from Tsinchou to Liao after the destruction of our home there, and each time the road was worse instead of better. Before the war or just as it started, we had high

hopes that before long we would have a good auto road between these two cities connecting with the one to Ping Ting and the railroad station just five miles from Ping Ting. But now it was difficult even to walk over this road. On level stretches large rocks were rolled onto the roads, and great cuts and trenches were cut across the highways where it was most difficult to get along the sides of the cliffs during normal conditions. At one place we were going along a road cut out of the side of a high cliff. We were traveling thirty to fifty feet above the rocky river bed on about an eight-foot ledge road when we came upon a deep cut which took away all but about one foot of the road next to the cliff. To make the break a little more passable, a log was placed at the foot of solid ground. Cornstalks were put into the cracks where the log was crooked, then dirt was thrown in to make a level passage. This cut was about fifteen feet wide. If the enemy should make an advance this log could easily be thrown down and completely block passage until repairs could be made. All of our animals had to be unloaded, packs carried across, animals led over and reloaded on the other side. Had we left the loads on they would have scraped the sides of the cliff and pushed the animals into the ravines below. Even walking over was exciting enough when looking at the abyss below. Sometimes we came to places where there was no way to get over at all, so we would have to go back to find a trail over the mountain or go down into the river bed around the break and back onto the road again.

Let Elizabeth express her feelings as she traveled along the road and among the people with whom we had long lived and worked. "April 16, Sunday. Today we arrived at Liao again, coming back much earlier than we planned. But it was impossible to get into most of the territory that we planned to tour. The first day out, about five miles from Liao, we heard the thunder of bombs in the distance. At noon we learned they had been dropped at the edge of Wuhsiang,

a city we would pass the next day. But with our faith strong, we proceeded. This was to be my first visit to Tsinchou since our leaving there over a year ago, and since the burning of the city. I naturally was very eager to see the ruins as well as to see the friends there, though we knew we could not stay in the city. The next day, we reached Wuhsiang early in the forenoon. We had hoped to be well past before the possible arrival of planes, but just as we were in the sand of the river bed and directly in front of the city we heard the air-raid alarm sounding. People were soon flocking across the river bed to the slope opposite. We knew our string of animals would be conspicuous out there in the river bed. So our hearts beat a bit faster as we proceeded, but no planes passed over until we were well away from the city. They passed almost over our heads, but we were hidden in a gorge on a slope.

"We had so much wanted to reach Tsinchou by late noon of the third day and have time to go on out to our friends where we have a few supplies stored. But the roads were so difficult that we did not get there until about dark. The children and I ran into the yard where we used to live as the rest went on trying to find a place to stay. Nettie's court was locked and though in fairly good condition yet, we could not stay there. The place which holds many happy memories for us is surely a desolate-looking place now. We were very tired and got the children fed and to bed as soon as possible. Our animal drivers did not want to tarry the next morning to take us on out to the cave home but wanted to start home, fearing the enemy's troops might cut them off any day. So we hired two carts to take our bedding and food supplies. The cart drivers, too, wanted to leave the city as early as possible, for few people risk staying in the city in the daytime for fear of bombs. I wanted to look about the city a little more after breakfast, but as the drivers were getting the carts loaded and I was feeding the children their breakfast, the air-raid signal sounded, very

early. All made a grand rush to be gone from the city. Our family walked over the hills to the cave, and when we were about half way there the planes came and rained their bombs on the empty city. In three weeks, the city of Tsinchou has been bombed ten different days. After spending two days with our friends, the Ho family, resting a bit, airing the few things we have stored in the cave, emptying some fruit that had spoiled and giving some canned food to friends, we proceeded to our first meeting ten miles away. The night before starting on, Gene suddenly became ill with a high temperature and was restless all night. In a couple of days the temperature abated, but he was under par most of the time we were gone, likely the effects of difficult travel and not having enough rest and proper food.

"At Tsetsun we had a fine three-day meeting; twenty-two were baptized. On Sunday, Easter Day, we heard bombs

Communion services held in a village courtyard

early in the morning, and again as we left the services at noon. Rumors were getting worse and worse that the Japanese army was proceeding to that locality. Many were kept

from attending the meeting because of this, fearing to leave their own village. Among these were some who were wanting to be baptized. The third day we held a communion service, with fifty-three members present. Since we had no room large enough to accommodate that many we held it in the small yard of one of the members. This yard is not as clean as most Chinese yards, but that did not hinder the Spirit's presence. We spent an extra day there visiting in the homes, planning with the men and women evangelists for the summer's work, and giving a little medical aid.

"When we were ready to leave, news was very exciting and carts were difficult to hire. No one wanted to leave home, especially in the direction our course lay to hold the next meeting. In fact, we did not know whether it was wise for us to try to go on, or whether we could if we tried. With much effort, the Tsinchou county official was located in a distant village, and he commandeered two carts for us to go to the next village; further than that we would have to decide after getting there. So instead of staying a day or two longer with friends there, we went on to Tsinchou yet that night, in order to have an early start next morning. And it seemed wisest to head for Liao Chou instead of continuing our tour toward Kucheng. Howard Sollenberger, hearing that conditions near Kucheng were getting tense, came on wheel to find us and report. After chasing us all day, he found us near the city that evening.

"It was a pathetic sight to see families all along the roads fleeing in the opposite direction from which the army is supposed to be advancing. What these people have been suffering physically, mentally and financially is beyond my ability to describe. I think I never had a more desolate feeling than I had as darkness began to settle on Tsinchou city that night. The apricot trees were in their best bloom, and vegetable gardens had some things ready for market, but all was silent around the dooryards. We could not find one home with anyone in it. Nature was doing her best to care for

the people, but where were the people to care for the things? They were scattered out over the mountains in crowded villages trying to find a little corner they might occupy for a time. And where were we to spend the night? How far would we be permitted to go next day? There was no cart road for more than a half-day's travel farther; then we would have to look for other means of travel. I felt weighted down with the responsibility of caring for two little boys under such circumstances, and right in our home town, the only home they had ever known. And yet they were so much better off than the children of our friends who were forced to leave their homes. We had passed a father, a mother and two little ones sitting by the road not far back. Ernest asked them where they were going, and they replied that they had no plan. Some have friends or relatives in villages and some have not. The Chinese villager is kind to the needy, far exceeding us. There were a few police on the public square and a few citizens who had not yet left for the villages where they would spend the night. They all replied that the city had no one in it. After some time, a small inn was found in the north suburb where we were crowded in for the night. Our family, Howard, Mr. Li, Howard's traveling companion, Mr. Chao, an evangelist, two cart drivers and their animals, and our cook all slept in the same little yard. We were able to share a little bedding with Howard and Mr. Chao, who were traveling with none, and who had only the hard *k'ang* to lie on.

"From there on, Howard went on his bicycle, hunting officials who could commandeer animals for traveling "relief workers," and finding an inn open where we could stay. Very few places were open any more. We got into a movement of Chinese troops and ammunition carriers which added to the difficulties of travel. From noon the first day to 10 A.M. the second day, we had three donkeys instead of

five, so all adults had to walk during that time. These three animals were at our command only because they were in such poor condition that the army could not use them. The urge to get the family home gave strength to go on that evening when I thought I could go no farther. We passed a woman of about my age whose gait and expression showed that she was having a yet harder time than I, and it made me feel younger. I wish I knew her history.

"Not until the evening of the second day did we have much assurance of getting back to Liao. That day we had traveled from 6: 00 A.M. to 7: 00 P.M., stopping only once to change animals and drivers. Howard had gone on ahead and five fresh animals were brought out of their hiding in the mountains. We ate boiled eggs and dry cakes as we traveled. It was rather hard on the children, but they were real stoics. Once Gene went to sleep and slid off his animal and we had to stop by the river with him until his nose stopped bleeding.

"When we arrived at Liao today, we found that schools were in the act of closing; some of the students were already gone. Yes, evangelism is being carried on under difficulties. But Jesus is a friend in storm as well as in calm, and many people are turning to Him to receive comfort. Although the roads are rough and steep, it is a joy to help in times like these."

While we were on this tour we heard many stories of how our Christian people had many narrow escapes. The Tsinchou postmaster and his family relate this story of deliverance from the enemy. He was in a village more than ten miles from the city when the enemy suddenly surrounded it early one morning before the family was up. A great number of the other village folks escaped to the hills, but as their means of escape were cut off they huddled in a small room and started praying. The enemy came into the courtyard, looked into a few of the rooms, but left with-

out opening the door of their room. As he told of this experience he was loud in his praise of how God answered their prayer and saved them from the hands of their enemies. Another one of our Christians was only forty feet from the enemy as they were hunting, killing and looting in the village. He was crouched in some brush in a ravine close to the village. He sat there watching them as they went on both sides of his hiding place. Their eyes failed to find him. He says prayer saved his life.

Time will fail me if I tell of Lis, Wangs and Chaos who escaped the edge of the sword and flying bullets, wandering in deserts and mountains and caves and the holes of the earth, while others were tortured, not accepting their deliverance or denying their Christ. (See Heb. 11: 32-40.)

12

GETTING MAIL IN AND OUT OF LIAO

One of the treats for the missionary is news and letters from the home folks. When our mail service is disrupted there is isolation and we are more aware of the distance we are from the homeland. As I think back over the experience of the first two years of the "Incident," I marvel at the efficiency of the Chinese post office. Most of the mail sent to us finally found its way to our door, but it was often much delayed. At one time we received the December issue of Children's Activities at the end of December. We rejoiced to have it so up-to-date, but on closer scrutiny found it to be the issue for the December of the year before. A few letters that were over a year old came through on one mail. To reach our post office after it moved from the city to a mountain village, the mail, which was carried on bicycles, often had to travel many miles over nothing but mountain paths.

Before we moved to Liao, Brother Oberholtzer had one

carrier to come from Shentehfu with mail from the Presbyterian mission friends there, also one from our own mission at Ping Ting. Soon after we arrived we sent our faithful gateman with letters to our fellow workers at Ping Ting, and also some to be posted to friends in America. He went by mountain trail to a village within a short day from Ping Ting. There one of the Christians took the pack of letters on to the mission. Letters were written there during the evening and night for him to carry next day as he returned to his village; then our man carried them back to us. These carriers always had to have passes written by the mission and signed by one of the foreigners, with the mission's official stamp placed over the signature and the date. At Ping Ting the same order was used. This gave the man free passage and our letters were not opened or molested in any way on the road. When old Liu came back with his first packet of letters he was considered a hero, and truly he was. No one else was willing to take that risk, and anyone who first blazes a trail over a dangerous and undiscovered route is always credited with daring and courage. He proved many times afterwards that he was brave and was always loyal to the church and the mission. When he volunteered to make this first trip, he said, "I am an old man and no one will molest me, and if they do and I am killed it will not matter so much anyway."

After this first trip, regular monthly private mail service was maintained between the two stations. Soon small articles were carried by these men. Our emergency medical supplies and money for the running of our mission work were often carried along with the mail. Never were any of these articles lost or molested by either the Japanese or the Chinese guerrilla army. Official mail service was never established for Liao city. Even after the Japanese had established their control of the city, they were not able to arrange for mail service from Ping Ting south, up to the time we left in the fall of 1940.

13

PRIMARY SCHOOLS AND THE BIBLE SCHOOL

*This war in China seemed to be fought against the schools al*most as much as against the armies. The Japanese seemed to think that the schools were places of propaganda against them. No school was free from their search and the teachers were very severely questioned when the invaders entered any city. In fact, many school compounds were ruthlessly bombed by planes before the army arrived at the city. Their reply to all criticism of this bombing was that these schools were aiding the Chinese army in resisting the Japanese war efforts. Of course the schools were teaching against the Japanese aggression and many students were doing all they could to defeat the Japanese intention of dominating and ruling the Chinese people.

Our schools were always the target of dispute whenever the Japanese made a raid into our territory. Books and maps, and essays written by the students had to be open for inspection by the military leaders. Whenever an invasion came, schoolteachers and pupils always fled from the mission compound to the mountains while the enemy were in our city. All of these evacuations raised many problems for both students and teachers. During strenuous periods like this, the homes of these children were generally safer, and they would have been much better off physically had they been able to go home; however, some of the children lived more than a day's travel from the school. The enemy came by different routes and we did not want to close school before we had to. Many times the alarm concerning the enemy approach was false and there was no need for fleeing. During one invasion one of our schoolgirls was killed when she got between the two armies and was hit by a stray bullet as she with some others tried to get home.

Among the difficulties for all the schools was the securing of sufficient food supplies. It was not very wise to store much grain because it might be taken by the invading army. The markets were poorly attended when the enemy approached and grain supplies could scarcely be bought at that time. When the enemy advanced upon the city and the schools evacuated to the hills, supplies of grain had to be provided there. If classes and work were carried on, the problem of supplying texts and classrooms taxed the ability of the supervisors.

Another difficulty in the whole school program was the setting up of courses and securing textbooks which would be suitable to both sides when they in turn inspected our schools. If we bought our books from the coast through Ping Ting, which was under Japanese control, the army with whom we were living objected; and the books printed by the Eighth army had a great deal of material which, if found by the Japanese, would have caused the persecution of our teachers and workers. As the war dragged on the problem of books became very acute.

Both the boys' and the girls' school were fairly well attended even under these unfavorable conditions. When Miss Ober came to take over the supervision, or become the foreign adviser, of the school she found many problems to tax all her wits in school management. The continued strain of possible bombings and raids from the enemy, the responsibility for all these children, getting them to safety, made the place a very hard one to fill. Even the teachers were more irritable than they would have been under normal circumstances and often made remarks which were hard to overlook. It was also very difficult for her to keep them up to the standard of scholarship that our mission schools ordinarily maintained. Nevertheless, they were able to finish the 1938-1939 school year and graduate a class of boys and girls.

The Bible school had many problems also. When Miss

Hutchison went for furlough, Mrs. Oberholtzer was placed in charge of the Bible school, but when she returned home, the school had no foreign supervisor. For one year the attendance was very small and several of the teachers found work elsewhere, but when Miss Hutchison returned in the summer of 1938 she soon got the school going again. From homes where there were younger women she had more applications than the number she usually admitted. These homes knew that Miss Hutchison could take care of these girls better than they could. So along with learning to read and learning about their Savior, many women were protected from insults by having their homes in the Bible school. If all the stories could be told of how these women were protected by the foreign missionary, they alone would fill a book.

The second time the Japanese came to Liao they perhaps were a little irritated because of our helping the Chinese wounded soldiers, and they went through the mission property in the city that was occupied by the girls' school and the women's Bible school. In the library of each school, and the kindergarten room, the cupboards, bookcases and tables were upset and books, magazines, pictures and maps were scattered all over the floor and destroyed. The kindergarten materials were mixed with filth and dirt which they brought into the building. It was very evident that there was no control of the soldiers as they searched the building. The boys' school building, which was in the east suburb, between the hospital compound and the Americans' residence compound, was also searched, but we men went through with the officials and that eliminated the rabble who often accompanied the enemy and lived by looting.

Some of the leaders apologized for the conduct of their soldiers in mission property, but we felt that this was just a pretense or veneered politeness. We have no records but many generals are reported to have gotten rich through

looting. The officers took what they could use and the others got what was left.

14

TRAVEL CLOSE TO NO MAN'S LAND

During the summer of 1938 I had a little trouble with my heart. Each of the boys had a severe case of whooping cough complicated with dysentery. Upon the advice of Dr. Parker to go to Peiping for a physical checkup and a bit of rest and change, we decided to go after the heat of the summer was over. After much bargaining we secured animals and one chair for the three-day trip to a village twenty miles from Ping Ting. Six carriers with a chair and six animals were at our house on Monday morning. As usual, we could not hurry the last tasks for there were a number of callers to see us off. I found the little donkey with a foreign saddle that we had planned for Elizabeth was very comfortable for me to ride; she then used the chair for most of the first day. We stopped before very late and found a good sleeping place although we were about seven miles short of our planned distance for the first day. After a good night's rest we were all feeling better and ready for the road again.

The second day started with climbing very steep mountains. The auto road which winds over these mountains could not be used even by animals now. Practically all bridges and fills in the road had been destroyed. Since the level places had been plowed up and part of them planted in buckwheat we had to follow the old mountain trail again. Going along on the mountain path, all at once we would come upon a deep cut in the road impossible to get across. We had to hunt a way around the break. Sometimes we could see a fairly well beaten path over the steep mountainside which came back to the road again on the

other side of the break. Traveling was slow and tedious. Generally in the inns we had difficulty in getting accommodations for all of us, for with the six chair bearers and the men who cared for the donkeys ours was a large party. We were stopping at villages where there were not many inns.

We had been told that the last five miles of the third day of our journey would be impossible for the chair. We dismissed it at noon of that day and hired another donkey. The ascent from the southern side was gradual and not difficult to climb, but I had the surprise of my life as I looked over into the valley which came into view when we reached the crest of the mountain. The village which was to be our destination for the night was pointed out to us, and it seemed to lie almost at our feet, but it was at least one thousand feet below us. Knolls and hills lay in one continuous row as far as the eye could see. Fields were ripe with bountiful grain. The village folk could be seen busy in the fields beginning to reap the earliest of the fruits of the soil. In the distance we could hear the tinkle of the little bells of the mountain goats and sheep. Smoke was rising from a hundred villages as the people were starting fires to make ready the evening meal for those who were toiling in the fields. I thought, "Could it be possible that Moses looked upon a more beautiful promised land than this?" God had given them an abundant harvest, and they were content and happy. But I remembered that just across a few of these hills lay the enemy's camp. Tomorrow we would be going into that territory through no man's land. We dreaded that part of our journey, but we trusted God to direct our steps so that we might avoid any danger.

In the village at our feet the chairs that had been sent from the Ping Ting station were waiting for us. A man accustomed to Japanese control also came to escort us. We had a good night's rest, and all were astir early. The village evangelist with his family took our animals and went back to Liao. After getting animals to take our baggage, we got

into our chairs and started on the last lap of our journey. We had no high mountains to cross but there were some very steep hills. These carriers were experienced men and could travel these slopes with much skill. Our chairs would at times be suspended out over a precipice twenty or thirty feet deep while the carriers would follow the winding path along the side of the hill. About eight o'clock we passed a village where the Eighth Route army was stationed. I showed my pass, and the official waved me to pass on. Going another three miles we met a man who excitedly exclaimed, "The Japanese have just entered that village." He pointed to a village just a few hundred yards away. We did not have to go through it and hoped they would stay inside until we got well past at least. We saw no Japanese as we passed, but beyond the village about one mile I saw coming towards us in the river bed about one hundred Japanese soldiers. My carriers were in front, and about one hundred yards before we were to meet the soldiers the carriers turned onto a small path and started up the bank beside the river bed. As the Japanese came to Elizabeth's chair, they peeped in to see who was inside. Then they passed on. Traveling on a little farther, we heard the report of guns firing and we were glad we had passed through that line when we did and so safely.

We arrived at Ping Ting about 5 P.M. and were glad to be in the fellowship of our missionary friends again.

We had hoped to start to Peiping the next day but had to put it off a day. This gave us a bit more rest from our strenuous trip, and gave us an opportunity to share experiences with our Ping Ting friends, an opportunity we had longed for for months. We had not dared to write freely to each other for we did not know who might seize the letters. It also gave us ample time for getting the cholera shots necessary to buy tickets for the railroad, also to get the written permit to buy tickets. We were especially glad at this time to meet Osee and Howard, who had just arrived from

America and were on their way to Liao. We were eager for the package from our home folks that they had carried, but their trunks had not yet come. The next day before we left, word came that their luggage was at the station. Osee went with us to the station. While I bought tickets and checked our baggage he opened his trunk and out came hose, shoes and other things badly needed for our trip, especially for the children.

Our train was late and we arrived at the junction after dark. No lights were allowed on trains running after dark. We were indeed glad when we pulled into the station. After some examination of baggage, we were allowed to go through the station. As we passed through the doorway, a sprayer dampened our outer clothes with a disinfectant, and we proceeded to find rickshas to take us out to the neighboring mission where Westerners are welcomed as long as the rooms are not filled. On the train we had eaten our suppers from a lunch box. We proceeded to get the children to bed, for we had to start very early the next morning. Food and even drinking water were not supplied on the trains as formerly. We left before daylight and arrived in Peiping before dark that night. We stayed with our own fellow missionaries who were busy in first-year language work.

The trip out was better than some others we have had on this same road in the past. It was good except for the mental unrest we experienced, for we did not know what we might meet on the road. We saw a number of wrecked cars lying along the road, reminders of what might happen to our car. The guerrillas were determined to make the functioning of this railroad as difficult as possible. We had decided to risk this trip on the railroad only after much prayer for guidance.

We had two very busy weeks of shopping for ourselves and for others who were in the interior. I went to the hospital and had a checkup. It was very helpful to us to have

this change, and we were very eager to return before the weather should become too cool for the children to make the donkey trip from Ping Ting back to Liao. We hoped the little grocery order we sent on by freight would be ready to go with us on the donkeys, but some people were losing their freight enroute on this railroad.

One of the pleasures while in Peiping was the Sunday services in English. We hungered for it when we were in the interior. We were happy to meet our new workers and quite a number of our close friends from our neighboring missions. All had many experiences to exchange. The thing that buoyed us up was the thought that God was with us and that we were where He wanted us to be. Because at this time it seemed we could see His leading much more distinctly than ever before in our lives, we did not hesitate to go back to the needy field.

On our return from Peiping to Ping Ting we were held up at the junction for three days, until the Japanese authorities convinced themselves that we did not have cholera. Since the neighboring mission house was full of others waiting for trains it could not accommodate us; those in charge of it had gone to the Salvation Army headquarters to make arrangements for us there, but they, too, were full. We had to go to a Chinese inn. We were shown a small room on the ground floor. It was messy looking, having just been done over, and whitewash was splattered over the brick floor. But the *k'ang* looked clean, and we knew that the whitewash on the floor made the room more sanitary than the old used rooms upstairs; and so we gladly took it. We did not have bedding for such accommodations and yet we did not want to risk renting inn bedding. We used some new sheets we bought in Peiping to use while there, our one blanket, coats, sweaters, etc. Thus we managed to get along. The innkeeper accommodated us by serving us simple food of millet. We could buy steamed sweet potatoes and fruit on the street.

We bought our tickets at the junction early and found a good place on a coach that had only a few passengers. After placing our hand luggage on the rack and under the seats, I went out to arrange the checked baggage and see if I could get the box of groceries on with it. When I went back to our coach, I was sorry to find Elizabeth and the boys standing with all the hand luggage on the platform. That coach having been reserved for soldiers, to place them as far as possible from danger in case of a wreck, we had to find accommodations on one of the three coaches next to the engine. We found a place in the second coach and were soon on our way, happy to think that this trip was only a few hours long and that we would soon be seeing our Ping Ting friends again. About two miles out, the train slowed its speed almost to a man's walking gait, and we crept along at this rate for several hours. There seemed to be much unrest at all the stations and among the soldiers, but we could not get any news. The soldiers could talk only Japanese, and the few Chinese on the train would not talk much to us.

We finally pulled up to a station and after all the passengers who were leaving the train had disembarked, the train still stood. Walking along the platform a little later, I got one man to tell me a little. He said that there had been a battle that morning a short distance ahead of us and that a train had been derailed. The minutes passed into hours, and still we did not go. We ate our little lunch. Nothing could be bought and our hopes for a good bed that night began to fade with every passing hour. A Japanese soldier came up and asked me something I could not understand. He took me into the station and asked me to sit down. One of the generals from the train talked to me in broken English, asking a number of questions. He said I could not go on, but I showed him my pass from the headquarters at the junction. He looked puzzled, shook his head, and knowing nothing else to do at that time he sent me back to my coach. A soldier came through asking about my lug-

gage. Here we sat, knowing very little of what to expect. After a while we saw a group of soldiers forming in front of the station. The coach next to the engine was emptied of its passengers. The leaders of the group of about thirty men spoke a few words to them. One boy standing on the end next to my window pulled out his kerchief and wiped the tears out of his eyes. All their faces were grim and set. Then they picked up their guns and machine guns and a few boxes of ammunition and got on the emptied coach. It was uncoupled and they started on up the road, leaving the other coaches sitting on the track.

After more than another hour of suspense, our engine with the soldiers came back, and the atmosphere began to clear. Soon airplanes were circling above us scanning the mountains on both sides. Our train started to move forward again. After going a few miles, we came to a place where a number of cars were lying down over an embankment. We pulled into a station just as the sun was going down behind the hills. A boy outside the coach window was selling persimmons and we bought six. These, with a little candy and cheese from our lunch box, served as our supper. It was almost dark as our train pulled out of this place. We had no lights, all shades were pulled down, and we had the feeling that we were surrounded with thick darkness, both physically and mentally. Most of the other travelers on our coach were Japanese girls who were following the army, making their living by selling their bodies for the pleasure of the homesick soldiers. But even in this darkness God seemed to be present. Our little boys slept lying on our laps. We whispered to each other a few plans to be followed in case of an accident. But we reached our terminus at ten P.M. safely. It was a relief to leave the railroad, yet we knew we were much shut in in a war-ridden country. Doctor Parker had been over with the mission car to meet us, but returned before night, as it was not safe to be out after dark. It was not easy to get coolies to handle our baggage

at that late hour. But as the train was to stay there the rest of the night, passengers who had to stay in the coach very graciously helped to hand the sleepy boys and the baggage out through the window to me on the outside. We saw a train with open freight cars packed with soldiers sitting on a sidetrack.

Since we did not know the inns we asked the coolies to take us to one. At the first inn we received the reply that they had no more room. Finally we found one where a man came in answer to their knock and opened the door to us. The night was cold, there was no bedding, and the brick bed was stripped of everything, even the usual matting. Seeing some holes in the bed, our son would not lie on it until assured that no rats would come out while he slept. He, like his father, does not like rats running around while he is asleep! We spent the remainder of the night trying to rest and keep the boys warm, for our sheets and blankets were checked. We were glad for the first rays of light, and I was soon on the street trying to get rickshas for our trip out to Ping Ting. After securing five rickshas, I went to the station to see if I could get our checked baggage. The office had just opened. I was able to get my baggage without inspection—one good thing from traveling out of schedule. The innkeeper reported that in the battle the day before a large number of Japanese men were wounded. He did not know about the other side. On getting to the hospital compound in the east suburb we telephoned into the city and announced our safe arrival. In a short time Brother Crumpacker came for us as we were to stay with them until we should start for Liao. After having eaten a hearty 9:30 breakfast at the Parker home we moved the things we needed into the city. The other things we left to pack at the east compound, as our animals would leave from there. The people were just gathering for their Sunday services.

How lovely was the October weather! Flowers were still blooming. Friends tried to persuade us to stay at Ping

Ting for the winter. True, there were more workers needed there, as at all our other stations. It would have been very pleasant to have our two boys and the two Parker boys together in the kindergarten. The two mothers could have divided their work in the kindergarten as well as the supervising of the nursing in the hospital, since both were nurses. There was no foreign nurse to give full time to the hospital work. We could not know what the war maneuvers might be by spring, and we would be there where we could get out with the children if necessary. I could go down home and rough it in the work much better without the family along. But we left it up to God for the decision, and we felt that His finger pointed toward Liao, and that was our first choice.

As we passed through the city gates we felt very sorry for our Chinese friends, who had to remove their hats and bow their unwilling submission to the gate sentinels. If one did not make the bow properly, he received a cuff or a blow with the butt of a gun.

As we started homeward on Monday morning, Japanese trucks started south, about twenty of them. We, of course, did not know what it meant but learned at a village about eight miles down the road that we had better circle a bit out of our way to avoid trouble. Our second morning out, I missed my reading glasses. No, they were not on my forehead or in my pocket. How was I to get along without them? It would likely be a year or two before I would have access to an oculist again. It was unfortunate it could not have been on the way out to the coast instead of on the way back. But they were gone. The second night we stayed in an innkeeper's home where we had stayed one night on the way out. The inn could accommodate only the animals and their drivers. We were given a room in the innkeeper's home. Our room was very small and we could hardly move about after getting our four cots up, two

on the brick bed and two on the dirt floor, but they had given us the best room in the house.

That night about midnight I awakened with pain in the abdomen. We were afraid we might have taken unwise risks eating the cold meat we were carrying in our food box, for the weather was not cold, especially through the day. I could eat no breakfast. About 11 A.M. we got into one of the larger villages and our drivers insisted on staying there for dinner even though it was an hour or two early. There we found Osee and three of the Chinese relief workers who were investigating for the relief committee. I was quite sick, and had a great deal of pain. We decided it must be a kidney stone. Osee decided to return with us to Liao. About 5 P. M. when I felt that I could go no farther we stopped for the night, much earlier than we had planned to. After helping Elizabeth get the cots up so that I could lie down, Osee went on to another near-by village to spend the night with the Christian group there. About 11 P.M. someone came into our room without knocking and asked where the head of our party was. After a little trouble getting his thought we learned that our animal drivers had been put in prison and that we would have to get new drivers to resume our journey. One man was found with twenty cents of Japanese money on his body and another was accused of dealing in opium on this trip. Of the two offenses, they made the most of having the money even though these men were from Japanese-controlled territory. We had warned the drivers not to carry any of that money into this territory. Then we were left to our thoughts. Next morning I felt well enough to travel although I was still unable to eat anything. It was very trying making necessary arrangements for our animals to go and getting other men to go with them. Everyone traveling even for a short distance had to have a pass from the local officials for the trip. Finally one of our drivers was

allowed to come out and get the animals ready and come along with the new drivers.

I felt better again after a couple of days' rest in bed. In a short time I had a recurrence and we called Doctor Parker down from Ping Ting. He pronounced it a kidney stone.

15

THE CHINESE CHURCH AT WORK

Each year for ten or more years the Chinese church has held a spring retreat at Liao. They always tried to have one or two guest speakers and have a well-filled three-day program, closing with baptizing and the communion service. These meetings came just after the spring planting when the village farmer is not very busy. During the latter part of May 1939 we planned to have our retreat, with Brother Crumpacker of Ping Ting as our main speaker. With conditions so unsettled it was difficult to know how to plan, whether to have the meeting in our large church in the city or out in the east compound in the boys' school building. The church in the city was about the only place large enough to accommodate the crowd, but there we ran the greater risk of disturbance from possible bombings. We always tried to have these meetings as free as possible from outside disturbances, and to make them highly devotional.

Brother Crumpacker came to Liao by a roundabout route. He first visited a Ping Ting outstation which had not been visited by a foreigner for many months. That thriving outstation, Kao Lao, had a very active group of Christians. He spent a week with them there, concluding with baptism and a communion service. From there he came on south over the mountains to Liao. How glad we were to see him! It was his first visit in our unoccupied territory. His three-day trip was hard and trying, but his old Chinese cook, Yatou, was along doing all he could to

make his travel as easy as possible. Here is what we have in our notes about his arrival and the close of the meeting.

"May 19 we began a three days' meeting. Brother Crumpacker came last evening riding a donkey. Our eldest worker, who is none too strong, was not afraid of the dangers and the difficult roads. He received a great welcome from the members here. He brought us some mail, but it is stale as he had been in village work for some days since he left home. Our meeting closed May 22, when we held communion services with one hundred ninety-five in attendance. Ninety-eight were baptized Saturday P.M. Our cook's wife was one. Not many from the outside could come in at this unsettled time. This morning all started homeward, including Brother Crumpacker. It seems the Lord gave us three days of quiet for our meeting. It must have been of His planning. This afternoon three bombs were dropped in the city."

This was the last meeting we held in our church in the city. The bombings the following days broke out many of the windows. In a little more than a month's time, the Japanese came again and we were not able to use the church after their arrival. Long before they came, we had our Sunday school and our preaching service in the afternoon about four o'clock, for after that hour we were generally free from the air-raid alarms which were so disturbing to worship. Our prayer meeting, which we held each day except Sunday, was early in the morning and was free from disturbances as it was over before the raids started.

Shortly after the Liao retreat we had a few days' service at Kucheng. The spirit of the meeting was good and we rejoiced that we could all fellowship again at that center. In the evening we celebrated the Lord's supper and the communion with forty-two participating. Everything was quiet and peaceful. We had heard no planes and no rumors except that Liao had been bombed, but we found later that this report was false. On Sunday we were having preach-

ing services in the yard, for the house would not hold the crowd. When the service was half over, we began to hear the reports of cannon. The preacher continued but as the sound of guns came closer, the people became restless. Prayer, with the commitment of all to the loving care of the heavenly Father, concluded the service. How thankful we were that we had been able to hold this meeting of fellowship together in such a peaceful manner! Not until the last half hour was there any disturbance. After dismissal all began to get ready to go back to their villages. Some came to me asking me to stay and help them, but, since others were also needing help and comfort, I told them to trust God, that only he could protect us, and that I was just as helpless as they.

When all had left, I, with the evangelist I had taken along from Liao, started for Tsinchou by bicycle, for I wanted to see the evangelist there also. As we journeyed south, the cannon shells began to burst about seven or eight miles behind us and were visible from the hilltops. We did not know how fast they would make their advance, but we knew there was a goodly number of Chinese soldiers at the pass, and, since they were reported to be good fighters, we went on. Ten miles from Tsinchou, we found both the evangelists in a home where they had just had their morning worship. After chatting awhile, we went on with one of them to Tsetsun where they have had their headquarters ever since being bombed out of Tsinchou city. After visiting in the homes of a number of the members, we went on to Hung Po, where we found our animal drivers with our bedding. After a good supper of Chinese noodles and vegetable, with a can of tomatoes and one of peaches that we had among our things there, we retired. In the meantime we had sent runners here and there, calling members of the Tsinchou relief committee to attend a meeting on Monday morning. After holding this meeting, we bade all farewell and set our faces toward Liao, and

they went back to their work. As we passed through Tsinchou city, we learned that the drive of the day before had been repulsed by the Chinese and people were about their work again. The wheat crop there looked good but around Wuhsiang it was bad because of the lack of spring rain. It seemed that if the people were not driven from their homes before harvesttime, there should be ample for their needs.

The one handicap of the church at Liao and Tsinchou is that there are no ordained ministers. I do not know whether or not the deacon body, with the church, will decide to ordain one or two in each district during our absence, in order to take care of baptisms and communion services. We know they are carrying on but just how we do not know. We know God will give them strength and guidance during these years of isolation and hardship to carry on His work. Persecution and hardship never weaken a church when it has once really taken root in a civilization.

PART TWO

Under the Japanese Imperial Army

1

THE JAPANESE ARMY IN LIAO CITY

In our diary for July 4, 1939, is this entry: "Again reports come of the Japanese army advancing on Liao. We are flying our flags high today, but not altogether in honor of America's independence. There is plenty of fireworks today all around us but again it is not celebrating the day as we do in America. The Chinese church folk fled this morning through the rain, across the swollen river south of the city. They had prepared places in several villages southeast of Liao to which to flee in case of another invasion. Food and some other supplies had been sent before, for use in case of a hasty evacuation. Poor folks! How can they walk over the wet, slippery clay slopes as they flee before the army? But they hurry on so as to get across the river before it is impassable." A little after noon we could see the Japanese soldiers up at the Fire Temple. Cannons and machine guns were busy before their appearance.

A member of the military police corps with an interpreter called on us as soon as they entered the city. They appeared to be very friendly and promised that no common soldiers would be allowed to bother us. I went with them as they put notices on the doors of all mission property asking the soldiers not to disturb or damage any of it. On my return Elizabeth remarked that if they did as they had done in the winter they would be gone by tomorrow. Since this was the third time they had been in this city we felt sure they had counted the cost before coming and we had no hopes of

their going away soon this time. However, on the morning of July 5, while we were having prayers with the group of Christians who stayed with us, an airplane came, circled around the city, then went on south. After prayers, we noticed soldiers going north, passing our house. It looked as though the city was being emptied of them, and all the while they were passing an airplane was circling about almost over us. It was trying to tell us to endure its roar and not take to the basement, for somehow that seemed imperative after associating bombings with the roar of the airplane so many, many times. After the army was gone a few men could yet be seen here and there, but we had no way of knowing how many were left.

We wondered where Osee and Howard were. Both had gone out to distribute relief south and east of the city. Howard preferred being on the other side of the line. I was to whitewash a tree in the front yard as a sign to him if all was well with us. He thought he could see it from the distant hilltops.

When we sat down to dinner, autos began coming up the road right past our house. We knew then that the Japanese had gotten the breaks in the road repaired instead of coming up the rocky river bed as they did in the winter. We counted fifty-nine trucks. After dinner the soldiers returned north. They did not have many things, but some furniture was loaded and even some potted flowers.

On July 6, after midnight, we could hear cannons, machine guns and rifles. The firing was on all sides of us. After breakfast we met at the boys' school for prayers. The battle surged back and forth over the hills around Liao. As we walked back toward the house in the compound we again saw soldiers coming down from the Fire Temple toward the west suburb of the city. As they came closer, we knew them to be Chinese soldiers. No Japanese were to be seen any more; the remnant went west. Were they cut off in their retreat to the north? It seemed too good to be true to be

left again in free China, but it was not for long. Elizabeth started a story-play hour for the twenty-three children that were left in our compound. Miss Ts'ao helped her with it, having them an hour both forenoon and afternoon. When we re-entered the city we found a little new destruction. The Japanese were in the city only one night, but their horses were very hard on the young growing crops.

July 7 marked the beginning of the third year of this war. Machine guns and cannons were active to the north and west of the city that day. We sent a man out to try to find Osee and bring him in, but before dinner he came. It was reported that the Japanese had been trapped in a narrow valley close to Yu She and were having a hard time getting out of the difficulty. It was also reported that they were trying to fight their way back to our city. Some of the Christians who fled a few days before were coming back again. One teacher in our boys' school, in leading prayer meeting, told how his faith was strengthened even during those hours of suffering and how God appeared to be closer in times like these when home ties were broken. He and his wife were together, but he spoke of the Chinese home ties through which the boy away from the parental home, in case of uncertainty of a job or an income, has the right to go back home and there receive food and shelter. Many of these homes then lay across no man's land in occupied territory, and the youth could not depend on support from there. Those who trust in God find Him exceedingly precious at such times as those. He brought out the idea very well in his talk. We were all well prepared in mind to listen to his line of thought.

By the rattle of the machine guns it was evident that the Japanese army was returning to the city. The few people who had returned to the city again left. The Chinese army fought a delaying action but they did not put up any resistance in the city at all. They always chose to fight a few miles from the city, where, in case of the Japanese

being too strong for them, they could retreat without being surrounded or cut off by flank movements of the enemy.

On July 11 the Japanese army entered the city the fourth and final time. We were again cut off from any news or supplies. Wheat was unharvested and the farmers had to flee. Some crops did not get planted at all, for the rains were too late and the people had to leave before they could plant the late crops. Those that were up were unattended and unprotected from the ravages of the passing animals. Vegetable gardens south and west of the city were stripped of their vegetables while the tenders were away. The outlook was very bad indeed.

On the afternoon of July 15 some Japanese officials with their interpreters came asking for a meeting with the Chinese in our compound. The people were very nervous about going, but we went with them and that helped to steady their nerves. We met at the boys' school. After talking to us all about a few general rules of the Japanese army in the city, and telling us not to be afraid, the officials divided the men, taking each one separately, and questioned and counseled them. Some they offered positions with good pay if they would go over and help them. A few days later twenty-five Chinese men from our compound went into the city to get passes from the Japanese so that they could come and go about their daily duties. Even our goatherd had to have a pass to herd the goats outside our compound.

The Japanese army fortified the Fire Temple hill north of the city and the pagoda hill southeast of the city, carrying doors, beams, rafters, and other things from homes and temples in the city for this work. They also put up a barbed wire fence around the city. They asked us if we preferred being inside or outside the fence. We left it to them, but we found ourselves on the outside. No doubt they needed to conserve wire, for it will surely take a vast amount of it to fence themselves in all over China. Later

during the summer they built forts east, south and northwest of the city, five in all, protecting the approaches to the city. These forts were built on high hills with a commanding view of all the valleys and hills and mountain slopes leading to the city. All these forts were connected with the city by telephone. All were equipped with powerful searchlights. Besides having the barbed-wire entanglements the Japanese forced the village folks to come and dig large trenches around the city, giving the effect of a city wall. A few months earlier these same village folks had had to tear the city wall down and had practically leveled it.

2

MOPPING-UP OPERATIONS

In Shansi and in territories where the Eighth army operates, the mopping-up operations are very much like the work of the woman who tried to mop the water off her kitchen floor with the faucet turned on at the clogged sink. It was still going on two years after the occupation of Liao, when we were forced out of our mission property and territory. Liao being surrounded with mountains, the guerrilla army had an excellent place to attack the enemy in the city. From the high mountains five or seven miles from the city they could watch all maneuvers of the Japanese in the city and at opportune times spring surprises on them. On the other hand the Japanese had food and cannon, while the Chinese had practically no heavy equipment. The army in the city kept watchers with high-powered binoculars scanning the mountain paths, and when groups of people were passing along these paths the big cannon were brought out and placed on the walls of the city. A number of shots would be fired to disperse these people. Often they were caught and killed as the exploding cannon shells hit the

ground. Practically every evening at just about sunset they brought out the cannons, placed them on the walls at different places and fired them. It occurred so often that we became used to the sound, and even knew the sound of the hammer which drove the large iron stakes into the ground to hold the instruments firm while they were being fired.

One night after the children were asleep cannons were shot eleven times right back of our house. The noise was terrific. At 3 A.M. we were suddenly awakened by the firing of machine guns and rifles, seemingly all over the city. Cannons were quickly put at different places on the city wall, one directly opposite our house again. The boys soon awakened. It became so terrible that we went to our basement, for we could not tell in which direction the bullets were going or whether they might come through our windows. The general had warned us to be careful of stray bullets in case there was fighting back and forth with the Eighth Route army, which they knew was not far away in the mountains. As we went down the steps the entire city was lit up. Large flames shot up into the air, and as they slowly descended made everything visible all around. These flames were kept in the air all over the city while the battle raged. We put up a cot for the children to lie on, but no one slept. In about an hour we went back upstairs as it was quieting down. But in about another half hour the cannons started again, and all sleep was gone for everyone. We watched maneuvers all forenoon. From the attic window we could watch the landing of the cannon shells that were released from the cannons back of our house, the shells landing on a path at the top of a range of hills a great way from the city. It was good marksmanship. We had seen the Chinese army moving right at that spot just before the firing began. We did not risk going out of the house all forenoon. One windowpane in our house was shaken out of its frame. During this shooting each cannon shell would

pass between our house and the ladies' residence just about one hundred feet south of ours.

The following night we slept in the basement on cots, but there was not much shooting. The soldiers cut for their horses much of the corn and the growing millet in the fields and pulled out the young potato stalks. It was ruthless destruction.

The Eighth Route army arrested persons they caught with the Japanese passes. If the Chinese did not wear them, they could not get by the Japanese, so what were the poor folks to do? The Japanese sent out notices that if the people did not return to their homes they would burn their villages. Howard, after helping the school and church group to get settled in their new places of living in the mountains, came back to the city. Of course we told the Japanese army officials that he was doing relief work among the Chinese. Shortly after his arrival at home he was called into the official's office and there he went through a grilling. He was told that he could not continue his relief work in places of which the Japanese had not gotten control. Since there were few folks in the places they did then control, there was not much that could be done. His next plan was to try to get in touch with the Friends' relief worker and work out from Shanghai, our church taking care of his expenses and also the money he should distribute.

In talking with one of the Chinese interpreters we found out how difficult it was for the Japanese army to do their mopping-up operations. The Eighth Route army sent representatives to the villages along the road and had men go out at night and break the motor road. At night the old men of the village worked at this. In the daytime they slept while, at the command of the Japanese, the younger men went out and repaired it again. Thus it went near the border line. Most villages had two heads, one to deal with their own people and one to deal with the Japanese officials. Each head kept his side informed about the happenings in

the village, but any time a favor could be shown, it always went to the Chinese soldiers. The village heads reported to the Japanese only what they had to in order to keep themselves from too much suspicion.

Below is a quotation from my diary, thoughts expressed in a meditative mood as I watched the Japanese sentinel standing on the remains of the city wall just behind our house:

" 'Watchman, what of the night?' Just back of our house on the corner of what used to be the city wall stands a watchman. He, of course, rotates with others, but there he stands day and night, rain and fair weather, watching the movements of men on the roads, the fields, and the distant mountain paths. From our window I often watched him and wondered what he thought about. One day a large group of his comrades went north. He watched them go. An hour later, I saw him standing there shaking his knees to keep warm, holding his rifle by his side. Could he be thinking of his home? The big generals could come and go as they pleased, but he must stand there looking for the enemy. For three months he has not seen one—that he recognizes as such, at least. Sometimes he plays with his gun, throws out the shells, works the lock back and forth, or polishes his bayonet, but most of the time he stands there and can do nothing but think. Perhaps he at times thinks of his home back in sunny Japan, a village nestled away in some mountain ravine, quiet and peaceful. What hatred have they there toward the people at Liao? Perhaps he left a sweetheart back there, and when he left her the heart throb was heavy. Is she thinking of him as he stands there? Even though propaganda tells him he must go to China to relieve oppression, he can not but see the falsity of that theory. As the common soldier goes out into the fields and destroys the growing grain, he can not but see the greater oppression which comes upon the people because of this war. What is this sentinel going to get out of this? He may someday

go back home and have large groups of people wave and shout at his triumphal return as he marches through the streets.

"Again, as he stands there, he watches a group of soldiers line up along the road, each with a band of white around his neck, this band supporting a little white box, a cube about seven or eight inches in dimensions. This box is also covered with white. Some say it contains the ashes of a dead soldier; some say it is his head. But the watchman stands and watches. The leader of the group bows his uncovered head and speaks words of encouragement about the heroism of the dead soldier whose remains are within the little box. The sentinel recalls that during the night the west breezes wafted the odor of roasting flesh to his nostrils, and now here go the ashes to Japan. There will be no waving of kerchiefs to them; no fair maidens will greet this return. Perhaps he too will return thus.

" 'Tell us what its signs of promise are'. The report comes that his enemies are only a few miles away. He hears a rifle shot to the south of the city. He quickly turns, and his eye scans the mountains to the south. Last night machine guns and cannons were heard to the north. This morning a report comes that the enemy has destroyed about ten miles of their telephone wire up there. Now they are absolutely isolated. They cannot get word of the outside world. He does not know whether the army at other places is attacked or not. Papers are scattered on the road telling that the Eighth Route army is going to attack the city on a certain night, but he has little use for that report.

"A man comes along carrying a basket, the contents covered with a cloth. He wants to go into the city, takes off his hat and gives the sentinel a low bow. The cover is jerked from the basket and thrown to the ground. The basket contains a few eggs this village farmer is bringing in to sell. With disgust the sentinel waves the man on. The farmer picks up his cloth, replaces it over the basket and

passes on. What has he done to deserve cuffs from the sentinel? When I bow and greet the sentinels with a 'Good morning,' they return the greeting. Why is this Chinese citizen different from me? Ah, you may say that he is conquered. Perhaps, but I do not believe it. I am nearer conquered than the Chinese man is. His philosophy of life is that the world turns around and someday he is going to be on top. Psalm 9: 18. 'Watchman, what of the night?' Are these signs of hope?"

3

JAPANESE SUSPECT CHINESE MISSION WORKERS OF AIDING GUERRILLAS

On a ten-acre plot of neutral territory containing a large hospital, a boys' school and three foreign residences, it was hard to live in no man's land and not be accused of aiding one side or the other. On this neutral territory lived fifty to one hundred Chinese who were recognized as enemies of the Japanese army which controlled the city. We were willing to give names and ages of all who lived in our compound. We also allowed the officials to inspect hospital and school buildings, and they were allowed to come to our house and ask questions, but we insisted on the neutrality of our work and would not discuss war conditions with either side. On the forenoon of July 27 two Japanese came in to say that they saw lights from our compound being flashed to the Eighth Route army on the hills to the east, and that shots came back in answer to the light signal. We tried to assure them that no such thing was being done by any of our folks. They said if it were not stopped they would come into the compound and take charge, and that would break the friendly relationship between them and our church people. We did not know whether they actually did see a light that to them looked suspicious or whether

it was strategy on their part, but we felt confident that there was no flashing to the armies from our compound.

One morning we men, with two representatives from the hospital, were summoned to the military headquarters in the city. The officer started in rather roughly, saying he was not going to be polite but would speak what he had to say. Then he began again about light being flashed from our place, even from Miss Hutchison and Miss Ober's home. We, too, talked straight from the shoulder to them. It frightened the two Chinese representatives from the hospital for us to talk back to the Japanese as we did, and they told the interpreter to make a little allowance, that our language was *inadequate*. The compound people were a little uneasy, lacking the courage that we Americans carry. After this conversation with the military head we told him we would take up all flashlights which the Chinese had in the compound and lock them in a cupboard. On our return to the compound we called together all the people living there, asking them to give up all their flashlights in order to avoid suspicion on the part of the Japanese. We also tacked over the east windows of all floors of the hospital and the boys' school large mats, and, wherever possible, locked the doors leading into the rooms which had east windows. We hoped in that way to allay the suspicion of the most skeptical among the Japanese officials. We were convinced that no one in our compound was doing any signaling but we also knew that the Chinese soldiers at night would come up to our compound and they could have signaled to their comrades on the mountains east of the river.

The officers in the city had telephone lines to each of the five forts around the city but the Chinese would come and cut the wires, and sometimes would even carry off the poles along with all the wire from the pole just outside our hospital gate, which was only fifty or sixty yards from the Japanese sentinel at the city gate. One time the Chinese told me that they had previously had very little telephone

wire for their lines through the mountains, but now since the Japanese were trying to maintain their line from Liao to Ping Ting they had taken enough of that wire to give themselves all they needed for all their system over several counties.

As time passed, and the guerrillas continued their raids upon the outposts of the Japanese garrison, our trouble increased more and more as we tried to protect our staff of Chinese who were trying hard to serve their church and their fellow citizens in a war-torn community. It seemed that even showing the generals the stack of flashlights was no proof that the Chinese were not giving signals to the army on the mountains.

The ladies had a young servant who had shown ability as an organizer and handler of men before he came to them as house cleaner and errand boy. The Japanese found out about his ability and tried with money to bribe him into being a spy for them. One time, while he was still working for the ladies, the Japanese offered him one hundred dollars to report to them about the Chinese living in our compound, also to report remarks we Americans might make about the Japanese army. He refused this offer, saying it would be taking money he had not earned, and as a Christian he could not take money from them without giving something in return. At the close of the argument they forced him by threats to take ten dollars and told him if he told this story they would see that he never got to tell another story to anyone. He continued his work with the ladies but told us his predicament with the Japanese. We kept our ears and eyes open for possible trouble from this source.

One evening he lost his temper and made a few slighting remarks about the Japanese to a young boy who was going to the Japanese school in the city. This boy told the school authorities, who were controlled by the Japanese officials. Late that evening a number of officials came to the ladies'

house to arrest this young man. Miss Hutchison was on the alert, for he had told her that he had made some remarks which might cause trouble, since he felt that the Japanese were trying to get him. The officials wanted to see him. Miss Hutchison and Miss Ober would not promise to bring him until the general promised that he would not arrest him and that he would talk to him in the women's presence. This agreed, they called the young man. He apologized for speaking hastily but that did no good. The general ordered a soldier who was standing in the hall to tie the youth's hands. He stepped back, and Miss Hutchison stepped in between the soldier and her servant. The latter quickly slipped out through the door into another room, down an inside cellar stairway, then up the back steps out into the back yard across an open court about one hundred feet wide, and across a six-foot wall into the schoolyard court, and there hid.

This escape stirred up a "hornets' nest." We men living in the other house had already gone to bed, but soon we heard the knock at the door and calls to come quickly. Osee was up and dressed sooner than I was, but when I got halfway to the house I met Miss Ober coming after me, escorted by several Japanese soldiers. The Japanese sent for the head of the military police. He came in shortly after I got into the house. Then for several hours the argument went back and forth regarding the escape of this young man. By a search of the house he could not be found; his wife and his old mother knew nothing about where he was. They said he had not been back home since early that evening when he left to do some work in the big house. He had very cleverly gotten away in the dark. The dispute ended by the arrest of the wife, a small child and the old mother. They were escorted to the city in the darkness with the assurance that they would be released upon the return of the fugitive. We went to bed fearing for the safety of the two women and the baby whom the Japanese

had taken. The young man returned at midnight and told Miss Hutchison and Miss Ober of his intentions of going into unoccupied territory. He slipped out into the dark night, across the river into the guerrilla territory, and was safe. The old mother, the wife and the child were released the next day without any harm coming to them.

With all we could do, the military in the city still accused the Chinese in our compound of aiding the Chinese operating from the mountains. Those men in the mountains knew everything that was happening in the city and in our compound, but I do not believe that it was being reported by people in our compound. We had trouble with both the Japanese and the Chinese soldiers whitewashing war slogans on our compound walls. I thought it was unfair to make the Chinese wash out the Chinese slogans so I decided when the Japanese came to our city I would do this erasing of these slogans myself. I went out a back gate, left during prayer meeting, when all the people in the compound were in the service, walked close along the wall, and was seen by only one person in the compound. When I started my work on the hospital wall the Chinese interpreter of one of the Japanese officials caught me in the act of washing off these war slogans. It was cloudy and raining a little, which hindered the view from the mountains beyond. A few days later word came in from the mountain that I was erasing these slogans. Who told? I do not know, but some Chinese on the outside once told me that this interpreter of the Japanese official was not a traitor. I also know that this same official a few months later was killed and the interpreter got out of the battle with only a few slight injuries. Thus this war goes on with the common citizen often enduring hardships which the military man does not suffer and being blamed for happenings over which he has no control. Out of all these tales of misunderstandings might be unraveled the reasons why we foreigners were later forced out of our mission and finally out of China.

4

RETREAT AND CHURCH ACTIVITIES

We thought it best for Elizabeth and the children to move farther from the front line, and go to Ping Ting for the winter of 1939-1940. We had an interesting time deciding how we could make the trip to Ping Ting and at the same time attend the mission meeting. The battery of the Liao car was dead. Doctor Parker said he might do down and recharge it with their car, then we could use both cars. There were a few Chinese that wanted to go, too. But later he decided it was too risky to make the trip over the road. We sent most of our baggage on return animals that brought things down for Nurse Pollock; she was to go to Liao right after the mission meeting at Ping Ting to care for the medical work there. Osee bought dry batteries when he was in Peiping to see if they would charge our battery; if they would we could accompany a convoy of Japanese army trucks and go. It was not safe for one car to go alone because of the Eighth Route army. The Japanese did not travel in a lone car. The dry cells did the work very well. A Japanese came out and patched a leak in the water pipe to the radiator. We waited for a number of cars to come down so that we could return with them. For some reason they were delayed a few days. But on September 23 they came, and permission was given for us to accompany them the morning of the twenty-eighth. We knew we would have to start early for these were to go through to the railroad in one day, a distance of eighty miles. Miss Hutchison and Miss Ober were going along. We were glad not to have to prepare to stay overnight any place, and that we could ride in our own car, too, for it would be much better than in the back end of the truck.

The Japanese came out before daylight, and we did not

take time to eat breakfast. Osee and I ran the engine a while before daylight to get it warmed so that we could go quickly when their cars started. There was more danger at the Liao end of the road, anyway, danger of being shot at. When we all got packed in, bag and baggage, Osee tried to start the motor but it would not go. We worked with it hastily, but had no success. The army cars went, not noticing whether we were ready or not. Finally, a group of men pushed us out on the road and the motor started feebly. We ran a few rods and it stopped for good. There was nothing to do but push it back in the garage. We went to breakfast and planned. Such a disappointment! After much dickering we hired donkeys for the next day and repacked our baggage so as to include cots and bedding and food for three days on the road.

In the afternoon some trucks came again. We finally decided to go on the trucks and dismissed our animals. But we could not find out when the trucks were returning, whether the next day or in two days. They were to stop over at Hoshun, twenty-five miles from Liao. We went to bed not knowing whether to be ready to leave at daylight or not until the next day. Having very little hope it would be in the morning, we did not bother to make any changes in baggage before going to bed.

Let Elizabeth tell from her diary the story of our trip to Ping Ting with our stopover at Hoshun. "Before daylight, Ernest and Osee went into the city to see what the prospects were. I dressed and sat down to read and wait until the boys awakened. Soon Osee came out and said to be ready very soon, that Ernest could not leave the trucks and would come back when they came out. I hurriedly dressed the children and made some changes in the baggage; since we could not take more with us than was just necessary I left our cots and some of the food supplies. Folks carried things out as fast as I could get them ready to close, and off we went on the back of Japanese army trucks. Once settled and going, we

had time to think and eat our breakfast. Gene remarked that he liked the trucks better than the mission car, for they did not have to be pushed. He had never ridden in the mission car when it worked well, so he thought it was no good. We reached Hoshun in three hours. Once there, we had to find a place to stay and make arrangements for the rest of the trip. None but Japanese lived in the city then and they would not let us go even to a suburb to a food shop or see any of our Christian friends. We might pass news to the enemy. They said they had no room for us, but after much talking a room was vacated for our use. We all six occupied one room and slept on the *k'ang*. They reminded us that it was wartime and there was no telling when there would be cars coming from the north. All we could do was wait, but we hoped to continue on the morrow.

"Before they got us settled in the room they took us to another court—we supposed to a room they were giving us. Some men came and went, we did not know who, but finally the man leading us tried to tell Ernest something which none of us could understand. We did not recognize any of them by rank, not knowing their uniforms. But there on the steps stood the high official, head of all Hoshun County, waiting for a salute from Ernest. Our guide became very indignant at his 'lack of manners.' But when it was clear to us what was happening, we made due apology.

"September 30. In for another night on this hard *k'ang;* we are being treated well enough but we do not like to impose on them. And they will not leave us go out to buy any food so we have to eat with them. Fish and rice, and our children never do eat fish or rice, so they have a difficult time eating. We save for them most of what we brought along. Yesterday we walked over the streets some, but this morning we were told which streets we must not go on. This afternoon trucks came in. At their appearance on the street, we were told not to leave our courtyard as there is a little 'affair' out on the street. We did not know what to think it

was. We thought it might be a battle brewing. They took cannon out to the ruins of the city wall and set it up. We were directly opposite it and very close. We had been told when we hesitated to let them vacate the room for us to occupy that they had planned to vacate it that day anyway. We had also been told that during their occupation of the city that room could not be used for it was in the direct line of shooting. So if there was any danger of a battle, were we safe in that room? We could not find out anything, but sat huddled on the *k'ang* and waited. There was a little hole in the paper window through which we took turns peeping at the cannon being set up, and we listened for the first explosion from it. But in due time it was taken back again, and later we learned that a high official had come. So we knew this was just a demonstration for his inspection. Yes, they say we can go tomorrow, Sunday. There are seven girls or women in the yard across the street from our street door, Japanese or Korean or both. They became friendly this evening; threw chestnuts to the children. Neither our Chinese nor our English sufficed to talk with them, but smiles are understood the world over.

"Sunday evening, October 1. We arrived in Ping Ting about dark. We should have come through much earlier, but the high official's car was in our convoy. We were very slow starting after we got into the truck. There were greetings along the way from soldiers at the different stops. The truck we were in had several bullet holes in the sides, reminders of what might happen any time along the way. Our faith was in God. We had asked Him for advice for the trip and we did what seemed best. Joseph and Gene were taken on drivers' seats by men who made friends with them while we were sitting, waiting to start from Hoshun. One was in our truck and one right behind us. Their hearts had been won and they did not want to go with us all the way. And were we happy to leave the trucks and greet the friends waiting for us here!

"We have a few days in which to get settled before the meeting begins Thursday. I am to live in the Bright house down stairs, and the Cunninghams upstairs. Our beds are up and ready for us to roll in."

Spring came and with it we were planning our annual retreat. The people were getting adjusted to the Japanese rule. The women's Bible school had a large attendance. Prospects were quite good for a large retreat. We secured Brother Myers of Taiyuanfu as the main speaker for these three days of inspirational meetings. They were held the last week in May and we had beautiful weather. Brother Myers came in the Ping Ting car, bringing the Chinese mechanic along to help him in case of car trouble. All of the villages close to Liao and along the auto road as far north as Kung Chia Kou, fifteen miles north of Liao, sent members and inquirers in to this meeting. With our hospital about full of children and the Bible School full to its capacity we had a little trouble in housing all these extra people, but the Chinese do not mind crowding, so we soon had them all settled and the meeting started with a crowded house the very first session. We had told the officers in the city we were having these meetings and invited them to attend if they had the time. Some of them did attend with Chinese interpreters. Along with Brother Myers, our Chinese Christian leaders had periods on these programs. They also did most of the work in taking care of the arrangements of the meeting and the visitors.

Of course we were all living there together and very few went home overnight. All sessions were well attended, and any time the officials from the city came to attend the meetings they found a crowded house and saw able Chinese leaders willingly performing their tasks. The larger children from the relief camp put on some excellent plays directed by Mr. Li. The parents and the village friends of these children gave the church large banners expressing their appreciation for what the church in America had done for them during

the winter. The Japanese had tried now for nearly a year to get able Chinese to help them in what they called their New Order in China but no one would willingly go to their aid.

Sunday came, the last day of this retreat. Before the hour for services many gathered in the large assembly room and started voluntary singing of Christian hymns. In the afternoon one hundred six men, women and young people were received into the church through baptism. In the evening a communion service was held with one hundred ninety-eight communing, one of the largest groups we had ever had at Liao. We all went to our homes and rooms feeling the meetings were a grand success. All this being too much for the officials in the city they seemed to decide, as did the Jewish Sanhedrin of old, that this should go no further; they began to threaten the church members, picking especially on the leaders. Persecution started and the people were forbidden to go to the east compound where all our church activities were carried on.

5

CHILDREN'S CAMP AT LIAO

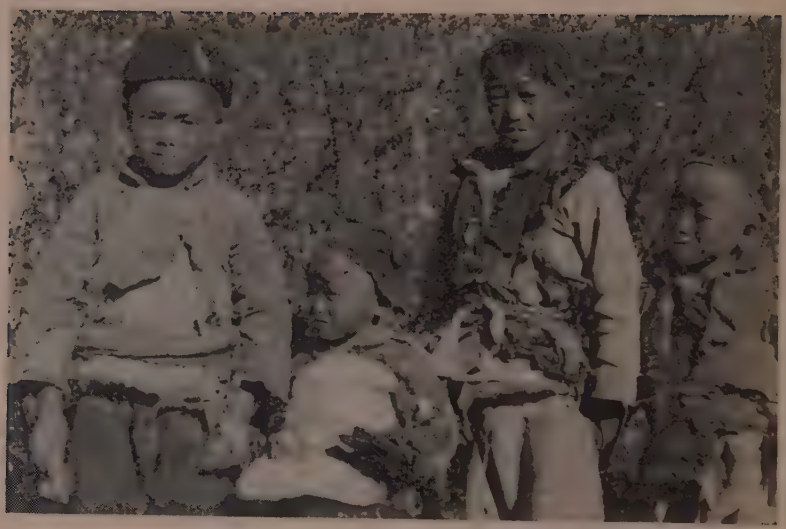
Knowing that food shortage always causes hardships to children, and seeing a number who showed signs of being undernourished, we got the consent of the mission to start a relief camp at Liao. Not being able to use the mission buildings in the city to good advantage, we decided to have everything in the east compound and use part of the hospital to house them. This limited the number we could care for adequately.

We had asked the Japanese about opening our schools and had had much trouble getting their permission. We did not ask them about opening our refugee camp for children for the winter. We just told them we were doing it. We called

a meeting of the foreigners and the Chinese church leaders and decided on our plans for the camp. We decided on children of ten years and under, as they did not have to register with the officials in the city, nor could they be required to attend any of their meetings. Then, too, while this young they could be housed together. Since the hospital was not carrying on a full program we used empty wards there, to keep all our work in one compound outside the city. We also decided to limit the number to two hundred children, with a matron or helper to each ten children. She, with the children, was responsible for keeping their own room clean. There were four cooks and one buyer for the whole camp. A former schoolteacher acted as head matron. Three other teachers were employed to do some teaching among the children. The hospital staff looked after the health of the camp. Three sewing women made clothes and bedding for those who were in need of such things.

On November 1 the doors were opened to children to come. I called a carpenter to put boards on the floor, then put straw and mats on these. Some helpers tried to get their friends in who were not really destitute. Some came in wearing good clothes under the rags that were used to make an impression of need. Some came with their mothers, who entered the women's Bible school. Some came from fifteen miles out. The first few days we had a great deal of noise and confusion. Some were homesick even though they were receiving much better care than they were used to, but there is no place like home, be it ever so humble. Some soon left because their mothers got homesick for them and decided they could care for them at home.

A few weeks after our opening on November 1 the camp was practically full. We could have had many more but since we did not have room we chose from the most needy. Many who were in rather bad circumstances were turned away. We would also have had a problem feeding more, with our kitchen limitations, together with the difficulty of getting



Arriving in relief camp, November 1939

The same four leaving camp the following May

food, most of which had to come from the Chinese-held districts.

We tried to limit the number taken from one home to two at the most. Those who had bedding and clothes for the children were asked to bring them, but there were many who came with scarcely any clothing and no bedding at all. In the homes from which most of these children came they sleep in their clothes and have very little or no bedding. Some, having only one cover for three or four children, could not send it with the one or two leaving the home. We engaged needy women to sew for these children.

The twenty matrons helped the children to wash, dress, eat, and settle disputes, and were responsible for them at night. These women, who were chosen from needy homes,

Children and amah with infectious skin disease

ate with the children and received a little money to send home to help their families through the winter. Some of the little tots, three or four years old, took a great deal of care. There was much crying at first, and many adjustments had

to be made among the children, but as time went on they became a happy, contented little group. After this adjustment among the children was accomplished, difficulties started among the adults. While the teachers and matrons settled quarrels among the children, I was busy settling them with some of the staff. It took much patience to keep the camp life going smoothly.

Mrs. Pollock, as head of the hospital staff, had no small task, for practically every one had some physical ailment that needed treatment. Nearly two hundred pairs of eyes needed drops every day; itch and other skin diseases were isolated. At one time thirty were in the flu ward or convalescent room.

The school with Miss Ober in charge arranged a daily program of instruction for all, even a kindergarten. Since it was impossible to supply the school with books we bought white cloth on which the teachers printed lessons. Thus the children learned to read and sing, heard good stories, received wholesome food for their physical development, and lived in a wholesome mental atmosphere.

Students of the advanced class of the women's Bible school got practical experience in leading the daily devotional services and the Sunday school for these children. While the children were in their classes the matrons were given instruction in child care and sanitation. Thus even the workers, along with the children, learned many valuable things that will be of use to them in their homes.

Besides the teachers, the cooks and the buyer, already mentioned, there were one general supervisor, one cleaner, and some water-carriers and haulers. Aside from wages and salaries it cost about four and one-half cents per meal to feed the group. This, put back into United States currency at the rate of exchange at that time, would be three thousandths of a cent per meal, or less than one cent per day for these little tots.

Following are some notes from Elizabeth's diary written

at Ping Ting. "January 5. Today the folks left for Peiping, Ernest going along. Too bad to take time out for this trip, but there is business he needs to attend to. Soon after they left, a messenger came from Liao with mail. Myrtle [Nurse Pollock] was not very well so was resting in bed. Osee told of the killing of our dog, Bingo, by the Japanese soldiers. I told the children and the cook while at the supper table. Joseph cried and could scarcely eat his supper. I had to tell other dog stories to get his mind off his grief so he could finish eating. Gene wanted to pretend to be braver than Joseph and said, "I won't cry, but I feel like it." Joseph replied that Gene did not love Bingo as much as he did. We have had the dog since more than a year before Joseph was born.

"January 7. Last evening a messenger came saying Mrs. Pollock is quite sick and wanting Doctor Parker to go down. English services were at Crumpackers' today. Mrs. Crumpacker led. Doctor Parker is starting for Liao in the morning on the motor bike.

Typhus victims among relief children. Nurse Pollock in white

"January 11. Doctor Parker returned last evening and reports Mrs. Pollock seriously ill. She did not even know he had been there. He with Miss Schaeffer and two Chinese nurses left this morning again, to return to Liao.

"January 13. A messenger came this morning to announce the passing of Mrs. Pollock. She died very soon after the doctor got there, just past midnight, January 12. The messenger says the funeral will be tomorrow. Evidently she had typhus. How Liao needs her! How can we carry on with our staff so depleted? There is an epidemic on there among the refugee children. They thought it was flu, but there is evidently a great deal of typhus. Ikenberry went right to Yangchuen and wired to Tientsin to have a cable sent to the Board. This will be a grief to her aged parents."

The typhus germ is carried from one person to another by the body louse. This little creature is not hard to catch, but when one's clothing is infested it is not easy to find every one. The only sure way is to heat the clothing. After typhus broke out in the children's refugee camp we started the delousing oven. It is a room about six by nine by seven feet. Fire passes under sheet iron and brick, and the temperature of the room can easily be raised to one hundred degrees centigrade. The clothing and bedding are put in this room and baked for twenty or thirty minutes. That is sufficient to kill all lice and nits. The children were taken room by room, undressed, bathed and wrapped in clean blankets from the hospital while their clothing and bedding were deloused. Their rooms were also thoroughly cleaned before they were allowed to return. Usually three rooms were processing at the same time. It took a whole day to delouse the two hundred children and their matrons. The children's heads were all shaved while the matrons' heads were washed in a solution to kill the eggs. There was much opposition to this at first, but when they understood that it meant obeying this order or leaving the compound, most of them submitted. Later, whether we found lice or not, this process was repeated

once a month. Thus we were able to stamp out this dreadful epidemic in the compound. Of course there is delouser equipment that can be bought and is easily operated, but in interior China we depended upon the architectural ability of the American doctors who supervised the construction of our delousers, and our equipment worked very well.

6

TRIPS FOR VILLAGE EVANGELISM

In James 4:15 we read: "For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that." Osee and I started out on November 13 to visit the Christians in the Yu She and Wuhsiang sections. We had some doubts about getting through the lines, but everything went well. The days were pleasantly warm and the road fairly good. Very few people were on the road. About seven miles out we were stopped for the first time to be questioned as to passes and where we were going. We were soon allowed to go on. Farmers were just finishing their threshing of buckwheat and late oats. Judging by the straw piles around the threshing floors, they had had a good crop. But alas! They were not allowed to eat much of the year's crop themselves. Two armies marching back and forth demanding food leave very little for the common man. One village reported that one army had already demanded as much from them as the year's entire crop. " They shall eat up thy harvest and thy bread, which thy sons and thy daughters should eat; they shall eat up thy flocks and thy herds; they shall eat up thy vines and thy fig trees; they shall beat down thy fortified cities, wherein thou trustest, with the sword" (Jeremiah 5: 17).

We spent the night in a little village about halfway to Yu She. Everything was quiet there, it being a little, poor mountain village and not bothered much by the armies;

the people were sleeping warm and had plenty to eat. The next morning we were up with the sun and were soon on the road. As we went along, I recalled the experience of the previous year as I passed through there and heard thunderings of bombings not far away. We learned that at this time the city of Yu She was peaceful; we could go on that far, at least. However, as we came within four miles of the city, we heard cannon and then the sound of the explosion of shells was louder still, which meant the balls were nearer us than were the cannons. People began to flee from the city, carrying their bedding, their sick and a few things to eat, making haste. We could get no definite news. When we were a mile from the city we heard that the magistrate was there in the village. We called on him.

In answer to his inquiry I told him we wanted to get to Shih Pan. There we have a group of Christians with an evangelist. I wanted to pay him his salary, long overdue, and discuss plans for the continuing of his work. But the magistrate said we could not go there, that the enemy had occupied that village the night before, and that the fighting we were hearing was just on this side of it. I was almost sick with disappointment. My April experience was repeated—trying to get to these people just as the Japanese arrived. But I was thankful that I had been allowed to visit them twice in between. He said the enemy was advancing slowly and that we could enter Yu She. We went to several Christians' homes only to find that they had already gone. In one home we found the husband, but there were six sick in the home and they were preparing to leave. From what we could hear, the sickness must have been typhoid. No doubt some of the family would die if they had to flee. We took him along back to the official in the village and made arrangements for him to get the salaries to our workers farther on when the battle was over. On the road we passed another of our members, and he was much surprised to see us two foreigners at Yu She at a time like that.

After these tasks were done, we turned our faces homeward, but not with joyful hearts. We had not accomplished what we started out to do. We do not like going through the lines, but to get through and not be able to accomplish our work is discouraging.

We had opened up our refugee camp for children in the city and were having a problem getting grain to feed them. Compared to the city prices grain prices were low in the villages. Three miles from the city were guards who would not allow it to go into the city.

I returned on December 1 from another trip to the country. The weather was very bad for the trip. It snowed the second day out, the deepest snow I ever saw in China. After a few days it became warmer and the snow melted some so we could get along the roads. On Saturday morning, November 25, a cold wind started and it was almost impossible to go against it. We reached our destination early and had a fairly good place to stay. We had a charcoal fire besides the *k'ang* fire. This helped to keep us warm, but the next day all had headaches and Osee became very sick. I was making plans to have him carried into Liao, but that evening I gave him a dose of tr. opium, which I carry whenever I make a trip ever since my kidney stone trouble. This seemed to be all he needed and the next morning he was out early and able to go with us.

We visited in a number of Christian homes, saw all the evangelists in this section, and paid them to the end of the year. We saw a number of women Miss Hutchison had out teaching thousand-character classes, and we paid them, also. At many places these classes were well attended for they were the only schools going in the villages. Since most of Liao city's refugees were in these parts, we met many friends at every village and along the roads. Many of them were in great need of financial help. They had to leave farms and homes, usually had no incomes, and lived off friends or relatives. It made it hard on all. The neces-

sities of life more than trebled in price in five months, and many things could not be had at any price as transportation was cut. Salt was thirty to thirty-five cents a *catty*. Cotton, so much needed to make winter clothing, was around two dollars a *catty*. We felt very bad over not being able to put on a regular relief program out there, but the Japanese in the city would not allow it and they would have closed our work if we had not obeyed. They wanted the Chinese to depend on them. Therefore we had to be content.

On the first day of February the donkeys were in the yard early, ready to start to the country again. But, with callers and this and that to see after before starting, we did not get off until 8:30. We left, hoping and praying that this time we would be able to get through to our destination. We carried a rather large sum of money to pay workers and to maintain the Bible class for poor people who had fled to the mountains for safety. It was cold, but by walking a good part of the time we kept comfortable. At noon we stopped at a little inn and asked for some hot food. The keeper said he had only buckwheat flour. We had a lunch along, but we wanted something warm, so we ordered a bowl of buckwheat noodles each. Since it was 2 P. M. when we stopped for dinner the afternoon was short.

Just after sundown we stopped, having gone twenty miles from Liao. At the door of the inn the keeper told us he could not keep us; he had no fire, no food and no *k'ang* for strangers. We knew him and he knew us; however, he said he could not care for us, but could for our animals. To go four miles farther after dark was risky. We called for the village elder and he gave us permission to occupy a temple. That would put a roof over our heads. We bought a little millet, found some green kindling, made a fire as best we could, and, adding a few potatoes and eggs, had a little hot food before retiring. The next morning we started early after a breakfast of two cookies we had left from our lunch the day before, and a drink of hot water. It was yet ten miles to Yu

She. There we had a good hot dinner of noodles and bean curd, but the price was exorbitant. The donkey driver ate the agreed hire of one donkey for the day. We laughed at the size of his stomach, but I realized I would have to raise the hire for his animals, for he had to have at least one more meal that day and his donkey had to be fed. Food prices were six to seven times more than the former prices.

The night was spent in a village where there are two Christian homes. We had a comfortable night. We had hoped to meet two of our workers there, a man and a woman evangelist, but we only learned of their whereabouts, about seven miles away. The next morning, after visiting a little in the other Christian home, we left for the next stop. We were thinking how we would surprise these people, but they already knew of our coming and had sent word out to some folks whom they knew we would want to see. It seemed strange to us how they could know of our coming, for we thought we were traveling as fast as anyone else and there are no telephones there. We learned later that a man in whose court we had slept that night had gotten into some trouble and had risen early and preceded us to the evangelists' quarters, hoping the ministers of God would be able to help him in his hour of trouble. We spent the afternoon paying accounts, talking over plans, and looking after other interests.

The next morning by eight o'clock we were on the road again, turned homeward. We were in a flour-producing community, but no one would sell us flour to eat. Just before reaching the city of Yu She, we heard that Governor Yen's troops were out against the Communist army. When we got to the city, we were tired, hungry and thirsty. But the inn where we had stopped two days before was closed. We could get neither food nor water for ourselves or our animals. Osee went to a member's home to get some books for Miss Hutchison while I looked up some soldiers to inquire as to what was happening. They said the Communist army was

preparing to fight the traitor army and the people were ordered to evacuate the city. After a good dinner at the Christian's home, we started on and spent the night about four miles from Yu She.

After eating a little thin millet soup the next morning, we started on. Soon we heard machine guns and rifle shots, and we were glad we were this far from the city. We were thankful we had been able to do our work and to give out some relief to stricken people of that section. When we reached the inn where we hoped to be able to buy a good dinner we found that the men were gone. Even the bellows with which they blew their fire were gone. A boy sitting on the *k'ang* told us they could not accommodate us. Not even buckwheat noodles were available this time at this place. We met with the same condition at other places. We found a few cornmeal cakes with beans in the center. I ate two and was happy in the thought that at supper we could sit at our own table at Liao and have milk and butter and other things in plenty.

On our arrival home we found a letter asking us to meet two evangelists in a village about ten miles away. They were having money difficulties in the Bible class they were holding thirty miles away. Fighting between two Chinese armies caused the trouble. After three days' rest we were on the road again. This time we took more food provisions along. The roads were among the worst I have yet traveled. On the north sides of the mountains there was snow and the paths were very slippery. The donkeys are quite sure-footed and we did not have to help them up very often. On one river, when we were crossing on the ice, one donkey fell. Since he could not get a foothold on the ice, we held to his legs and tail and slid him across to the other side of the river where he could get up again.

When we arrived at the village we found the evangelists had given up our coming and were getting ready to leave as we walked in on them. Again bills were paid and plans

talked over. There were many Liao people refugeeing in these mountain villages, some of whom were in desperate circumstances and wanted help. They had a hard time buying food. Money had depreciated; only paper money printed by the different armies was in use, not national currency. When people lost confidence in any particular army or when it left the community, their money would go bad. They were glad for the little national currency we carried and gave to them. While there, we received some mail from the Chinese post office that carried on out there. The twelve miles back home were long ones and we arrived home just at dark; it was a little too dark for safe traveling through no man's land, but we got through without mishap.

By February 25 the Chinese New Year season with its festivities was over and the people could settle down to their regular routine again. Their New Year began on February 8. On New Year's Day everyone adds a year to his age. From this date to my birthday in October I have to give my age as two years more than it actually is; after my birthday I still say I am one year older than I really am. To keep these three figures in mind and to tell my real age I often have to think of the year in which I was born. Or is it because I am becoming forgetful that I have to figure before I can tell my age, whether in actual birthdays or according to Chinese count?

Let us have a glimpse of the family living at Ping Ting. "I am having a little more to do in the hospital these days since Mrs. Parker stopped her work entirely in order to get ready to go on furlough. It is too bad there isn't a nurse here who can give full time to the hospital work. I cannot give much time or thought to that work when I have my children to teach in the home, especially when Ernest is away so much of the time. We leave the first of June for a couple of months' rest at the coast, so it is not worth while to go into the details of the hospital work for such a short time.

"We expect a wire any time from Myers at Shanghai as to

when he and Leland Brubaker will be arriving in Shansi if Leland comes up here at all.

"Pao Ch'en came in this afternoon from Liao Chou with mail from down there. He says Ernest and Osee have started for a tour of the southeast, hoping to get to Tsinchou and villages near there. This is a risky undertaking, I know, and I pray they may be permitted to get through as the work there needs their attention so badly."

On February 20 we left for a tour of the southeast section of our field, hoping to get through to Tsinchou. I had not been to that section since the middle of June the previous year. I was eager to visit the work there and get some money to the workers. We did not leave Liao by the main road; we had heard that it was heavily guarded so we detoured about five miles. Getting a late start, we made only thirteen miles the first day, or a half-day's journey. When we went into the inn we were told there was no food for us. We had carried food along this time, but after settling ourselves we found we could have inn food. The innkeeper used this strategy in order to keep the straggling soldiers from eating off them free. We saved our supply for further need.

The next day we had a quiet trip, stopped at an inquirer's home, gave some money for a co-operative coal mine, and then went on to where we had started a Bible class in December. There we came in touch with some of our men and women evangelists. This being the lantern festival season, the people were having extra food; consequently food was no problem for us there. The third day's road was long and tiresome. We reached Wuhsiang city at dark and had a hard time finding a lodging place. This city was almost demolished by bombs and fire. Our food box came in handy there. I slept well and got up feeling happy in the thought that by evening we should be at Hung Po, where our family went after being bombed out of Tsinchou, just a few days over two years before. People along the road feared us and

would run and hide. At one place I saw some women in front of us running and I called our Chinese evangelist's attention to the fear of the people. He got off his animal to go to them. On my giving him directions as to where they went, one woman recognized my voice and came out laughing. She was a woman of Tsinchou city and had been to our services there many times.

We reached our cave home a little while after dark. Mrs. Ho, our hostess, said, "I never thought you would come." We had a good supper and a good night's rest. The next morning we shaved and made ready to go into the city to tell the Japanese officials of our presence in their territory, thinking to avoid embarrassment if we should meet any of their soldiers in the villages we intended to visit. Alas, that was our undoing! They asked, among other questions, what kind of money we were using, and of course it was Chinese national currency, which they were trying to keep from circulation. We had more than three thousand dollars on our persons and in our baggage. We had heard all kinds of tales about what they do with those whom they catch carrying that kind of money, but we told them the straight truth about it. They sent a police escort with us back to Hung Po to get our baggage, animals and drivers and take all into the city.

Back in the city we were thoroughly searched. Nothing was found out of order except the money. Then we were put into a Korean inn with orders not even to leave the courtyard. We were there all night and until three o'clock the next afternoon. We had had a little tilt with the Japanese at Liao a few days before leaving there and we could imagine all sorts of things. We were offered food but could not eat it. We were not allowed to go to see our Chinese traveling companions, and we feared for them more than for ourselves. As we sat there on the floor (we had no chairs or table) we sang and prayed. I thought of Paul and Silas in prison—not, however, that we were worthy to be compared to them. About nine o'clock in the morning our Chinese

evangelist stuck his head in our door and said, "Peace." We were indeed glad to see him safe; he told us he was staying at the Chinese official's place and was treated well. He had much more liberty than we had. This evangelist is a native of Tsinchou and was well known by the officials. Of course these Chinese officials who are practically forced to work under the present regime have nothing against the ordinary citizen. "Jehovah redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that take refuge in him shall be condemned."

About three o'clock in the afternoon we were called upon by one of the generals, who asked us to go with him to the police headquarters. We were glad to get out of our cramped quarters. Being ushered into the room, we sat down facing three generals and the military police of Tsinchou. We knew that the zero hour had arrived and we did not know what the verdict would be, but we felt calm although we might lose our money.

Because I had lived in Tsinchou all questions were directed at me. The generals had good faces and were pleasant to talk with. Two of them spoke good English so needed no interpreter. The paper was put on the table and the commanding officer, looking at me, said, "First, we are glad and you are welcome to propagate your religion in this county." I thanked him. "Second, we hope you will help in establishing the New Order in China." I replied that I was always pained to see the Chinese fight each other and I would be glad when peace would come to this country. "Third, on your way home you are not to report to the Communist army the condition of the Japanese army in Tsinchou." I told him we were neutral, did not report conditions of one army to the other, and preferred not to know details. "Four, you cannot use the money you are carrying." I asked him in what territory that applied and he said all of Tsinchou County. I asked him if we could use it in Wuhsiang County (the county between Tsinchou and Liao counties) and he replied that we could. I was ready to tell him I could obey orders, but I

had not thought out how to get the money to the evangelists. They cannot use the money the Japanese sanction. Then the officer said that he knew we needed to use money and took out one hundred dollars and offered it to me to use, saying that all they would require was for me to sign on the dotted line. Here is where I refused. I thanked him but told him I could not be neutral and do that. Knowing I could borrow from some of the Christians, I told him I would do that. The next problem facing us was to get in touch with the evangelists in the villages. They would not allow us to go without an escort of soldiers. I did not want their escort, as we had Bibles, letters, clothing, and other articles besides money that we were taking to the evangelists. We agreed, however, to use them one day to go to a few near-by villages; that course of action did not lead them directly to one place as our main objective. People along the way recognizing me were very friendly, but I could not look them in the face, while being escorted by their enemy's guard. One Christian asked us to go to his house, but because I did not want the Japanese to know where he lived I talked to him on the road instead. I asked him in the presence of the interpreter if he could loan me some Japanese money. He replied that he had never seen it. This was amusing to me.

In the Chinese official group in Tsinchou were some men who were close friends of mine when I lived in Tsinchou. Since two of them were schoolmates of the evangelist traveling with us he was able to make plans with them for us. While we were away for the day he got permission to go out and he sent runners to the evangelists telling them of our being there and by what road we would be leaving and when. When we had been sent back to get our baggage the day we were searched, in our haste two suitcases with clothing and some of the money had been missed. These he arranged to have smuggled across the line, the clothing being put in a bag and the suitcases left to avoid suspicion. The

Chinese officials also offered to change our money into Japanese bills, any amount we wanted. The Japanese also wanted us to visit other villages that we wanted to go to, but I told them I could not accept their escorts and could not go unless they gave their consent to let us go alone. This they would not do. We had hoped to leave the city on a certain day, but they advised us to wait. We were suspicious of their motive in this, but it proved to be for our safety. We were allowed the limits of the city this extra day, but what a day! Buildings which escaped bombings and fire were being leveled to the ground. Good brick from the buildings were being taken to build Japanese quarters and the railroad which was being extended past there. Fewer than four hundred citizens of the six or eight thousand were back, and many of these had come under compulsion. No one could get out of the city without a pass. As we look back over it all we think the Japanese were really trying to protect us. As we prepared to leave the next morning two generals came to bid us good-by.

The first day traveling homeward we went cautiously. We heard that one of their interpreters was a very bad character. He knew we were carrying a large sum of money. He could send word to some of his friends and have them waylay us and rob us as we passed to the other side. We watched the hills and ravines closely for suspicious-looking people. Never in my life was I so suspicious of everyone I met. We scattered out a bit so as not to be in too large a group and thus be conspicuous.

About three miles after we left the auto road we met a young man who had the contents of our suitcases. He told us that Evangelist Chao was out there waiting for us. We had not yet seen him. We sent him to find Mr. Chao and have him come to the place where we planned to eat dinner. That being by the Wuhsiang border, we gave him the money we were carrying for the workers, wages for a year. We were

indeed happy to see him. He told us that it was very dangerous traveling in the Tsinchou vicinity. Because the Chinese army was scattered all through there and frequently fired on small groups of Japanese soldiers it was well we did not travel much with Japanese escorts. We got to within three miles of Wuhsiang by night. Learning that the Japanese army had been there the day before, we knew that the advice given us at Tsinchou to tarry a day was for our safety. The next morning we went around the city and to the class where we had stopped before. There we found trouble. The buyer had been taken up and put in prison for a few days. We stayed over a day. He was released, as there was no important accusation against him.

Next we went on to Matien, thirty miles from Liao. We traveled over some of the roughest road I ever traveled but saw some of the most beautiful mountain scenery I ever saw. We saw two deer. In this section the people were restless and uneasy as to what the future held. We advised these classes to close and the men to try to get back on their farms. We gave out a little money for buying baskets, hoes and other simple farming tools. After prayer and a commitment of all into the care of the heavenly Father we left them. On our way we stopped where the Chinese post office is holding on and found quite a bit of mail for us. We arrived home just fifteen days after leaving, tired and weary of travel. God had delivered us from many perils along the way, dangers seen and unseen.

Upon our return to Liao we had word to go to Ping Ting for a called mission meeting while Leland Brubaker was there. So, although there were many things piled up waiting for us to do them, we were off for Ping Ting the next day. Doctor Parker had been here in our absence, and Miss Ober had gone along up with him for the meeting. Miss Hutchison thought she could not leave and was willing for us to go and leave her alone.

7

VACATION AT PEITAIHO

Shortly after our retreat in May 1940 I left Liao for Ping Ting to join the family there. It was time for our interfurlough and since the strain of the war had been hard we felt the need of a good rest. Osee was returning to America in the summer and then the three men at Ping Ting, Brother Ikenberry, Brother Crumpacker and Doctor Cunningham, would take turns in looking after the work at Liao until I could get back in the autumn. Velma Ober was taking her interfurlough, also, leaving Miss Hutchison the only regular station worker at Liao. After a little over one week at Ping Ting the family left for the coast, stopping in Peiping a few days to get some sewing done and do needed shopping, getting supplies for our household at the seacoast. Our passes secured from the military officials at Liao and Ping Ting were checked, and our American passport was viséd by the North China Japanese military authorities.

We arrived at the opening of the season before the rush was on, but the lady whose cottage we had rented had our house about ready to enter, and by night we were making up beds ready to spend a pleasant two months by the seashore. The first morning we took a walk with the boys along the seashore where later we spent many pleasant hours bathing and visiting with many missionaries, renewing friendships with those we had met before and meeting many new ones. In these early days, also, plans were made for the entertainment of the community, Sunday schools, preaching services, ball tournaments and hikes. After the weather warmed up, bathing and hunting of seashells took most of our spare time. Fishing was interesting if one was able to keep the crabs from taking all his bait. The East Cliff missionary library furnished many good books and the leisure

gave opportunity for reading which could not be done at our station.

Letters came from Liao telling of continued trouble with Japanese soldiers. The writers could not give details, fearing the censor might take out something. A letter came from Osee telling me he had some news for me, and that if I found it possible to go to Tientsin to meet him on his homeward journey he would be glad to see me. Wanting to know conditions in the interior I went to Tientsin to see him. He told me of seeing Howard west of Liao, where he was helping our refugees, also of how immediately after our retreat the Japanese began to mistreat our Christian people, slapping those who went from the city to church on Sunday, also taking all the passes away from the Christians, who, only through much difficulty, were able to get new ones. Several of the leaders were slapped when they with Osee entered the city one day.

Visiting with missionaries from the different sections of North China we found out much about the activities of the Japanese soldiers. All reported hindrance to their work and great curtailment of travel in the rural sections. One Swedish missionary came to our cottage one day and told us that the Japanese had arrested eight of our Christian leaders at Liao. We knew we would never find out the details of these arrests until we got back to Liao, but we also had enough knowledge of how the Japanese suspected our Christian people and were desirous that they should help the invaders' cause to believe that the Christians were arrested on the slightest pretense.

Before leaving Peiping we had made arrangements to have Gene's tonsils out on our way home; we left Peitaiho a little early, on August 15, in order not to get home to Shansi too late. Our stay in Peiping was pleasant, the operation successful, and again we were making plans to take the train for Yangchuen. We made reservations at the Japanese travel agency for the evening train leaving Peiping on August 23.

They asked us to come on August 22 or early on the morning of the twenty-third to pick up our tickets. On August 21, however, the guerrillas all over Shansi and parts of Hopei provinces struck simultaneously at communications, destroying Japanese military posts, blowing up railroad bridges, stations and water towers, and during one night disrupted communications so that it took the Japanese over one month to get the line to Taiyuanfu in good running condition. When I went to get my tickets they told me at the office that heavy rains in Shansi had broken the railroad at some places and they could not sell me tickets, that I would have to wait until they had word of the road being repaired.

News began to leak out; some foreign friends who were on the train that night got to Peiping several days later and told what they saw. It began to look as if we might be held up in Peiping for a month or more. I knew I was needed in the interior but how to get there was a question. We began to make arrangements to send the boys to the Peiping American School, so that if they could not get into the interior their schoolwork could be going on. We found a place for Elizabeth and the boys to board and I began to try to get to Liao by some route other than by way of Ping Ting.

When others from the Liao section stranded at Peiping found that I was planning on making the trip, they wanted to accompany me; we soon had a party to go by way of Shentehfu and across country to Liao.

8

RETURN HOME BY WAY OF SHENTEHFU

Not being able to travel direct to Liao, I made inquiry how best to get as close as possible to Liao by railroad. Shentehfu is only four short days across country due east of Liao. Occasionally our mission people had gone to the coast by way

of Shentehfu before we had a good auto road to Ping Ting. The disadvantage of this road now was that we had to pass from the Japanese-held territory into guerrilla territory, then travel three days in this guerrilla territory and get across the line again into Japanese-held territory. Much of this road I had never traveled, and it was not certain that the Japanese would allow us to cross from their station at Shentehfu into Chinese-held territory. That was the very area which harbored many of the soldiers who had so badly torn up the railroad just a few days before.

Most of our friends in Peiping advised against the trip, especially some from Shentehfu, but a few other friends who also wanted to get back to their work wanted to go along and urged going. Mrs. Hemingway of Taiku and her two daughters, Isabel and Winifred, Miss Ober of Liao and Mr. Longly of Fenchoufu, along with myself, got permission from the Japanese and bought our tickets for Shentehfu. The trains were running daily to a point south of that city and tickets were rather easy to secure.

While in the Shentehfu area we stayed in the Presbyterian Mission compound outside the city. Doctor Lewis accompanied me to the Japanese headquarters and we made arrangements to get across to Liao. We, of course, could not hire animals to make the entire trip. We engaged carts to take us to the village just two miles beyond the last Japanese outpost and from there we had to secure animals to go farther. We thought all plans were ready for our getting away but the evening before we were to depart a Japanese official came out to Doctor Lewis's home and asked to see me. In our talk he told us we could not go the next day but would have to wait at least another day. We submitted, dismissed our carts and then went to see the official again. He did not seem to know much about why we had not gotten off but gave us passes to the outpost, then said he would telephone to the outpost that we would be there the next day. Everything seemed to be ready now but when we tried to get the

carts again there were no carts to be had. Whether the Japanese had threatened them we do not know, but even when we raised the price there still were no carts for us. Finally we went to bed with the promise of one cart and that was enough to carry only our luggage. My Chinese cook was traveling with me and we had to take care of his luggage also. The situation did not look very good.

The next morning we got up early and upon getting our things out to the gatehouse found that our only cart driver had gone back on us during the night. We had had no other word from the Japanese in the city so we tried to make other arrangements to get off. Finally rickshas were secured to carry the four ladies and the baggage. Mr. Longly, my cook and I started out walking. It was seven miles to the Japanese outpost and two more to the place where we would get into Chinese territory. Having been warned by friends in Shentehfu not to stop in certain villages in that no man's land because marauders would rob people of their belongings, we wanted either to stay in the village just beyond the Japanese garrison or go to another one ten miles beyond. Our getting a late start by having to change to another method of travel, also going through the Japanese outpost, made the hope of getting very far fade as time passed.

We arrived at the Japanese garrison at about eleven o'clock and after saying a few words to the guard, I was escorted into the room where the commander stayed. Here I went through one of the worst grillings I have ever had. All kinds of questions were asked, whether I could sleep on a Chinese *k'ang*, could eat poor Chinese food, who my father was, and what the number of the house in which he lived was, how many gold crowns I had in my mouth, who wrote the list I was carrying of the villages we would pass through. This happened to be the young man who had gotten away from the Japanese so cleverly at Liao. In his escape from them there he had traveled over this road to Shentehfu and was giving me all the information he could to make our trav-

el as easy as possible. The Japanese in Shentehfu apparently had not called out from the city telling the soldiers in the outpost that we were coming, but the soldiers soon called in and found that we had seen the officials and that everything was all right. This questioning lasted so long that the party outside became uneasy. The two Hemingway girls asked to see me and were admitted into the room. All the questions started over again and soon Mrs. Hemingway came. After about two hours at this station we were permitted to go on to the village where we could get some food.

Before we left, the Japanese called a tall Chinese and introduced him to me, telling him that he was to help us hire animals and send us on our road. I did not like this for I was afraid that if the Japanese had anything to do with our animals they would have spies in our group and we did not want to travel with spies. But we went on, thanking them for their kindnesses to us and assuring them we would report to the garrison at Liao as soon as we arrived.

In the village we made inquiry about a place to get food and about animals to take us on. A large crowd began to gather when out stepped a young man and said, "Hum, Old Pastor Wampler has come." I was very glad to have someone out of that crowd call my name. Then this young man told me he was a schoolboy at Liao ten or more years before. He was a cousin of one of our church helpers at Shou Yang. He invited all of us to his home, saying that while they there would make ready for us to eat he would make inquiry about animals to get on to Liao. We went to his home, unloaded our rickshas, paid and dismissed our men. We hoped to have other means of travel across the mountains to Liao soon. We gave up hope of trying to go any farther that day and leisurely chatted with the village folks while we ate our dinner. After dinner, at about three o'clock, the tall man introduced to me by the Japanese came to see what he could do to help get animals. He addressed me by my name, laughed, and said that he pretended not to know me when

the Japanese were talking, but that he had often been in my home at Liao. He offered to try to get good animals. I had no more suspicions now of being betrayed. I knew we were among friends who would do all they could to get us safely home.

The large number of animals needed for baggage and riding made our travel rather difficult to arrange. Money also had to be exchanged, for we could not use Japanese currency and at some places not even the national currency; only the money used by the local army was permitted. By the second morning we were ready to go. It would take three days to get back home, and though the road was hard we knew these faithful animals would carry us over it in safety. At first the road was strange and few people were traveling, but as we got farther away from the Japanese line travel increased. At some places we met large numbers of animals and drivers carrying food, supplies and other things to meet the needs of civilians and the army.

The inns were usually crowded and at some places we found it difficult to feed our animals and get food for ourselves. At noon the first day out we stopped in a village where a garrison of Chinese soldiers was stationed. I was sitting outside the inn on my bedding when a soldier stepped up and asked me if I were not Pastor Wampler from Tsinchou. I replied I was and then he told me he was from the village just across the river west of Tsinchou. We chatted about people we knew there and where they were at that time.

The second night from the place where we got the animals, and with just one more day of travel ahead of us, we stayed in one of the large villages of West Liao County. It was the village in which the county official was living since he had been driven out of Liao city. We had no more than gotten into the village until people began to call upon us. Friends of people living back at Liao called to inquire about how conditions were in the city. Some soldiers came to inquire about the effectiveness of the break in the railroad. Soon

some policemen called, carrying a large basket of food sent to our party by the county official, with his apologies that war had affected things so that China did not have very many good things to eat any more. He also invited us to a play that was being given that night. The vegetables he sent—potatoes, carrots, eggplant, cabbage, cauliflower and beans—would have lasted our party three or four days. I selected what we could use in the evening meal and sent the rest back to him with my card and my sincere thanks. About a half hour later I took a half pound of good tea that I had bought in Peiping and called on the official. We had a very pleasant visit. He seemed very glad to see me and I was glad to see him. As I looked at the soldiers and their crude equipment and thought of how well the Japanese were supplied I could see that it was only the grim determination and willingness to suffer rather than submit to a rule from the outside that kept the Chinese fighting on. The meager supply of good equipment they had, had been taken from the Japanese as raids were made on Japanese outposts. Many were wearing Japanese shoes, caps, sweaters, and trousers. Light arms and ammunition were scattered through their equipment. Yet with what they captured, they were still having a hard time in comparison to other armies, but still they were not complaining.

I asked about the need of relief among the people and the official replied, "God has given us good crops this year and no one will have to go hungry unless the enemy makes raids on this section and destroys our supplies." At that time they were collecting and sending great quantities back into the mountains to be stored where it could be easily defended if a raid was made.

The next morning we were up early for we knew getting across again into Japanese territory would take time and we did not want to go into that city late at night. It was just a little over twenty miles but the last ten miles of the road were torn up, and were rocky and difficult to get over. The

river had to be crossed several times, and all bridges were destroyed. When we were four miles from home the animal drivers would go no farther. They helped us get men to carry our luggage and we started out to walk. This was a very familiar road to me but never before had it seemed so long. Mrs. Hemingway was a great sport, but for a woman of between sixty and seventy years to have to make that hard trek was almost more than she could stand. Two miles from the city we could see home. I was making arrangements to have her carried into our compound from this village but when we pointed out the buildings she said, "Let's not wait for the carriers; I can make that." We started on and were soon entering our compound. How the news spread of our coming! A fine supper at the ladies' house, good beds to rest in, being with friends, and being at home, and at our place of work made all our trials seem as nothing. Mrs. Hemingway was immediately put to bed with a cup of hot cocoa. She remarked, "Could heaven be better than this?"

9

MORE JAPANESE REVERSES

The Hemingways and Mr. Longly stayed at Liao two days resting and making arrangements to go on to Taiku, a three-day donkey trip. Brother Crumpacker went with me to the military police to get passes for them. Even before they got away, friends of those who were imprisoned came to tell of their sorrow and hope that we could do something to help get them free. Brother Crumpacker, after giving the details of the work in our absence, returned to his home, accompanied by my cook, whose family was also at Ping Ting. The motor road was not being used very much since the forts along the road had been destroyed at the time the railroad was torn up, but one could get along the road by bicycle very well.

Their trip was dangerous. One day as they were going along they saw the remains of a man and a donkey that had been blown to pieces just a few hours before. The donkey had stepped on a mine which had been placed in the road. They passed a squad of Japanese and Chinese clearing the road of these mines. As they got to the foot of Tsai Ling, the big mountain range thirty miles from Ping Ting, they met Doctor Cunningham in the Ping Ting car on his way to Liao to get Brother Crumpacker. The men were glad to put their bicycles on the car and allow the gasoline engine to pull them over the remaining part of the road. They could also reach home yet that day and would not have to spend another night in a Chinese inn.

We were anxious for news from the party going to Taiku. To get to that city they had to pass through another small territory controlled by the Eight Route army or guerrillas; always when we had to pass those lines there was a bit of concern. The donkey drivers who took them were to report to us and to receive the remainder of their money, as they did not want to carry much through these lines, but still they did not come. We were getting reports of fighting west of Liao and we hoped that the party had gotten through before this fighting but we could learn nothing. The fighting came very close to our city. One village leader only four miles away came to our compound gate saying he was afraid to go home. The Japanese would not let him stay in the city and he had heard that the Chinese army had gotten to his village. If, after having been in Liao associating with the enemy, he returned to his village when the other army was there, it might not go well with him. Finally he mustered courage and started up the road. Later that evening we heard rifle shots and machine guns from the fort to the northwest of the city. At times we could see the Chinese soldiers maneuvering behind the rocks and cliffs of the hill only a few hundred yards from the Japanese-held fort. The city of Liao was closed to all travel. The situation was very tense. The large

cannon were operated from the walls of the city behind our house. From our house we could stand and watch the shelling of the Chinese army on the hillside near the fort about two miles away. This went on until after dark. We could get no news of what was going on away from our city, for there was no one traveling the road, but we could see and hear plenty.

After a few days the situation returned to normal again. About ten days after the Hemingways left for Taikŭ one of the animal drivers came to our compound with three donkeys and a little equipment. One of the donkey saddles was gone. The other driver was still in jail. Two of their best donkeys had been taken and they did not know whether they would ever get them. He had lost all the money they had taken on the trip. They had bought a few things in Taiku which were scarce in the Liao territory but these were all lost. He carried a letter from the Hemingways saying they got through without trouble and were glad to be at home. The drivers got into trouble on the return trip only one day from home. There had been a big battle at Yu She in which the Japanese were defeated. We never could find out just how many Japanese lost their lives but we learned in the city that only six got out of that battle alive. Of course, if any surrender and are taken prisoners by the Chinese the Japanese always report them dead. Some might have been captured alive. The Japanese had been in control of Yu She for about four months.

An order requiring the village folks to wear cloth badges of identification with their names, ages, and the villages from which they came, was given to all men of near-by villages. This cloth badge gave the wearer a pass to the city to buy and trade. The Chinese army late one afternoon went into some of these village and allowed no one to escape to the city. They took a few passes from these village folks and gave them to the soldiers, who then changed to civilian cloth-

ing and with pistols and hand grenades buckled under their garments set out for the city. Some of these soldiers were men who had been spying on the Japanese every day since their arrival in the city. Some of them had helped the Japanese build their forts and barracks, appearing to be common folks while they were doing this work. When the Japanese would send to the village demanding laborers for this work, the guerrillas would put a few of their men in to labor for the Japanese army. These men were trained for this work and they knew all about the plans of the defense of the city, even every door the Japanese had changed in any building. They could give directions to their comrades who with badges had also secured entrance to the city. Because some of the faces were those he had often seen among those men who had helped them in their work, and because these laborers knew just how to bow and take off their hats, the guard at the gate took no notice of the large proportion of young men going into the city. Many were carrying baskets. If the guard would examine the basket he found eggs, or chickens, or some fruit to be sold in the city, where there was always a ready market. Thus, a rather large group of these guerrilla soldiers got into the city and waited for darkness and the zero hour.

It was understood with those on the outside that after dark when the city was closed up and time allowed for the soldiers in the villages around to move up to the city, they would give the signal by shooting the sentinels at the north gate. These gunshots were the signal to the soldiers to charge the north gate and get entrance there. These who had gotten entrance into the city by wearing civilian clothes would hold open that one gate and allow the army to pour into the city. Others would stay at strategic places shooting at the Japanese who tried to reinforce the gate guards. Everything worked as planned, and before the sun rose over the eastern hills the next morning, the Chinese flag was flying over the

city of Yu She. All the supplies, guns, ammunition, horses and army equipment were captured. This was a hard blow for the Island Empire. It did not involve a large number of soldiers but it made all their small garrisons in danger of these sudden attacks. That was why they were guarding everything so closely at Liao now. There were three forts along the road between Liao and Yu She and they in turn fell into the hands of the Chinese army. In all this loss the Japanese were not able even to secure their dead and send their ashes back home, a circumstance not pleasing to the Eastern soldier who has to die away from home. Just a few days after this, while communications were still broken, the Eighth Route army made an attack on the rather large garrison at Hantow, twelve miles north of Liao and just one mile west of the automobile road. Here most of the soldiers got out under cover of darkness and fled to Liao, but the Chinese captured all the supplies.

With the Japanese reverses coming frequently and near to Liao, that city was very restless. Some entrances to the city were closed and those left open were fortified better. One day as I went into the city I noticed wires along the road out almost to the corner of our mission compound. I imagined that I was walking over heavily mined ground which would need only the touch of the electric battery in the guardhouse at the gate. Wires were also strung outside the barbed-wire entanglements and electric current was passing through them. It made one feel that it was not very safe to walk around those days for he did not know when he might bump into one of these danger zones. The farmers also were warned not to go out to their fields those few days, for the soldiers could not tell the difference between farmers and guerrillas, who usually dressed in laboring men's clothing. What crops could be gathered at times by our Christians were carried into our boys' school playground to be threshed.

10

LIAO'S CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY GOING THROUGH ITS GETHSEMANE

*All of these reverses for the Japanese brought large rein*forcements from the railroad station at Yangchuen to help quell this uprising of the Chinese. When they were not too busy, the Japanese officers came out to our compound acting as though we were to blame for their defeats. I was in the back yard doing some work one day when, straightening up, I saw a Japanese general, escorted by two soldiers, standing only about five feet from me. I was helping in and directing the cleaning of our outdoor cellar, a place dug rather deep in the ground with chambers to store vegetables during the winter. I greeted him politely and invited him into the house.

We went around to the front and there on the porch I saw about ten or twelve more Japanese. Some were men of our local garrison whom I knew. After being seated, the first in command at Liao started talking rather roughly to me; in fact, it was the ugliest they had ever talked to me. It was the first I had seen him since I returned from Peitaiho. He asked why I came home by way of Shentehfu. Didn't I know it was dangerous, that battles were being fought all around Liao? I told him I thought I was needed and that it was the only way I could get home. Then he started in on the Chinese Christians living in the compound.

The ladies came over from their house to report happenings there, but since I was busy then they just stood listening to the questions fired at me by these generals. One which amused Miss Rothrock was "Do you people have any underground passage from this compound to the compound in the city?" That question was asked by the man who saw me directing the men in the cleaning of the vegetable pit in the

back yard. I had never thought of it before but it would have been a good way to have gotten to our compound in the city without having to go around to the city gate every time. We didn't have any and I told him so. As we were talking I noticed the headman at Liao wore only one boot; on the other foot was a soft shoe. Had he gotten hurt in battle? The affair closed with a complete search of the house from basement to attic. No guns were found although we had our hunting rifles and shotguns under the attic floor. The iron safe, the chest of tools, then all locked doors, had to be opened. I pointed out the large stack of flashlights which belonged to the people of the compound.

We returned to the living room, where we sat down. After a short pause, the general reported that they were going to arrest more of our Christians. I protested with all the force I had, but I saw they were determined. I started along with them but they urged me to stay at the house. I went down off the porch and the most of the group walked on, not paying any attention to Miss Hutchison, Miss Rothrock or me. One general, however, stayed back trying to keep me from following. At the gate of our yard I stopped with the women and the Japanese went on. They did not go on the road, but through the gate to the schoolyard. Miss Ober came out and told us that while we were in the house soldiers were out rounding up all the folks of the compound, taking them to the hospital compound.

Miss Hutchison and I started to find these folks. At our compound gate three soldiers stood with a machine gun pointed at the open door forbidding any to leave. We went on to the hospital, where we found the people lined up before the general and his men. He first asked if any were in the crowd who did not live in the compound, and about eight or ten hands went up. He asked these persons to leave. Then he turned to Miss Hutchison and me and asked us what we were doing there, adding that no one had asked us to come. I told him we had a right to stand there if we wanted to. He

replied, "Yes, you have the right to stand there but if you do not leave we will arrest all this group of people and take them into the city." I knew he would do it; so for the sake of those mission people, to save as many as possible, we turned and walked away. I can hear yet the snickering, cynical laugh that came from the soldiers as we walked away. We were told afterwards that they merely pointed out at random eight people, six women and two men, and took them into the city. The others were allowed to go back to their homes. The women taken were of the better dressed and more attractive ones. We learned that they had forced the Chinese staff to turn over all keys and had unlocked the doors of the hospital and the school and made a complete search. The eight taken were given the keys after getting into the city. We sent word to the military police demanding the return of the keys and in less than an hour they were returned. Afterwards we found that a watch and a clock were missing from one of these rooms which were locked.

On my return to Liao after the summer vacation I found that our faithful Christian who was the gatekeeper of the church and the lot in the city was in the hospital. There was in the hospital also another man from a near-by village who had been bitten and left for dead by the roadside. The Japanese kept a large number of German police dogs and trained them to attack people. Some reported that the soldiers in the city would amuse themselves by placing individuals they had captured and suspected of being Communists in rings of soldiers with two or three of these dogs, then watch the men fight until they were either overcome or could overawe the dogs. The gateman was going along the street to his work one day when two dogs attacked him. He finally fell and on his back he fought them off as best he could while the Japanese soldiers standing on the side laughed at his plight. We do not know what would have happened had not a boy passed along and with his stick helped old Mr. Chao beat the dogs off and get to his feet again. His arms and legs had been

bitten at a number of places and he had to go to the hospital for care for several weeks. After getting out of the hospital he carried his one arm in a sling for a long time. One day, at least a month after he got out of the hospital, he was in my home, still carrying his arm in a sling. I advised him he had better exercise it or it would become stiff. Then he laughed, pulled his arm from the sling and showed me that he could use it very well. He said, "I always carry it in a sling when I go on the street since the dogs bit me so badly. The Japanese are forcing all the men folks in the city to do work for them, and as long as I keep my arm in a sling they do not ask me to go out and work. When I am in my home I always have it out of the sling."

Let us now go back a little more than six weeks to the time when the first eight of our Chinese staff were arrested. After our meeting in May the Japanese seemed to put on a general program of persecuting the Christians. They could get no local man to head their government. The teachers in their school were very poorly qualified. Our workers were well qualified and joyfully went about their work. Along with our church work we did much relief work. We always worked through our Christian Chinese staff, and the village foreman, who would report their poor people to us; after investigation these people were given grain, supplies or money according to their need. The authorities in the city forbade the village elders to come to us with their recommendations for relief for the poor and needy of their villages. Then the people who were receiving aid came without the village headman's recommendation and we foreigners gave to those we judged in need, once a month. This relieved the Chinese of taking any more responsibility in giving out any of these funds.

One day an opium addict, under the influence of alcohol, was questioned as to where he received the money he was using. He reported that he had received it in the mission compound. Upon being asked whom he knew there he re-

plied, "Li Cheng Chang and Wang Kuei Jung." These two were men in the employ of our mission school. Mr. Li with several other Chinese friends was having dinner with the foreigners at the ladies' house. He had just finished dinner when the authorities came to arrest him. They also arrested the ladies' cook that same day. The cook was released that evening. After Mr. Li's arrest he was questioned about our relief program, and also his connection with the county government before the arrival of the Japanese army. After very severe beatings, and many kinds of torture he confessed that he was connected with the organization under the Communist party while they were in the city. He also confessed that seven others of our workers had had the same connection with this organization, and gave their names. About five days after Mr. Li's arrest seven others were arrested, our Chinese doctor, the head nurse in the hospital, the principal of the girls' school and one of the teachers, two young men who had been in Jefferson Academy at Tung Chou, and were spending the summer vacation at home, and one lady who was teaching language to one of our foreign staff. These, after much beating and mistreatment, still claimed to have had no connection with the Communist party, but later the Japanese said they all confessed to having been in an organization of this kind. Of course they helped their local government before the Japanese arrived. Several of them were on the county government relief committee with Miss Hutchison and myself. If that was an offense they should have arrested us two Americans along with the Chinese.

We did all we could to get the release of these workers, but were always put off by good promises that they would soon have their freedom. Brother Crumpacker very willingly offered to sign a bond of confidence that these eight were not Communists and were not connected with that party. The Chinese county official, whom the Japanese had brought in from another province, told us several times that six of the

eight had no serious accusation against them. It was the beginning of October and the nights were becoming cold. We tried to get blankets to the prisoners but the Japanese refused, saying they would likely be out soon. But when on October 7 eight more were arrested we began to despair about the release of the ones who had been detained so long. The history of the Japanese army, as we had known it these years at Ping Ting and Liao, was always to retaliate on some innocent victim in their hands whenever they suffered reverses—and they were suffering plenty those days in the Liao section.

On October 13 three of the last eight who were arrested were taken out and bayoneted to death by the Japanese soldiers. It was in an open lot just back of the home of some of our neighbors. They saw the ghastly act and reported to us in the east compound. I was returning from prayers the next morning when I heard it. It was told me by the husband of one of the women who had been killed. I was speechless as I looked into his sad face. The husbands of the two other women were out with the Chinese army. After being stabbed, their bodies were thrown into a pit and partly covered with dirt and rubbish. This husband went secretly to the place early the next morning and saw the feet of the murdered women exposed, for the Japanese had not completely covered the bodies. The morning following this execution, the three remaining women arrested in the last group were released, having been raped at the will of their captors during the entire time of their detention. I presume death was almost welcome instead of a life like that. The three released told these stories of how they were treated. Two of these were girls about sixteen years old.

Shortly after the arrest of these last eight, I went to Ping Ting to meet my family coming in from Peiping and to decide then whether they would stay at Ping Ting or return with me to Liao. As our Liao car was at Ping Ting I went up in a Japanese truck convoy, planning to take the car back

when I returned. The party coming in from Peiping had other problems to report to the mission. Word came from the American Embassy that all American women and children should get out of China. They were sending two ships to China to evacuate all who wanted to go. Other than these two ships they made no promises about transportation of civilians back to America; of course other passenger lines were still running. In talking over these problems we decided to call a mission meeting, and there decide what to do. While my family stayed at Ping Ting I took our car and started back to get the ladies and bring them to the mission meeting. I arrived at Liao late in the evening of the thirteenth. On the morning of the fourteenth, word came of the three women being killed and of the release of the other three.

On the evening of the fourteenth a large convoy of Japanese trucks came into the city; then we planned to start north shortly after they should start the next morning. Since we could not pass them on the road we did not need to start right after them and take all their dust. The morning of the fifteenth was a beautiful October morning. I had the car out and ready as the Japanese trucks came out of the city and stopped on the road just a little north of our compound, waiting until all were in order as they started on up the road. I went to the ladies' home and told them we could be starting in about another half hour. I walked on down to the hospital to look after a few things there. On my return and as we were just ready to start we heard several explosions north, then the rattle of rifles and hand grenades. Big trucks with soldiers heavily equipped came from the city and went north. In about a half hour they came back without soldiers. Other soldiers went in trucks, and a large group marched out with some heavy artillery and went on up the road. After about one hour we started out with many misgivings as to what lay ahead of us. We did not get very far, for just around the turn of the road from our compound we came upon a group of Japanese soldiers, who flagged us to stop.

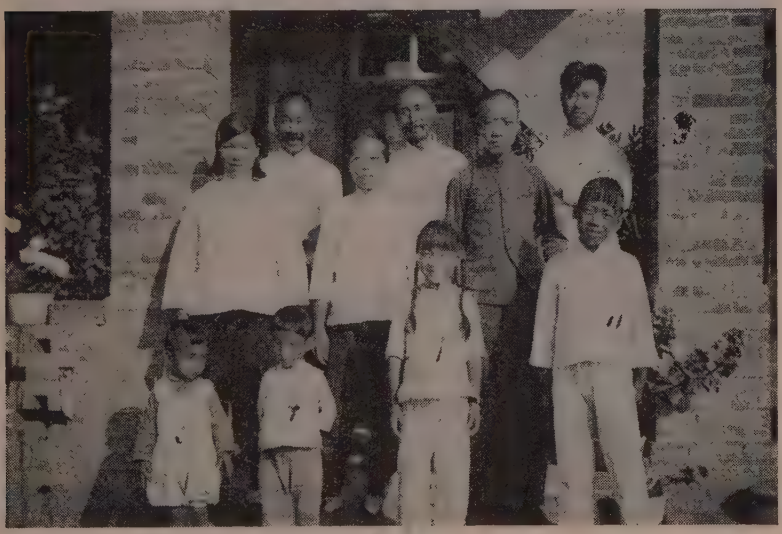
The general said that because of a battle to the north we could not proceed any farther. We turned around and went home.

The next day I went into the city to get a pass to go on the road but the Japanese would not give me one. The third day, October 17, we were permitted to start. We got a little more than ten miles out when we were once more confronted by this general, who again ordered us to turn back. We sat and waited by the road awhile. The army went on north. Some Chinese were crossing the fields close to our car. I called to them and they came over. I asked about the condition of the road. One said the Japanese would not let them go to see where the battle occurred, but many Japanese trucks were reported destroyed. We turned again and went home. That evening a large convoy of trucks came in, accompanied by several armored trucks. I felt that since these trucks got through, the road was open and we could follow them back to Ping Ting.

On the morning of October 18 we were ready to go and followed the trucks up the road. About fifteen miles from Liao we passed the place where they had the battle. It was up a narrow valley where the guerrillas lay in ambush. The front truck carrying about twenty soldiers with a trench mortar and several machine guns had been thrown over a bank. It had passed over a mine laid in the road, which was ignited by a battery from the bank only a short distance away. Then hidden men all along the road started firing from both sides of the road and soon the Japanese were completely overpowered. Most of the Japanese soldiers did not have their guns loaded. One of our women evangelists, whose home was near the scene of this ambush, reported to me later how two Chinese soldiers chased a Japanese soldier up the hill, he trying to load his gun but being unable to do it. He was very nervous and, running, let the shells drop along the way. He ran into the house where she was staying, but there the Chinese caught him, taking him prisoner. Lying along the road

were twenty-six army trucks completely demolished. Two horses lay cremated in one of the trucks. Not one of the Japanese men or officers, including several very important officers, escaped capture or death.

This brought more hatred on our Christian community. On the morning of October 19 the eight who were first arrested were taken into an open lot in the southeast corner of the city and shot. People in a home near that lot looked through a crack in the door, saw them lined up and shot, then reported to us later. The victims were thrown into a common grave and covered with dirt. When this war is over would it not be suitable to place there a marker—a shrine—to call to the attention of all Christians the cost of establishing the Christian church in that city?



Families of the two Wang brothers. The three men standing in the back row were executed

At our mission meeting Doctor Cunningham, Miss Hutchison and I were asked to go to Liao to study the situation and

see what we should do about trying to keep the station open. On our arrival there we found that the eight had been killed just after we had departed for the mission meeting. People

Tien Chung Chien shortly after the execution of his mother

were so frightened that it was impossible to do any organized work, and we felt it best to close the regular work of the station. The mission decided to move all foreigners to the other three stations still open for work, and that I, with one of the men of Ping Ting, would make occasional trips to Liao.

11

MOVING OUT OF LIAO

*Losing the majority of our Chinese staff at Liao, it was im-*possible to continue the work. We could get no one to take

their places, and the majority of our leaders were still in the hills. Not one of the men evangelists of Tsinchou or Liao was under Japanese control. The majority of the women evangelists were in the country. If we could get money to them the work would still go on in the villages.

When the foreign staff began to move out, the Chinese who were helping there also wanted to get back home. Doctor Wang's family, as well as others who had homes away from Liao, wanted to return to Ping Ting. These all had to be moved out. Both cars were used to carry supplies to Ping Ting. After several loads of supplies were taken we began to take the people. They were asked to take only essentials. We could not get any animals to carry supplies so all had to be taken in our two mission passenger cars. We thought that when the situation quieted down a little more we could get still other things out.

The Japanese could see that we were moving and some came out to inquire about our going. We were very frank in telling them that we could not work when they took all our main workers and killed some of them. We told them we planned to make occasional trips back to Liao to look after our interests there and help any of the Christians who still remained in the city and compound. We planned on sealing all buildings and hoped they would allow them to remain as we left them.

Our Chinese men who took charge of the compounds were given money for about six months' care, and allowed to farm sections of the mission land as part pay for watching the property. The hospital was fairly well supplied. Comforts, cotton, beds, and operating equipment had to be left. There were very few school supplies except heavy equipment. The residences which were being used were full of household equipment. The cellars were well filled with canned fruits and vegetables, for we had had a splendid season at Liao the previous summer. These canned foods were to be given to the Chinese and the cans then buried to keep them from be-

ing destroyed. Some valuables were buried at different places around the houses. The few cans of kerosene in our cellars were divided among the watchmen of the gates. Flowers, goldfish and various ornaments were given to some of the Christians living in the suburbs and near-by villages, who were glad to take care of them. I wish now that we had given more things away, for I am sure that before we get back all of those things will have been taken. The Christians could have used them to good advantage.

After getting settled at Ping Ting I accompanied Mr. Ikenberry on a tour to the villages. After this visit we planned that he or Mr. Crumpacker would go with me to Liao for a visit there. Animals were hired, a Chinese cook was secured, and permission was gotten from the Japanese. We got off early one morning. However, in making the arrangements with the Japanese there was some misunderstanding about our going; they appeared to want to hire the animals for us and to talk with the cook who was to go along. I presume they wanted to do some spying on the Chinese and also on us foreigners, but, however that was, we had a good trip. As we were sensing the strain between Americans and Japanese, Ikenberry made plans for the work in these villages to be carried on in case he could not get back to help them any more.

The two mission employees in that section were paid for six months in advance. Some money was given to the deacon body to rent land to be tilled; the proceeds were to go to care for the evangelists in case we could get no more money to them. Arrangements were made for holding communion and business sessions of the church. As we turned our faces homeward, we felt good to have been able to travel among and worship with these congenial village folk. Along with the baptized Christians we had met others who were enrolled as inquirers. One village alone had fifty of these learners who hoped that before long they could come into the church. On all of these trips I made out into free China I was im-

pressed with the ripeness of the field for an aggressive program of evangelism, but war was hindering that program.

12

CHINESE FORCED TO SEVER RELATIONS WITH AMERICANS

One method the invading army used in forcing the Chinese people to submit to Japanese rule was to threaten to punish some innocent person of the family if they did not obey orders. This punishment would fall upon the aged parents or women and children of the individual the Japanese were trying to force to do their bidding. So they used that method on us. Outwardly they were friendly, but when we did something they did not like or failed to follow their wishes they would punish some of the Chinese who were the most faithful to us and the church work. That method brought us more pain than if they had punished us. It was very subtle and often we did not know for sure just why the punishment was inflicted.

When Brother Ikenberry and I returned from the country, having left before the Japanese could supply us with a donkey driver and a cook, as they had hoped to do, they began to punish the Chinese who went with us. They first called us in and questioned us about the money we used, and our mission to the country, who took us, and the servant we had along. Of course we told them. No doubt they knew anyway. The next day they arrested the donkey driver and gave him a good beating, presumably for a minor offense but no doubt for taking us to the country. The day following that they arrested Brother Crumpacker's old cook, Yatou, who cooked for us on the trip. This was his second imprisonment by them. We were told that they tied his hands back of him and hung him from a beam in the room overnight. We heard that the Chinese guard let him down during the night

and tied him up again in the morning before inspection. Even with this short period of torture the old man, being rather feeble, suffered a great deal, and we were sorry we had taken him along.

Rumors began to spread that if the Chinese did not sever their relations with the Americans they would be treated as the Christian leaders at Liao were. This got all the church leaders excited and we became uneasy for them. We did not want any one to have to suffer because of associating with us. The word came from the hospital that the entire staff, as well as our personal helpers, were quitting in three days. The hospital was well filled with patients and some were not in condition to go home in three days. Most of the housewives were needed at the house to get things in shape for the time when the servants would leave, and yet help was badly needed at the hospital.

The situation was tense. Since three of the five members of the Field Committee were at Ping Ting we called a committee meeting, inviting other members of the mission who could to attend. The question was: "What shall we do?" In our mission meeting less than a month before we had decided to stay on despite the urgent request of our government to send as many as possible home; but now, if staying meant the persecution of the Chinese Christians and perhaps more losing their lives, it did not affect only us but the church at large. We did not want to appear as being forced into doing the will of the Japanese but we were not the ones who suffered. We could get along without servants, but just living in China with the Chinese not allowed to come to our homes and we, in turn, not being able to visit in their homes without the possibility of their being persecuted, was not very conducive to Christian work. If we left, the faithful ones could carry on.

We felt that the Chinese should be consulted. The great majority wanted us to leave, for the coast, at least. We dared not get them together but as we would meet them, we asked

them; then several of the leaders brought word from the majority that they thought it best for us to go.

After this was decided it was necessary to get in touch with our other two stations and inform them about our decision. I was asked to go to Shou Yang; Brother Myers was to go there from Taiyuanfu, and there we would decide what to do about those two stations. After our arrival the members of the Shou Yang station discussed the closing of the work there and at Taiyuanfu, so far as the foreigners were concerned. It all seemed a great pity! Shou Yang had been calling for the Smiths to come back, and they had been in the station just a little over one month, and now for them to turn around and go home to America—and that is what it almost surely meant—was hard to think of. Everywhere we went, when not hindered, the people were turning to Christ in great numbers and if we could help shepherd and train these new inquirers, what a joy it would be to all of us! Many had worked hard for just such a time of soul ingathering, and now, on the threshold of this ingathering, war was apparently closing the door. We all thought it would be best to go, and after getting to the coast we could face together the problem about our next step. During the evening and the next morning before the train came, plans were talked over as to how to close up the mission work. Workers were paid, and to those who lived away from Shou Yang, money was advanced to cover travel expenses to their homes.

Back in Ping Ting everyone was busy. Accounts in the hospital had to be settled. The Women's Bible School, full of young women, had to be closed and the women sent home, some of them as far as Liao. Even some of the children of our Liao Christians were in school at Ping Ting. These had to be gotten back to Liao. So I took the car and drove back there once more. Miss Hutchison went along. Since we had to close our work she wanted to get a few more things from her home. Some thought it dangerous to make this trip and advised against it, but since no Chinese could take the chil-

dren we had an obligation to them. Miss Hutchison and I were willing to make the trip even though we had plenty of work to do at Ping Ting.

We left for Liao with these children on December 7. On our arrival there we learned that the other two men of our Christian captives had been killed. Knowing that conditions at the other stations were rapidly growing worse and evacuation was being planned, we sealed all the property in the east compound. We placed watchmen in all compounds, five men in all, except in that on South Street, which was already very badly damaged by the Japanese army. We informed the department of military police in the city what we had done and that we were leaving. We asked them to protect our property, and to see that everything was maintained as we left it. They promised to do that. When this was done Miss Hutchison and I said good-by to the small Christian group who had gathered around. We had prayer with them, asking God's protection on them and committing all to His loving care; we then got into the car and started back, with many memories of the joys and the sorrows which make up the work of starting a Christian church in a non-Christian nation. When, if ever, will we be able to go along that road again in the pursuit of heralding good tidings of great joy to those suffering people?

When we reached Ping Ting the final work was being done to get off to the coast. The Japanese came and asked when we were getting away and we frankly told them that with all our servants forbidden to help us we could not make much headway packing, for the women had to do the cooking. They told us they would see that we got help and that evening yet our cook came back ready to work. The next morning the goatherd was back, and soon work was progressing rapidly. The Japanese also promised to inspect our baggage, stamp and seal it, so that we would have no further trouble with baggage inspection until we got to our destination and had to break the seals. This was a great favor, and as we

packed we listed our articles so that we could tell the inspector what each contained.

The inspection was not very thorough; only one or two pieces of our luggage were investigated and then all were sealed except the one piece we needed along the road. Supplies which were in for the winter were disposed of; carrots, potatoes, goat feed, coal and other articles went to our helpers. Our goat tender got a fine herd of five goats along with feed for one month and fodder for the winter. He is to keep the herd for us and then return them to us when we go back to our work again. The cook got most of the carrots, the potatoes, and the coal. He had been a faithful servant to us for twelve years, and even now we wish we could send him help for his family of five children. The other households were busy, just as we were, but also had to look after the heavy furniture, listing everything so that a list of mission and personal property could be given to the Japanese. Since the mission had planned to operate a children's camp at Ping Ting about one thousand bushels of millet had been bought; now this had to be disposed of. Bean flour and some wheat flour were on hand for the camp. The hospital also had food which would spoil and needed to be sold or given away. We had our own electric plant and the mission had seventy-five five-gallon tins of kerosene to dispose of. All this took time but every one was ready to go on December 12, 1940.

It was a sad time for all of us, both Chinese and foreigners. To us it was like leaving our own children in the hands of hostile and cruel enemies. One thing we knew was that as long as the war should last and the Japanese were in control of their cities they would suffer, and that made us sad. The Japanese soldier was a law unto himself and whatever he wanted was his.

The military at the railroad station at Yangchuen promised to furnish us a truck to get our luggage to the railroad station. It was at the gate of our east compound very early on the morning of our departure, and soon the process of

loading began. Brother Crumpacker managed the luggage while Brother Ikenberry, Doctor Cunningham and I took the women and the children to the station. The cars, which could take only five passengers, had to make several trips. The railroad station is about six miles from Ping Ting. When all had arrived at the station, Brother Crumpacker and Brother Ikenberry stayed looking after luggage, and buying tickets while Doctor Cunningham and I took the cars back, locked the last buildings and sealed everything. Doctor Cunningham returned to the railroad station on his motorbike and I rode a bicycle. Both of these were taken along to Peiping. The trip to the coast was difficult: the train was crowded, no food could be bought, and Doctor Cunningham, the boys and I had to ride to Shih Chia Chuang, the railroad junction, in a boxcar with most of our baggage. We got our lunch by running up to the other members of our party while the train was stopped at the stations. Arriving at Peiping, we had to report to the American Legation the evacuation of our mission field and gave detailed accounts of events leading up to our leaving.

13

MISSION MEETING AND FUTURE PLANS

The first problem confronting us on our arrival at Peiping was to find a place to stay. The question as to what to do was also urgent, for no one wanted to sit there and wait for the war to close. Some who were wanting to do language work wanted to stay in Peiping. The Methodist people had some vacant houses in their mission compound and they gave us a hearty invitation to stay there until we could decide what to do next. We who had children of school age were offered places in the American Board mission at Tung Chou, fifteen miles east of Peiping, where the older children of the mission attended a boarding school. So the Church of the Breth-

ren mission was housed in these two mission compounds while we were at the coast, a little over two months. After getting located we held a mission conference. All of our mission staff on the field were present. The five new workers, then in language school, were with us, but how different it was from what they had expected when they started for China a half year before. These recruits were needed badly in our mission work, and now all doors seemed to be closing. It is not only the plans of missionaries that are upset in a world at war, but everyone's plans are disrupted.

On Monday, December 23, our mission meeting convened, the parlor in the girls' dormitory of the Tung Chou American School being used for all sessions. Most of the time was used in discussing plans for the missionaries. All were present and could voice their approval or disapproval of all proposals that came up. Since the American Legation was urging all women and children to leave China and since we could not be at our stations at work, most of us felt that all with children ought to go back to America. The Peiping Language School was moving to the Philippine Islands, and some thought our group of young people ought to go there to continue their language study. The big objection to going to the interior of China was that there was no language school and they would have to see after getting their own teachers; then, too, many sections of interior China were already crowded. Several of the older missionaries volunteered to go along with these young people to help them get located, and assist in mission and relief work in those sections. This proposition seemed so good that the mission sent Brother Myers and Doctor Cunningham to Shanghai to get more details on this venture and report back to our group. It was becoming still more difficult for foreigners to get through the lines in North China, and we would have had to go to Shanghai to get into the interior. On the return of Brother Myers and Doctor Cunningham, taking everything into consideration the mission thought best, after much prayer and discus-

sion, not to have the new missionaries go to the interior for study. Crowded conditions there made the food situation a problem, especially for those with children.

Even before our mission meeting Brother Crumpacker had gone to Tientsin to make steamship reservations for those who wanted to return home. He got nominal sailings for most of the families for the latter part of February. I was holding up securing passage to America for myself because I had volunteered to escort the young language students with Doctor Cunningham to West China. Now, that being canceled, I tried to get passage on the same boat, the S. S. President Pierce, with my family. This was later arranged but I was put in a room with other men on the top deck. The family were down in a second-class cabin, next door to the cabin we occupied in the autumn of 1935.

After all of our planning and discussions, the final decision was for Brother Myers and Misses Clapper and Rothrock to stay in Peiping and from there assist our orphan mission in the interior in whatever way they could. We had a large number of students in high school at the coast and also some in Bible and theological schools. These students needed funds and the missionaries could be of great help in counseling and helping them. All three had other avenues of service in Peiping, using their time in teaching Bible and helping in schools of the Methodist mission. This work was maintained until the incident of Pearl Harbor, after which all Americans were forbidden to help in church or school activities of the Chinese church.

The group of young folks of our mission going to the Philippines consisted of Doctor and Mrs. Cunningham and their son, Larry, Mr. and Mrs. Flory, Mr. and Mrs. Angeny, Miss Thomas and Nurse Crim. They stayed in the Language School in Peiping until arrangements were completed for them in the school at Baguio, Philippine Islands. All were off by the middle of March 1941.

The other fourteen missionaries with their children re-

turned to America. These were the older members of our mission. They had passed through many Chinese wars and rumors of war. They had often listened to the rattle of the machine guns. Many of them had helped in hospitals during these troubled times, relieving the pain and suffering of wounded soldiers. Yet these ambassadors of goodwill were no longer wanted at their posts of duty by the military regime controlling our five mission stations. Some of them had started the work at Ping Ting and Liao. They had given their lives to this program; they had lived at peace with all men. Now, another had come who did not want the Chinese to have any other foreigner to go to for counsel and help. So the missionaries had to return to their native land. May the time come when they can go back and help the crippled and persecuted Chinese church get back on its feet again; go back to those burned and devastated villages, preaching the message of repentance and salvation to those who are still alive and have not yet had an opportunity to accept this gospel.

On the S. S. President Pierce we found ourselves in the company of many missionaries from Korea and Japan. These, too, were going home because the presence of the American missionary was an embarrassment to the native church workers. The military authority of Japan was suspicious of the foreigners, and this led to a careful watch on all their movements. The native Christian who was seen with them very much was also regarded suspiciously. This made it hard for the foreigner and the native to work together; so the missionary was turning his part of the work over to the native Christians and returning home. Everywhere the local Christians shouldered the extra responsibility for keeping the church program going, and some large gifts were pouring into the church treasuries to help support the ongoing church.

At Honolulu the churches had committees on the wharf to receive all the missionaries and take them to their homes or on a tour around the island while the boat stopped for the

day. It was Sunday and we stayed in the home of people who had been missionaries in the Philippine Islands and were now working with the Filipinos in Honolulu. After attending church we had dinner with our hosts, Rev. and Mrs. Mumma. Mrs. Mumma's father was at one time pastor of the United Brethren church in Greenville, Ohio, and Elizabeth and she found out that they had known each other in childhood.

The voyage home was pleasant, except for thirty-six hours when we got into the tail of a storm between Honolulu and San Francisco. It was so severe that one noon meal could not be prepared. Pans and dishes would not stay in place. The ship's medical corps were more than busy for a time caring for cuts and bruises. Broken chairs and lounges were stacked for repair in dock. Our beds, which were used for the passengers the ship was carrying above normal capacity, slid back and forth over the room where we were staying. I was in bed sick when my bed started across the room. When I placed a suitcase to stop this sliding the suitcase only tripped the collapsible bed and I was sent headlong into a pile of luggage which also was sliding over the floor. I moved down to the cabins with Elizabeth and the boys until the storm was over.

PART THREE

Church and Relief Work in Free China

1

PLANNING TO RETURN TO CHINA

It was pleasant to be in the homeland again. People were busy, rushing here and there, but there was no war. When planes flew over, we realized after second thought that we did not have to run for shelter or fear that some homes would be destroyed and innocent people killed. We arrived in Ohio in April, on Easter evening. Grass was green, trees were coming into leaf, and early flowers were blooming. This new life visible in nature, and the joy of being at home, made life pleasant.

However, I was not content. I felt that someone of our mission ought to be in free China. Many of our Chinese Christians had fled interior, some far interior; others, the great majority, had gone only a little way across the line. Many of these close to the front lines needed encouragement, and some even needed financial aid. Howard Sollenberger and Louis Whitacre had worked among these people and had done a noble piece of relief work. Louis had given his life in this service, and is buried at Chengtu. Howard had returned to America to finish his college work. The need was still open and I felt that I, for one, could go back after getting the family located.

Before coming back to America Elizabeth and I had talked and prayed over the problem of separating the family. Therefore it did not take us long to decide that, if the Mission Board consented and the way opened, I should return.

After a short time at home I made my wish known to the Mission Board. O. C. Sollenberger, who was in the East then, also volunteered to go to free China. At the La Verne Conference the Brethren Service Committee was approved and appointed, and soon they were wanting to get some relief workers to China. China, perhaps, was the most needy field in the world at that time, and beyond doubt the most needy into which workers could go from the United States without going through actual battle fronts.

The Service Committee started the training of a group of young Civilian Public Service men at Lagro for service in China. Howard Sollenberger was to head this group, and Doctors Parker and Coffman were to head the medical part of the unit. By the last of July the situation looked very favorable for several of us older missionaries to return. The plan was that, shortly after our sailing, a group of ten or more health and relief workers was to be sent. In this group were to be two doctors, two mechanics, two young men who had lived in China and had the language, and four others for relief and health work.

Osee and I were to go on ahead of these young men to prepare the way, and look into possibilities as to where they could best work. If we should pass the Philippines we were to pick up Doctor Cunningham and Rolland Flory, or they were to meet us somewhere on the way to China after they had made arrangements to get their families back to America.

The first part of August I went with M. R. Zigler, secretary of the Brethren Service Committee, and Leland Brubaker, secretary of the Mission Board, to Washington to make inquiry about final arrangements for getting to China. The American Red Cross was consulted about their workers getting into the interior; the Chinese ambassador was seen and plans for our trip and work were explained to him. In all these contacts valuable suggestions were received. Brother Brubaker then went to the State Department and made a

personal request for passports for Sollenberger and myself, and in a short time we had them and were ready to go. After attending our Wampler family reunion at the old home place near Harrisonburg, Virginia, and after saying good-by to my daughter, Sara Anna, who was returning to her work in Baltimore, we were driven by my two nieces, Edna and Effie Wampler, back to Greenville to the home where Elizabeth and the boys were to stay during my absence.

After I got back home the main task was packing. Our ship was to leave the west coast between the twentieth and the twenty-fifth of September. But after being at home only a day or so, I received a wire from Secretary Brubaker asking if I could get ready to sail by the fifteenth, the date of departure having been moved up. This made the last preparations hasty. Just two days before I left Greenville, another wire came from Elgin saying the British had a ruling that to go through Burma one had to have his application for a visé in for at least one month before it was granted. We had put in our application only a few days before. If we had to abide by this ruling we could not get off. The office advised my going to Chicago with the idea of returning home from there if we could not get the visé. Special request to the British Embassy in Washington brought permission to have our passports viséed, and we were ready to go.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Rife of Greenville drove me, with the family, to Union City. There I gave my wife and two boys good-by with wet eyes, feeling, however, that we were in the path that God was wanting us to travel, and that if we were in the place of His choosing He would make it come out to His glory. That was all we wanted.

A day's stop in Chicago, where Leland Brubaker helped me get last arrangements completed, and I was off on the night train for San Francisco.

At the coast a few more things were bought and my baggage was repacked. The boat was delayed twice and we did not get off until September 24. We wished this extra time

could have been spent at home, but this delay was short in comparison to others along the road to our work.

Many letters were received, but one that was exceptionally stimulating was sent by Raymond Flory, who was a co-worker with me in China during my first term of service there, and who now has a son in the group of eight missionaries detained in the Philippine Islands. I would like to quote a few statements from his letter.

" 'As thou goest, step by step, I will open up the way before thee.'

> " 'Wherefore, go gladly to the task assigned thee,
> Having My promise, needing nothing more
> Than just to know, where'er the future find thee,
> In all thy journeying I go before.'
>
> " '*—Frank J. Exley.*' "

Never before had I felt so sure that the entire church was loyally behind us in our efforts for His kingdom. This thought helped much to make our leaving of loved ones easier, for we knew that God could and would do His will in our lives.

2

THE TRIP TO RANGOON

The ship on which we were to sail was not a large ship but the service was very good. It belonged to the Java Pacific Lines and made more than four hundred miles each twenty-four hours. Osee and I had an outer cabin and were very comfortably situated close to the middle of the ship, which gave us the advantage of missing much of the swing of the boat.

It was heavily loaded with freight and had only about eighty first-class passengers, many of them missionaries going to Burma, India and China. Among these eighty passen-

gers there were two children and eight women. The greater part of the ship's load was trucks and airplane engines, some to be used for parts in Java, but most of them destined for Rangoon and from there on into China over the Burma Road. There were about thirty Flying Tigers on our ship going to protect the Burma Road. There were also Chinese mechanics and pilots going back to China to help their people in their struggle against Japan. There were also Christian Chinese who were returning to China to help in the church program.

We were not given information about the route of travel. Japan was not in the global war but the Germans had some subs in the Pacific, and the Dutch, being at war with Germany, had to be careful. Blackouts were enforced at night, no smoking was allowed on decks after dark, and all portholes had to be closed when lights were on. They did report the miles traveled each day, and, knowing the general direction, we could figure out fairly accurately our positions. We stopped at Honolulu for one day, went ashore, posted letters back to home folks, and visited a few friends in the city. Leaving the port of Honolulu we sailed in a southwesterly direction. The smooth sea and plenty of entertainment made the food taste good. The Dutch always can prepare food suited to my palate.

When we crossed the equator the crew had great sport in initiating all the passengers. Some of their own chums were handled rather roughly but anyone standing around the swimming pool was likely to land in the water if not on guard. One of the most-used stunts was giving a shave, with a lather of salt fish, bones and all, ground up and smeared over the face after the "victim" was seated on a chair next to the pool; then when his face was massaged well with this mixture, he was dumped backward into the pool. I got through by paying one dollar for a certificate which exempted me from the initiation ceremonies.

Shortly after this, we found we were close to the eastern coast of Australia. Here sea life was interesting. Flying

fish were plentiful, and porpoise and other large fish were seen quite frequently. We lay outside an Australian harbor for several hours waiting for a pilot to take us along the shore of northeastern Australia through the Torres Strait. This voyage on the afternoon of October 13 and all of the fourteenth was very enjoyable. At places, coral islands lay offshore a few miles and we sailed in between these islands and the mainland. Some of these islands were covered with palm trees but most of them had only small trees and bamboo growing. The water near some of them was a very pale green color shading off into the inkish blue of the deep water. The shore of Australia did not show much life; no cities or villages were seen. At points there were a few houses where lighthouses were kept. As we passed along the mountains it looked as if snow covered some of the bare slopes, but the sailors told us it was white sand. We often came quite close to the shore and could see that the trees, rocks and waterfalls were very pretty. Many of the beaches (either coral or white sand) were white and sparkled in the sun. There were no fishers on the sea.

We stayed four days in the beautiful harbor of Soerabaja, Java, unloading. It was quite hot as soon as the sun was up, and we did not do much sightseeing. The main part of the city was about six miles from the wharfs. All the passengers posted letters back to home folks, and some of the boys called over the long-distance telephone and talked to their parents in America. Here little fishing boats were very picturesque silhouetted against the seashore and the high mountain ranges in the background. Most of them were small. The people had the appearance of being very poor and did not have much initiative. In the city of Soerabaja about one fourth of the population are Chinese; they are the business people of the city. The Europeans live in ease and have beautiful homes. The city has a population of about three hundred thousand.

While our ship was being unloaded in Batavia, Java, its

home port, some of our party made tours of the city and near-by parks. The population of the city is five hundred thousand—about sixty-five or seventy thousand Europeans, seventy-five thousand Chinese and a mixture of other peoples. Everywhere we saw extremes of wealth and poverty, but, generally speaking, the prosperity of the city was evident. The city is about eight miles from the docks. There are some rather large rubber plantations here and much rubber is produced. On Sunday we attended a Chinese church in the city. It was formerly the American Methodist church but during the shortage of funds the work was turned over to the Chinese. They had just gotten a new pastor from Hong Kong. He had been trained in the Canton schools and was connected with the Church of Christ of China. In the evening ten passengers attended the English services in an Episcopal church in the city. The attendance was not large but we had a very good meeting, and the singing was exceptionally good.

On Monday we drove out about twenty miles from the city to the Botanical Gardens. We paid a little over a dollar per passenger for the use of a car for the day. On the way out we saw many native homes and all kinds of native activities. Most of their houses were built up off the ground about one foot. The walls were of bamboo mats. These, whitewashed, made very pretty houses. Most of the roofs were of tile, but some were of rice straw thatch. The wealthy had very substantial buildings; all were open, showing the large rooms. We passed rubber plantations; some trees were cut and were producing rubber. Coconut palms were plentiful, also tea bushes, papayas, pumelos, bananas and many flowering trees. We saw the natives gathering and preparing the bark which produces quinine. In the fields which were cultivated, rice was the predominating crop. In the park with its lagoons we saw all kinds of trees and flowering shrubs growing. Hundreds of deer were roaming at will over the entire park. This

Botanical Garden is reckoned as one of the largest and most beautiful in the world.

From Batavia we returned to Soerabaja, where we picked up the big boxes left there until after the unloading of the iron pipes, barbed wire, etc., which were down in the very bottom of the ship. The big boxes were quite hard to get into the hold of the ship. They weighed nine thousand forty-five pounds and were about five feet wide, four feet high, and eighteen to twenty feet long. There were a few over one hundred of these boxes on the boat.

From Soerabaja to Singapore the sea was lovely and one evening the sunset was the most beautiful I have ever seen. The clouds were shaded from a delicate pink to a deep red, with the appearance of steps leading up to the red apex. I sat there on the deck saying, "Of a truth the heavens declare the glory of God." Several times in the evening I thought I saw the Southern Cross but found it was called the Big Cross, which is not the real one which all travelers from the northern hemisphere wish to see. Later, however, at three o'clock in the morning, I saw the real Southern Cross. I was glad to see it once, at least, on this journey.

During our stay at Singapore we visited the city and the countryside. Here the boat unloaded seven hundred tons of fruit from California, mostly grapes, oranges and apples. We spent one afternoon in the Botanical Gardens, watching the monkeys playing in their wild state. We bought bananas and peanuts (which in this city are called monkey nuts) to throw to them. Some are quite tame. I was walking along carrying a banana in my hand, looking for one to throw it to, when I felt a fuzzy hand take hold of my finger; looking down I saw a big monkey holding my hand with one front paw and proceeding to remove the banana from my hand with the other. I let him have it for I was afraid to try to keep him from getting it—he might put up a scrap. Some of the smaller ones would sit in the trees and catch the peanuts we tossed to them. From there we visited the home of Mr.

Wang, one of the rich Chinese living in this city. He has made his fortune out of a salve called Tiger Balm. His home is open to visitors. In it were some of the most beautiful crystals and carvings, jade and teakwood that I have ever seen. Some of the most valuable, in one glass case, were valued at more than one million dollars. The curtain draperies, rugs, and bedspreads were most elaborate. The city of Singapore is a cosmopolitan city with the largest part of its population Chinese.

The second day in port, through the kindness of a fellow traveler, Mr. Townsley, a missionary to India, who had a friend in the city, we were invited out to this friend's home for a visit to his rubber plantation. We reached the plantation a little late but the workers prepared some of the processing for us to see. The trees when tapped begin to bleed a white substance like milkweed juice. This is collected every two hours, treated with acid, kneaded into cakes of dough-like substance, then run through rollers to squeeze out all acid and liquid material. After being stamped and allowed to dry for a few hours the rubber is placed in a room where it is smoked for from two to four days. Then it is trimmed and baled and is ready to be shipped or sold to the big rubber buyers. The plantation we visited had about one thousand acres, and employed one hundred men. When the trees are large and healthy they will produce about three hundred pounds per month per acre. All the substance that comes from the trees is used. A young tree begins to produce when it is ten years old and produces the year round, though it is best to let it rest occasionally. The rubber producers have pests to fight.

After the unloading at Singapore it took only a little over three days until we were going up the Irrawaddy River into the docks at Rangoon, Burma. In the morning sun we could see the golden dome of the famous Shwe Dagon pagoda as it towered over the city of Rangoon.

Arriving in the morning of November 12 we struck a holi-

day and everything was slow. We did not get off the big ship until 1:00 o'clock and it was 4:00 o'clock when we got through customs. Then we had to leave two things in bond, our tent and the case of medicines, until we were ready to leave Rangoon. We had been on the boat just seven weeks, the longest time I had ever spent on one sea voyage.

A fellow passenger, a member of the Baptist mission, Miss McConall, was met by members of her mission in Rangoon, and she introduced Osee and me to the manager of the mission. He told us they had a guest house and that they could take care of us. Having no definite place to stay, we accepted their invitation and stayed in their well-furnished home for travelers. The Burmese manager of their publishing house looked after getting our luggage up to the guest house for us. This publishing house is famed for having its beginning with Adoniram Judson. The cost for our room and board was just about $1.20 (United States currency) per day. The people at the American Baptist Mission press, having helped many others as they passed through, were very helpful in giving us instructions how best to start on our way to China. They warned us that we would not get off as soon as we hoped and that delays are common after everything is apparently ready.

Burma, once the largest province of the Indian Empire, was separated from India and constituted a separate territory in 1937. Its eastern border touches China, Indo-China and Thailand; on the north lies the Indian province of Assam.

As one walks the streets of Rangoon he finds himself among a happy, smiling people fond of flowers and bright colors. Feasts and festivals have much to attract. Yellow-robed priests of the Buddhist religion are seen every morning carrying their alms bowls, visiting business houses and private homes of the city. They are numerous and help to make a medley of color among the commonly dressed people. In all parks a game is played, that of keeping a light braided cane ball in the air for as long as possible without allowing

it to touch the hands. The ball is kicked into the air with toes, instep, heel, knee, elbow or neck by the players, who stand in a circle.

Around Rangoon are the flat alluvial plains of the delta of the Irrawaddy River. In the northern sections of Burma there are high mountains with deep gorges cut in north and south. These mountains are covered with a forest of teak trees. Burma is exceptionally rich in natural resources. Around Rangoon, and for many miles to the north, the country is given over to the cultivation of rice. The fields stretch out on every hand to the horizon. As the crops grow the land becomes a sea of green of every imaginable shade, from the pale yellow green of the young sprouts to the deep green of the mature plants, and later the brown of the ripening grain.

The Shwe Dagon pagoda is the most sacred and most famous spot in southern Burma. Many wonderful views of this sacred monument may be seen from several vantage points in and around the city. The pagoda, which is three hundred seventy feet high, stands on a knoll. It is constructed in the shape of a large bell. The dome is entirely covered with gold leaf. Each year for more than a thousand years one sheet of gold has been put on. The umbrella at the peak contains many valuable gems. The circumference of the base is over one thousand three hundred feet. The many beautiful inlaid and guilded shrines which surround it, the variety of colors of the robes of the priests and the devotees visiting the shrine, the hundreds of carvings and images of Buddha make one's visit to the pagoda an experience not to be forgotten.

According to tradition, it was first built about 580 B.C. by two brothers named Pu and Ta Paw, to whom Buddha had given eight of his hairs. They built it as a shrine for these hairs. It has been repaired many times since the initial building. On December 10 Osee and I visited this famous place. We had to remove our shoes and stockings in order to

get into the grounds. There are about three hundred thousand Buddhas on this hilltop. The ten acres of premises are almost wholly covered with buildings, shrines and the different approaches to the pagoda. There are many costly and precious offerings to the idols—gold, silver, and precious stones. The main Buddha is under, or partly under, the big bell-shaped pagoda. It is larger than a man. The body is of pure silver and the head of pure gold, with a crown containing many valuable stones and gems. There are many million dollars' worth of gold and precious stones on this pagoda ground. It has been remarked that should the British Empire take all the value of this one shrine it could pay off its national debt. Today the pagoda is in the hands of the Japanese.

3

ON THE BURMA ROAD

On the road to Mandalay, where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'crost the bay.
—Rudyard Kipling

Early on the seventeenth of December our luggage was loaded into trucks of the Friends' Ambulance Unit and we were soon off on the road to Mandalay and then on to Lashio. The Burma Road proper runs from Lashio to Yunnanfu or Kunming. The six hundred forty-seven miles from Rangoon to Lashio were interesting, and I had the privilege of driving the station wagon in the convoy of trucks about half of the way. It was being taken in for Doctor Brown of the medical staff of West China Medical College at Chengtu. The seven trucks were new and in good condition, but everything had to be watched. The road was in only fair condition and was rather narrow for the great amount of traffic which it had to carry. Several short stretches of the road in Burma were paved but not tarred and were very dusty and rough.

Mandalay is one of the most religious cities in the world.

Here were thousands of yellow-robed priests. It is estimated that one out of every seven persons in the city wears the yellow robe and lives by begging alms. All beauty spots are covered with shrines and pagodas built and kept in an excellent state of repair by devotees of the Buddhist religion. We stayed in the home of the leader in charge of the Baptist girls' school, had a fine supper, and slept in good beds. Since we had gotten away from the heat of Rangoon, covers felt good once more.

Our next stop was at Lashio. There the trucks were gone over, the oil was changed, and all parts were given a good greasing. We also had to get papers filled for the release of the trucks with their cargo to cross the border into China, which was a little over a day's journey farther. At Lashio we stayed in the boys' school, which is in charge of a Burmese principal. The city is not large but was growing very rapidly because of the great amount of cargo that was going out every day into China. There was also a good airport accommodating passengers into and out of China. Lashio is the terminal of one of the branch railroads out from Mandalay. It was a pleasant place, but everything was rushed with getting war supplies into China. A great number of the buildings were rather poorly built and of a temporary nature. While here we got word of the Japanese bombing of Rangoon and their rapid advances in the Malay States section. We were eager to get on into China before the invader could cut the road and cause a general congestion of traffic.

Across the border in China the road was better. We drove the first twenty-five miles after dark. The first night we stayed in China we stopped in the village of Hai Fan, which is the worst place on the entire road for malignant malaria. Since Doctor McClure, Osee and I could not find any good place to stay we got shelter under a roof which housed some pigs. We made the pigs sleep outside and we put our cots up in their dry pen. I did not have any more driving obliga-

tions and was very glad of it, for I could spend my time looking at the landscape.

Just over the border in China the road workers were surfacing the road. The stone had been crushed by hand but a big steam roller was used to spread it on the road. All the other work was done by hand. Square, five-gallon oil cans were used to carry the water and sprinkle it on the road, and also to put the tar on when the final processing was done. Each can used to put the tar on had half of the top removed and a handle placed on one side; on the other side the upper half was punched full of holes by wire nails. The men putting on the hot tar sprinkled it from this hand-made sprinkler. They were putting down about two miles of good twenty-foot tar road per day by this hand method. Of course the workers were just like bees, each one knowing his task and doing it. The people had a mind to work and the road was being put into fine shape. This tarring of the road had started only a few weeks before and they did not have many miles finished. All along the seven hundred fifty miles to Kunming gangs were working, some widening and straightening the road, others cracking rock. Each person cracking rock had a box about eighteen inches square and six inches high. That heaped high with cracked rock brought a certain amount of money according to the size of the pieces of rock, some of which were cracked as large as eggs, and some the size of the end of one's finger. I noticed some women and girls using bent bamboo as tweezers to hold the rocks while they cracked them into fine particles. The cracked rocks were piled in nice heaps along the sides of the road. This constant repair kept the road in much better condition than I thought it would be. At most places it was graveled to a width of at least twenty feet. There was a constant stream of trucks going over it.

The eating houses were crowded and a good meal cost, at that time, anywhere from six to ten dollars Chinese money, but rupees exchanged at the border for $16.50; one American

dollar was worth over $50.00 Chinese. This, of course, was on the black market, and we did not make our exchange regularly that way.

I quote from my diary dated December 30. "We have been winding in and out over the mountains. The road here is not tarred but rock surfaced and some places rough, but, generally speaking, it is very good, grades not bad. Yesterday we made only forty kilometers because we started late and just before we got to the bridge spanning the Mekong River an air-raid signal was given and we had to stop for three and one-half hours before they would let us cross the river and then the jam of cars on both sides made it very difficult to get through and made traffic slow. Only one car or truck was allowed on the bridge at a time. As we passed over, I counted eighty-one trucks waiting to go the other way; after getting to the top of the cliff I counted sixty-four on the side we came from, and I could see only about half of them. There were at least three hundred cars and trucks held up in that three and a half hours that traffic was stopped.

"The countryside is very beautiful; rice fields were being prepared for spring planting; the slopes were planted with peas and other vegetables, and the peas were in full bloom. We went from chilly mountain heights of eight thousand feet to a tropical climate along the river beds. At places on the mountains, pine, oak and other heavy trees grow. In the valleys, palm, bamboo, cactus and tropical foliage made a thick mat into which we could not see very far. The village we stayed in last night had only about twenty houses, but one hundred forty-six trucks were parked there during the night. I slept in the cab of the car and got along very well. The places to sleep were dirty and overcrowded. Food along the road is very good but it is quite uncertain when we eat, sometimes late and sometimes not at all."

At Pao Shan thousands of men were making a large airport a few miles from the city. In Yang Pei Hsing the mountains were very high, snow covered the peaks, and as the clouds

lifted our eyes feasted on the beauty of the scenery. Every mile or two gangs of men, women and children were at work cracking rock, improving grades, widening and straightening curves which the engineering staff were staking out for improvement. They say that a woman could make about seven dollars per day working on the road.

We arrived in Kunming on January 4, 1942, at about ten in the morning. We had stopped for worship by the roadside about 9:00 o'clock for a half hour. As one approaches the city of Kunming from the mountain slopes he is thrilled by its location. It is on the north edge of a beautiful lake, and its artistically painted temples and parks along the lake's edge give one a very favorable impression at first glance. Several rather large villages are located on the edge of the lake. Small boats on their daily fishing trips add to the beauty of the landscape. The city of Kunming, when one once is in it, does not appear attractive; streets are narrow and there are not very many large, well-constructed buildings. There were many students from occupied China in the city. It is also a large military center. Prices were not very high when we passed through; a good Chinese meal could be had for four dollars.

The road from Kunming to Kuai Yang is very interesting. Repeatedly we would go down into a very deep valley, then cross a river and almost immediately start climbing a mountain again. The rock formation is almost perpendicular. At places as we would look back we could see the road on the other side of the river for as much as twenty miles, winding in and out of the ravines. Just before we arrived at An Hsien, we went up a very steep mountain which has twenty-four short hairpin bends, one right after the other. A short distance beyond this we went by a very beautiful waterfall. The fall is at least one hundred fifty feet high and the water sprayed as it hit the deep pool at the bottom. The stream is sixty or seventy feet wide, but just as it passes over the

precipice it divides and pours over the rock in two streams. There are cascades above the fall for a long distance.

On top of this mountain range, on a plateau twenty or thirty miles wide, we came into a very peculiar formation of the landscape. The main part of the land is level, level enough for the farmers to till rice and irrigate their fields, but studded all over this plateau as far as one can see are little cones or beehive-shaped hills. Some are very close together, with only narrow fields at their bases, some tower up five or six hundred feet, but most of them are only about one hundred fifty feet high. Some of them are in the form of a perfect cone, going to a peak scarcely broad enough for a person to stand on. Others are like a large orange cut in halves and placed on a table. All have shrubbery growing on them, and on the north side of some a few large trees are growing. The sight reminds one of a large sand table where a group of children have been making mountains and lakes in the sand, the teacher wisely directing the hands of the children. Here some of the children make perfect little mountains and stick trees in the one side. At the base they put a piece of glass in the sand for a lake. Since some of the children do not get theirs well made these mountains are not very smooth and symmetrical. For an hour or more we drove in and out among these peculiar hills, with the flooded rice fields at their bases ready for the spring planting, admiring their beauty.

The most remarkable thing about the Burma Road is not its smooth surface, or the beautiful scenery along the way, or even the heights to which it climbs in crossing some of the mountain ranges, but the fact that it was dug out of the mountains and rocks almost by the bare hands of the suffering Chinese people, who were struggling to avoid being strangled by an aggressive Eastern power. On the last stretch of the road, which is the most difficult and disease-infested, the women and girls came to the rescue of the men and saved the project from defeat. As one travels over the road, in the

most barren and desolate sections, he still sees the women and girls carrying their part of the load in keeping the road in repair and open to traffic.

4

IN CHUNGKING

We hoped in Chungking to contact Mr. Vaught, who was the chairman and director of the American Advisory Committee, the organization that administers all the Chinese relief funds for the Church Committee of United China Relief. To do relief work, it was advisable for us to work in co-operation with this committee, that overlapping of effort might be avoided. Again, it was necessary for us to get travel permits as we proceeded closer to the war area and the best place to get them was in Chungking. Here we had some Chinese friends rather high in the government who could help us get the best travel permits possible. As Chungking was also a center for a number of the large missions in West China it was opportune for us to contact their office secretaries and get the prospects and needs of the different localities. Our problem of money exchange would be best handled through Chungking, and Mr. Vaught would be of great help in this respect.

The scenery between Kweiyang and Chungking was much the same as along the Burma Road. Since Kweiyang is higher than Chungking, the general trend was down. On one mountain we went around thirty-one hairpin curves before we got down to fairly level road again. All along the road we saw *Tung Yu* trees growing, and after the first day there were many orange groves on the hillsides. Most of the fruit had been picked but one could buy it all along the road. There were many varieties, some almost seedless and very sweet, others tight-skinned and full of seeds. Practically all the ground was cultivated even up to the hilltops.

We arrived at the city of Chungking on Saturday, January 17, about 11:00 A. M., just one month after we had left Rangoon. It was cloudy and foggy and we could not even see across the river to the city as we approached; but later in the day the fog lifted and we could see more clearly. We crossed the river in the postal ferry and went on to the post office. The services on the postal truck that we rode from Kweiyang were very good. The drivers were careful and they stayed right at their task; they were up early and moving. The truck was in good repair and we had no motor trouble along the road. There were three passengers and one of us had to ride outside on the mail bags. It was a little chilly. The drivers and the postal employees were very polite to us all the way and we enjoyed riding with them.

The city of Chungking, the wartime capital of China, is not a pretty city and it is very difficult to get around in it. It is on a peninsula formed by the Yangtzu River and one of its tributaries, the Han. It is about one mile across the rocky mountain ridge which is the peninsula. Many of the streets crossing Chungking are nothing but steps. To get to the main street from our boarding place, the Canadian Mission Business Agency, we had to climb two hundred or more stone steps. The Agency's buildings are about two hundred feet above the low level of the river and have a very beautiful view of the river and the east bank across the river. Many residences and also some business centers are located on the east bank. Some of the mountains on this bank are as much as fifteen hundred feet above the bed of the river, and homes are built to the tops of them. There is one good thing about these hills and rocks: the city has dug air-raid shelters in them, making Chungking perhaps one of the best sheltered cities in the world. The city is honeycombed by these large air-raid shelters. Some in the outer stretches of the city are large enough to accommodate cars, trucks and buses.

We met many old Shansi friends in Chungking. Some of

them were of the Church of the Brethren mission and some were people who had attended our schools. Mr. Nan of Taiyuanfu was very helpful. He is a son of a very influential family, his father being one of Governor Yen's advisers before the war with Japan began. Mr. Nan took us around to see General Shang Chen, now a very close friend of the Generalissimo, and one who has much authority in the government. He formerly was a Shansi general and head of Shansi when Governor Yen was super-governor of several provinces in North China. General Shang Chen is a Christian. We knew him personally, and he knew many of our missionaries. When we got into his presence he chatted freely and we received much help from him in going north into the field we were wanting to work. He gave us a letter of introduction to Governor Li of Honan, which letter assisted in getting our work started there later. Mr. Nan, after leaving us, got in touch with some of our Shansi people and told them where we were staying. When we returned we found a card from Jung Chih Tung and Nieh Chih Hao, one from Ping Ting and the other from Liao. They had called when we were out, but Mr. Nieh came back and visited with us a short time later in the evening. One Monday evening we saw Dr. H. H. Kung; he was just recovering from an attack of typhoid fever, but he was kind enough to see us for a little while. As he lay in bed he inquired about a number of our mission people. We were finding many places to work and everyone was eager to help us on our way.

While we were in the city our Shansi friends had a feast for us and also invited the Eacots of the Salvation Army, who used to work in Taiyuanfu. We had a very good meal and the fellowship was excellent. Several days afterward Mrs. Jones, hostess of the Agency's boarding department, gave us permission to have a few of these friends of ours to a dinner. They visited after the evening meal and we learned much about conditions in and around our mission territory in Shansi. We also made acquaintances with a number of for-

eigners in Chungking who were of great aid to us later in our work. Here we met a few mission workers whom we had known in North China, who had also been driven out by the Japanese army. After getting our passes to go north, also letters of introduction to church and government leaders, we were ready to proceed. We traveled to Chengtu, a distance of around two hundred sixty-five miles, on a Central Trust truck, and soon were happily located in the home of Dr. Daniel Dye, dean of the department of science of the West China University. Having traveled with Dr. and Mrs. Dye over the Burma Road and having lived with them in Rangoon for several weeks we felt that we were at home. They lived on the campus of the university, which was at that time host to four other colleges from occupied China. The campus was a beehive of student life. We stopped here only long enough to get transportation on north to the field in which we hoped to work. Getting transportation was rather difficult for we were carrying large quantities of supplies. In Rangoon we had bought sugar and other kitchen supplies, weighing about two hundred pounds, and we had brought a box of Bibles and Testaments also, for these were very hard to get in free China. We could not carry these articles on a passenger bus or a mail truck, which hauled the largest number of people north.

5

FROM CHENGTU TO SIAN AND LOYANG

*On March 5 we secured passage on a China Industrial Co*operative truck, which was to carry us to Pao Chi, Shensi, about five hundred miles northeast of Chengtu. All our luggage was piled in the bottom of the truck. For the first sixty miles we traveled over the famous Chengtu plain. Most of this plain is irrigated, the irrigating system being one of the best and oldest in the world, antedating Christ. The people

claim that they never have a flood or a drought in this valley. They harvest three crops a year and are very prosperous. Tenant farming prevails. This makes the people self-centered, and they are not very open to new ideas or suggestions from the outside. They spend much time in tea shops gossiping and appear not to be much interested in world affairs. Even China's war does not seem to affect them very much. This isolationism makes the preaching of the gospel difficult, and one does not find many strong self-supporting churches in this section. The country folk just do not seem much interested in learning any new thing.

On both sides of the road crops were growing prolifically. Wheat was just coming into head. The vegetable oil plant was in full bloom, bearing a yellow blossom like the mustard bloom. Fields where some crops had been harvested were flooded, and now the farmer with his lubberly water buffalo was wading through the water and mud plowing the field in preparation for planting the rice sprouts. We saw many pale green beds of these sprouts ready for transplanting. On the ribbon of these flooded fields, and where the terraces slope to the lower fields, a bean crop was blooming. Here and there the white storks were hunting for their food; those close to the road would rise and fly away as the truck passed. Dotted all over this landscape were the thatch-roofed houses, the homes of the farmers, with clumps of bamboo growing all around the courtyard. At some homes they would break these bamboo about ten feet above the ground. Weaving the broken-off pieces among the stalks gave a green wall which was woven compactly enough to prevent chickens from creeping through. All this made a beautiful picture.

As we got closer to the mountains we saw large orange groves, but now all the fruit had been picked. As we went farther into the mountain area we passed along the old Imperial Highway from Peiping to Chengtu, the route over which the imperial messages were sent. On both sides of

this old highway, large cypress trees grew. Famous travelers of this route would each pick out a beautiful tree and place a tag on it. There was one marked by the Empress Dowager as she fled into Szechwan at the close of the Boxer uprising in 1900. Most of these trees were more than a thousand years old. Large sections had no other trees growing on the hills and mountains over which this road passed, but you could see this dark green ribbon passing over the knolls and through the valleys.

As we rode along this highway, we thought of the many important messages which passed over it, carried by men riding the fastest steeds in the country. I had to think of the story of Esther and the sending of messages to the outposts of the great Persian Empire during those early days. "And he wrote in the name of king Ahasuerus, and sealed it with the king's ring, and sent letters by posts on horseback, riding on swift steeds that were used in the king's service, bred of the stud" (Esther 8: 10). In the last years I have seen some of these urgent messages sent by the Chinese. From each of the top corners of an envelope, where it was sealed, a small chicken feather protruded, and that meant, I was told, that when started it should travel night and day, rain or shine, until it was in the hands of the one to whom it was addressed. When the letter was carried into a village where the messengers changed, it was given to the fastest walker or the man riding the fastest horse. No doubt many thousands of these imperial letters passed over this route to the far province of Szechwan in bygone days.

During the four days spent in getting to Pao Chi we passed over three mountain ranges. The road was very good, but several places very narrow. There was one section several miles long where cars could pass only at places built for passing. The last day before getting to Pao Chi we passed over a high range where there was still a great deal of snow on the high peaks. The greatest amount of traffic over this road is composed of rubber-tired carts drawn by men and

animals. Very frequently we passed forty to sixty carts heavily loaded with all kinds of merchandise destined for the northwest. Those going south were mostly loaded with cotton. Men-drawn carts were hauling empty oil drums to the great oil field in northwest Kansu. Some carts were hauling as many as fifty of these drums.

On getting to Pao Chi we had to go through customs inspection; each passenger had to open one piece, but the inspector was considerate and asked us to open one which had no ropes and was easy to get open. This routine was soon over. Securing several wheelbarrows, we took our luggage to the Y.M.C.A., where we lodged. The secretary, Mr. Tien, having been trained in Taiyuanfu, knew Minor Myers and E. L. Ikenberry. Our room was small and poorly furnished, but everything possible was done to make us comfortable.

Pao Chi is a thriving city, having grown to more than four times its former population in the last six years. More of the population live outside the walled city than inside. It is one of the main cities of the China Industrial Co-operatives, which has all departments of its work represented here. Thousands of refugees have dug caves into the loess cliffs, and now the co-operatives have organized these people and are using them in different places. Wool is bought, washed, and spun into thread, then woven into blankets or knit into useful garments. The co-operatives have a big cotton spinning and weaving department producing all kinds of cotton goods for the market. They also have a wholesale center and a few retail centers in this city and near-by cities, a banking department, a department to buy raw materials, and a transportation department which we very much appreciated having the use of in getting to Pao Chi. There is a school for all the children of the workers in the co-operatives, also a well-equipped hospital with a clinic for all the workers and their families. Most of the leaders at that time were refugees from the eastern provinces. This establishment was doing a fine piece of work and the goods they were producing were

aiding China at a most critical time in her cloth and clothing shortage.

On Wednesday, March 11, we arrived in Sian, Shensi, by train. It was a run of one hundred thirty miles from Pao Chi. We left Pao Chi in the morning about 7:00 o'clock and reached Sian about 4:00 P. M. We were not crowded in second-class until the last twenty-five miles. The first night we stayed at the English Baptist mission in the home of Reverend and Mrs. Gunn. The second day we moved over to the China Inland Mission compound, close to the west gate of the city. The hostel there was efficiently cared for by Reverend and Mrs. Arthur Nelson of Minnesota. The business department of the mission, as well as of some other missions, was in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Mortenson of Washington and California. They are of the Scandinavian Alliance Mission but are affiliated with the China Inland Mission. They have a very nice place and are vigorously pushing the evangelistic program. Theirs is the largest mission in Shensi.

We had learned in Chungking that some of our mission people were in Sian; after getting located and a little rested we started out to find them. Mr. Wu, who was a teacher in our boys' school at Liao, was working in the post office, and we called there to inquire. He was soon located and we set a time at which he and any other friends could come to our room to see us. That evening after his work hours, he, his wife and Mr. Chao Huai Te, of Tsinchou, called to see us. We had not seen them since the morning when the Japanese were marching on the city of Liao and they were fleeing before that army across the swollen river south of the city; Mr. Wu was leading his wife, who stumbled and fell in the current but was brought to her feet again by his strong arm. They and we had traveled far since then, over some very perilous roads. But now we chatted about old familiar circumstances and about people whom we both loved and wished we could help again. They told us of other Church of the Brethren people living in the city and the near-by vil-

lages. We made plans to contact these people and get to the work for which we had come to China. Several days after this we had these three young people take supper with us and again a pleasant evening was spent together. Mr. Wu had a good job but, with advancing prices, had a hard time getting along. Many friends, refugees from Shansi, passing through the city would stop with him a day or a week, then go on, giving no money for their stay. Mr. Chao was attending school, working for his college degree. The rising cost of living was affecting him. After investigation, a nice little scholarship was given him and he went back to his schoolwork happy. Before we left Sian Mr. and Mrs. Wu had us in their home for a *Pien Shih* feast. The food was made in the good old Liao style and we enjoyed the familiar tastes, which reminded us of many other feasts we had enjoyed in former years. We stayed in Sian only about two weeks, then went on to Loyang, the point from which we hoped to make our trip across the Yellow River into our own territory.

We bought second-class tickets for the first lap of our journey. The train left at midnight. We left most of our luggage in the China Inland Mission storage room, but still having more than we could carry we checked the heavier pieces. There being about three times as many people as could ride comfortably, it was a free scramble for all in trying to get on and get seats. Since the people who want to get on never wait until a train is unloaded, the getting on and the getting off proceed simultaneously, through the doors or windows—anyway to get through. We got on from the wrong side, closed the door on that side of the coach, lowered the floor door, put our baggage down, and sat on it. With these accommodations I slept a little during the night but was glad for a change when we got to our destination in the morning.

When we got to the stop where the train could not proceed in daylight, because of the Japanese fort across the

Yellow River, we took our baggage from the train and transferred to the bus or truck terminal. There trucks were waiting to carry us around the danger places. This distance was only a little more than forty miles but the ride was quite tiresome because of the way we were crowded. Each truck carried forty passengers besides luggage. The luggage was first placed in the bottom of the truck bed; then when the signal was given we climbed in and found seats as best we could. The Chinese passengers generally complained of my big feet and hard shoes, which took up so much room in the truck. The road was dusty and very rough. We were glad to reach Ling Pao where we could get the train again to complete our journey to Loyang. The Japanese had a fort across the river from Ling Pao and it was just a little too near the Japanese for me to be altogether comfortable. On inquiring at the station we found we could not go on that night. The trains arrive and leave Ling Pao only under cover of night; consequently we had to wait until the second night to get our tickets. We could not get on the train with all our luggage, for on third-class tickets no baggage was checked on that road.

On Wednesday, while we waited, the Japanese shelled the south bank of the river for a short time. Osee and I walked out of the city and up on a hill and watched them. They shot only twenty or thirty rounds but the exploding of the shells when landing made quite a disturbance. The Chinese seemed to have gotten used to this and they went about their work just as if nothing was happening.

Wednesday night we got our train. With the help of some Chinese soldiers we got a very good seat in a second-class coach, but there were five others in our four-passenger compartment. As the train pulled out, the conductor asked us if we would like to move up to first, where we could have a bed. At the next stop we moved to first and had the entire compartment to ourselves until about 9:00 o'clock the next morning. Both of us had a good night's rest. We arrived in Lo-

yang about 3:15 P. M. on Thursday, March 26. We had arrived at our journey's end, since the Pearl Harbor incident made it impossible to go on into our own territory in Shansi. We had been a little over six months on the road. The road was long and hard but every one on whom we had depended for assistance had been kind and thoughtful of us. The Chinese-trained men and officials, who have many things to strain and vex them, had been very helpful all along the road. If I could only be as patient and considerate of others as they were, perhaps I could get more done each day.

Our task now was deciding where we could work. All the way from Wang Ping to Loyang we had found different places appealing for workers. We had hoped, when we left our homes, that we could get back close to our territory, or perhaps in the mountain sections of it, and live and work there among our people. But, as we got closer to Shansi, going into the province began to look too dangerous for no more good than we might accomplish. The risk of involving our church people and missionaries under Japanese control was too great.

6

SEARCH FOR A FIELD OF WORK

Our task was not to find something to do but to find where we could be of most use to the home church and the Chinese people. We were carrying letters of introduction to Governor Li and two military postal men of the Loyang vicinity. Our first responsibility was to see these men and get their reaction regarding our going across the Yellow River and getting closer to our territory. On Wednesday afternoon, March 30, we visited the governor and placed our problem before him. He told us that his men could get us across the river, that the road was open. But he added that the Japa-

nese spies would be sure to find out we were traveling in that territory and they would make efforts to capture us, and he could not guarantee that his men could protect us in those outposts. He advised us not to attempt the journey. After seeing the military postal men, who were of the same opinion as was the governor, and after talking to the missionaries of the Lutheran and Swedish missions at Loyang, we decided that Shansi was out of the question.

There was much need around Loyang. Students coming out of occupied China often got no farther than across the line before all money was used up or taken from them as they crossed the line, leaving them stranded here at Loyang. Villages and cities were full of poor refugees who had fled and did not want to go far interior, hoping to get back to their homes when the enemy was driven out of China. They were in need of relief or help to get useful occupations. About one million people were driven out of their homes when the dikes of the Yellow River were broken, and most of these people located not very far behind the Chinese lines.

At Loyang we stayed with Reverend and Mrs. Aspburg of the Swedish Mission affiliated with the China Inland Mission; they were living in the east suburb, in a house belonging to the American Lutheran mission. Their property in the city had been badly damaged by bombing and they had moved in order to get away from the severest of the bombings. The city had been bombed over one hundred times, and at one time as many as five hundred bombs were dropped in one day. Reverend Hanson, the senior missionary of the Lutheran mission, has his hands full in looking after the hospital accounts and caring for the evangelistic program of several counties. The Chinese church has many good helpers, men and women who are faithful to their Lord and the church. Honan was the best field for active church work in all the provinces we visited; churches were crowded, and the Chinese leadership was capable and consecrated.

On April 2 Osee and I visited Sinan Hsien where Miss Pat-

terson, of the Swedish Mission, was running an orphanage. She had one hundred sixty children and her staff, but with no funds coming from her home country for this work she was very hard pressed to make ends meet. The orphanage was conducting a school and allowed students to come from the city as day-students. They had over two hundred in their school. Each of the orphans was taught a trade. We gave the orphanage two thousand dollars and some of the medicines we had taken with us. Miss Patterson was doing a splendid work and her work needed more financial help. The school was held in great caves dug back into the mountain at the edge of the city, and during air-raid alarms the school-work went on as if nothing was happening.

On our return to Loyang, Reverend Aspburg told us that many refugees from the Honan flooded area had fled into Sung County and were in need of help. We hired two made-over rickshas and went to Sung Hsien to investigate relief needs there. It is forty miles almost due south of Loyang. It was not a question of people starving to death, but they needed to be given work to do in order to help their living conditions. We went up the Yi River, which has its source in the mountains to the south and southwest of Loyang. The Yi valley was very beautiful, the wheat which covered most of the irrigated land being just about ready to come into the head.

At Sung Hsien we visited the hospital and the school of Honan University, where nurses and doctors are being trained to serve the sick of China. The staff was made up of returned students from Europe and men who had been trained in the P.U.M.C. at Peiping. They were doing their classwork under great handicap, but so far as we could see they were doing excellent work. They had repaired an old temple and were using those old buildings for the school-work. The wards were located in other places in the city. We gave some funds to care for the poor refugees and for maternity cases to be taken care of without charge. We also

gave them some of the medicine which we had brought along. The majority of the students were from Japanese-occupied territory and practically every one had financial problems. They were being helped by Mr. Lyman Hoover, of the Y.M.C.A., who was administering the student-aid funds of the United China Relief. This student help also went to many others in other departments of Honan University.

The funniest incident on this trip occurred one night when we were sleeping in the guest room at the church in the city. After retiring, about midnight, we heard rats or mice getting into our things. I got up to see what they were doing and the first thing I discovered missing was a partial plate of teeth I had had made a few months before. I had laid the teeth with some other things on a towel on the table. The rats had gotten them and carried them about halfway across the room close to my bed. I am glad I got up when I did, for before much longer, they would, perhaps, have had them down a hole in the wall. What they wanted with my three-hundred-dollar Chinese teeth was more than I could figure out.

On our return to Loyang we took the train back to Ling Pao on April 10 and from there went twelve miles south into the country to investigate relief needs and visit a church retreat. Our best mode of travel this time was wheelbarrow, which cost us twenty-two dollars each, we walking all the way. We arrived about 1:00 P. M. and soon were invited to a Christian's home for a real Chinese dinner. After our long walk the food tasted exceptionally good. The Bible class was well attended and the spirit was excellent. The Chinese evangelist was very poorly paid, and, with rising prices, was discouraged as to how to make his salary feed and clothe his wife, his four children and himself. The foreign worker knew it was not enough but had no more funds to help out.

On the fourteenth we left Chu Chow for Wen Hsiang County, twenty miles northwest of Chu Chow. Wen Hsiang

city is located on the Yellow River and is fortified very well. Mr. Bergquist, of the Swedish Mission, went along with us and we walked all the way. We had two wheelbarrows to carry our luggage. We had also ordered two donkeys which we were to take turns riding, but when they did not arrive, we went on. We arrived at Wen Hsiang at just about sundown, tired and ready for a good supper and a night's rest. After supper our air mattresses furnished good beds to rest on and we had a good sleep. The next day we spent investigating the condition of the refugees of that section. We found many people living very poorly who would have been glad to have work to do. We organized a committee to buy some cotton and give it to these poor people, who were to spin it into thread and then receive pay for their work when they returned the thread.

We followed this plan in a number of places, working in each case through the local church group. Many people were helped in this quiet way to add more food to their daily rations. We found some of the women spinning for a company which was paying only four dollars for one and a third pound of thread spun; they could spin only one fourth of a pound per day, thus making only one dollar. Very poor food cost two to four dollars per day at that time. The relief problem at that place was not the scarcity but the high cost of food. A large number of people had no work and consequently no money with which to buy food. We found several refugee families, Christians, living in dugouts at the railroad station. The young men had carts and wheelbarrows to do hauling and the women folks prepared food and drink to sell to the passengers on the train as it stopped twice a day. This way these families were making a living.

One day, after the Bible classes were over, Osee and I walked east of the city to the top of a very high loess cliff overlooking the river. There we sat as the sun was sinking over the hills and we looked north into Shansi. To us it

was the promised land, but between us and that promised land were the turbulent Yellow River and the Japanese soldiers on its other bank. To the Japanese soldier it was not a promised land but he had to stay there by order of Tokyo. With a sigh we got up and walked back to our supper, wondering when again the door would be open for us to get back to the work which we love so much to do. We decided that if we could not get into our field by fall we would consider doing work relief in this field. The mission working this territory had invited us to work here. The Bible class was well attended, more than one hundred each day. Twelve were baptized on Sunday evening.

That evening we took the train back to Sian. This train carried people over part of this forty-mile section of road which is in range of the Japanese guns across the river. It always makes this run at night and is often shot at. We bought first-class tickets and that gave us the right to ride in the armored car. Because there were no seats we placed our baggage on the floor and sat on it. Several stations from Tung Kuan we passed the train coming from the west; it had been shot at two times. Since our course was downhill along the most dangerous part of the road, the train just coasted and we got through without any excitement. We got to bed at 2:00 A. M. and slept until the sun was up.

We went to the county official to see if we could see Mr. Nieh Chih Kang, who had been a teacher and evangelist for our mission; he had gotten into trouble and had been put in prison. Before we got there he had had his trial, was found not guilty, and was released. We visited places where refugees were housed and found needs much the same as in other sections visited. At six o'clock in the evening we boarded the train for Sian and got to the China Inland Mission compound at four o'clock in the morning. After a little rest we were up for breakfast at 7:30. We were hoping for some mail from America but there was none.

One day I was going to see Mr. Hall of the Y.M.C.A. Just

as I got near the center of the city the air-raid alarm sounded. Being nearest to the south gate, I went with the crowds out through that gate into the country. The street was crowded with vehicles of every description and on the sidewalks were people walking fast. When I got to the city gate, I hesitated for a while, undecided whether to go through or not, but I finally ventured, following a truck. Trucks and big carts surged along with the people on foot. One truck stalled and blocked most of the road for a while. The people behind pushed the truck on through the gate. Just as we got through, the emergency sounded and then all steps were quickened. The country roads, paths, graveyards and shaded places were covered with people. The majority of the population of the city (300,000 to 400,000) evacuate the city in case of an air-raid alarm. As I looked closer I saw that most of the people were sitting by holes dug into the loess banks or in the walls. They reminded me of prairie dogs ready to scamper into holes whenever danger comes too close. This alarm lasted four hours and all business was stopped in the city during that period.

On April 23, early in the morning before breakfast, while I was shaving, someone called from the yard that there was a cablegram for me. I received it trembling. I had had no mail from home written since the Pearl Harbor incident and most cables I ever received told of sad news. As I opened it I was glad to read, "All well. Your letters and radiograms all come. Sorry my letters fail. Enjoyed Sara's visit. Elizabeth Wampler." These were not many words but they told me much that I was very anxious to know. I could then write with more enthusiasm since I knew my letters were going through. But the next letter I sent, via air mail, arrived in Greenville two years and three months after I mailed it. In it I said, "I can write this letter with a little more enthusiasm, thinking you will get to read it before it gets too old."

Our next tour of inspection was along the west bank of the

Yellow River. Northward about one hundred miles, from the point where it turns east, we visited three or four counties, investigating the conditions of the refugees in all these centers. There was a large county in which the government was giving land to people who had fled before the Japanese army, but we did not have the proper passes to get into that territory. However, we found plenty of other places where there was need. We went by rail to Wei Nan and from there took a Chinese mule cart to Pu Cheng, forty miles north of the railroad. Our cart cost us one hundred twenty dollars Chinese money, or three dollars per mile. Because we had just had a heavy rain and the road was heavy it took part of two days to make the trip. As we traveled over the plain we observed that most of the land was planted in wheat and that it was in excellent condition. This good rain would help it fill well.

Since there were not many very poor people at Pu Cheng, after a few days at that center we went northeast to Ho Yang, a small city not far from the Yellow River, the border of the military zone. We found it difficult, without a military pass, to get to several places we wanted to visit. There was one section, though, where help was requested by the county official, who came to see us and asked us to investigate the needs there. It was a small county by the Yellow River, a flood ground at times, named Ping Min Hsien. The government had relocated thousands of refugee families on this land, but it did not have funds to buy the necessary equipment for them. We were invited to go in and help these people. This help was wanted by the government officials and they willingly gave us permission to preach and put on a program of evangelism.

The mission work in these counties was in a very healthy state. This is also Swedish Mission territory but the foreign staff was very low at that time. Ho Yang was having very interesting meetings and the Chinese church workers were taking hold in a remarkable way although their funds

from the home church in Sweden were very limited. Other places also reported much progress with the Chinese getting under the load, carrying nearly all of both the school and the evangelistic program. The Chinese workers were not being paid as much as when they worked for the mission; yet they seemed happy and the work was advancing much more satisfactorily than before.

On our southward journey homeward we stopped one night at Tali, a thriving city. The wheat harvest was beginning. It seemed to us that there was not much need of relief even among refugees in this section, but that the evangelistic needs were many.

7

CALL FROM THE AMERICAN ADVISORY COMMITTEE

While I was at Pu Cheng I received a wire and later a letter from Mr. Hall of the Y.M.C.A., who was the northwest adviser to the American Advisory Committee in Chungking. His letter contained a letter from Mr. Vaught, chairman and director of this committee, asking me to act as their field supervisor in China. Mr. Vaught told me that they were hoping to get another field supervisor and he could not tell me where my field would be, but if I could take up this work I should return to Chungking, get acquainted with the work, and then travel to investigate the needs.

On my return to Sian I talked with Mr. Hall. Osee and I talked and prayed over this suggested work and were inclined to take it. Mr. Hall described a little more fully what they were wanting in this worker and when I went back and talked with Osee I decided to take up the work if the General Mission Board would give their consent. We were still hoping the group of ten young men would get out to China to do health and relief work, and since the cost of

travel and food was rising very rapidly we felt that if one of us were in this work we could perhaps be of more help in directing the efforts of our own church group in finding the place of most need. If these young men did a good piece of work, the committee at Chungking would perhaps furnish some funds. On May 24 I sent a wire to Mr. Vaught telling him that I was willing to act as their field supervisor if the Mission Board consented to it. He was to contact the board. I sent Mr. Vaught a letter and also sent one to the secretary of our board, Leland Brubaker, but I knew it would be some time before I could receive word from our board.

Here let me quote from a letter written to my wife just after I sent my wire to Mr. Vaught. "I have been asked by the American Advisory Committee to take up the work of field supervisor. I sent them a wire saying I would do so if the Mission Board gave their approval. If I take up that work I will have to go to Chungking for my headquarters and work all over free China. We have talked it over, Osee and I, and we think since we cannot get back into Shansi now, and with the hope of some of the boys getting out here to help Osee, I will be able to serve the relief cause better by being with that committee than by us working alone. They are the recognized relief organ from America and that will add greatly to our program if I can serve them along with our program. We are finding many relief needs but many of the most urgent are close to the lines and we, as yet, do not have the proper passes to go freely into those sections. As we go along we are learning how to proceed, but if we connect up with the Chungking committee our requests will be more readily listened to. This arrangement will also speed up the giving of passes to enter these sections."

While I was waiting to get the reaction of our board, Osee and I kept busy investigating and aiding small work relief projects in and around Sian. One Sunday morning we went to worship with the staff and the orphans of the Sincerity

Industrial Orphanage, run by Reverend Ma of Nanking. It was a very nice service with a great deal of good singing. We visited the work department during the weekdays, saw the children at work, and were favorably impressed with the high standard of work and the sanitary conditions of their rooms. For thirty years the orphanage has been run on the faith that funds will come in to take care of all expenses. They lost all their equipment when they fled from Nanking.

The rains, which hindered the wheat harvest, started early but let up enough to allow the farmers to harvest. Some wheat was reported to have sprouted and been somewhat spoiled.

The last week of May and the first four days of June were very good days for me. I received seven letters from Elizabeth in that time. I also had letters from my daughter, Sara Anna, one from Joseph, two from Gene, and one from Sister Fannie. We had several letters from our church people in the Liao-Tsinchou section, telling that some of the evangelists were having a hard time getting along. We had information that the military post office would take funds and transmit them to people in that territory. On further inquiry we found that this office was located four miles south of the city. It would take a day to go out and back. One morning right after breakfast we started for this village. We had a little trouble in finding the proper department but when we found it we were able to get the blanks to fill out for the transmitting of this money. The postmaster gave us the name and the address of a man in the city who would receive our money and give us a receipt. The fee charged was only twenty dollars for sending two thousand dollars to our workers there. This road was closed later and we could not send the second time. Out at the military post-office headquarters we saw two Liao people, one a member of the church, the other the boy who used to carry our mail to our homes there. We were happy to see them and visit with them again. They gave us news about Liao and vicinity which we had not

known before. They had reports direct from the post office in the hills out from Liao. A Japanese raid into the Ma Tien section resulted in the burning of twenty or more villages with five to seven thousand civilians being killed. A typhoid fever epidemic followed this raid, causing the death of more than one thousand others. One of our evangelists lost one of his sons at this time and quite likely it was from this disease. This occurred during the spring and summer of 1941.

One day we were visited by a group of thirty or more high school children. They were all Liao County children and were taught by a young man whom we knew quite well. He lived south of Liao ten miles and had been in our homes there. We were glad to see these young people and encouraged them to press on in their schoolwork and be prepared to go back into their home communities later and help build up those devastated places.

One of the deacons of the China Inland Mission of Sian came seeking funds to start a cotton spinning and stocking knitting training school. Besides investigating the buildings where the work would be carried on, we went outside the north gate of the city and saw hundreds of refugees who needed work. After talking with American members of the mission and also with people at the Y.M.C.A., we decided to give five thousand dollars Chinese currency for the starting of this work. Some spinning wheels had to be made and one or two stocking knitting machines bought. Twenty women and girls were in each shift of learners. When they could spin well they were sent home. If they wanted to spin for us we would buy their thread, but if they wanted to work for other concerns who were buying thread we released them from working for us. The stockings when knit had a ready market. When we started this work we asked that the mission largely supervise it; accordingly, Reverend Renvold of the Danish Mission, affiliated with China Inland Mission of North Shansi, who had been driven out of his field, took over the supervision of it. Later the Shansi Provincial

Relief Committee gave more funds, which permitted its expansion.

We gave two thousand dollars for building a road or, rather, a better path, up a mountain ravine; this aided more than one hundred families in getting their supplies out to market. This was supervised by one of the Scandinavian Alliance missionaries, and every dollar went into actual road construction. Later we visited this mountain trail and saw the men and animals carrying their heavy loads over this improved path.

Some money was given to aid students. One daily vacation Bible school for refugee children was started by ladies of the Y.W.C.A. and later grew into four schools. We gave some of the money to carry on these activities. Taking care of all this work and investigating these needs kept us busy during the summer months when rains and heat slacken the vigorous programs of both relief and evangelism.

The last week of June and the first of July we went to a mountain resort to get away from the heat of the city for a few days and nights. Out there I wrote about the beauty of the landscape. Let me quote from my diary. "In the cool of this evening shade, I sit here on a very high projection out from the main mountain looking out over the valley of Sian. The mountains here are very rugged. From the main range, which is more than seven or eight miles from the plain, rugged branch ranges project out toward the plain, and these, in turn, have smaller spurs jutting out into the deep ravines that separate these smaller mountains. These are very steep but are covered with grass, small vines, and brush, except where some mountain farmer has cleared a little plot that is fairly level. Here he plants his small patch of corn, beans, or potatoes. The vegetation varies in color from very dark green to a pale green. Wild grape vines cover some places and make the foliage very heavy. Along streams and moist places, bamboo groves grow very thick and give a pale green tint to the landscape. There is a small stream seven or

eight hundred feet below me, and only about four or five hundred feet over. I am sitting near a precipice; the skyline of the mountains south reminds me of the jaw teeth of a large horse or ox. This summer resort is not very good for swimming and games but is most ideal for mountain climbing. Without going far, you can be challenged by one peak after another, higher and higher, and from many of them you have lovely views of the plain, dotted with its villages and cities, with its different shades of cultivated fields. Some of these peaks go to rocky points which have only a few square yards on which the climber may stand. Sunday morning, June 28, Osee and I started to investigate the peaks back of our tent, and, when we got on one, saw another one higher, and having a fairly good path we went on and on. It took all forenoon and we had a most interesting climb. The mountainside was covered with wild flowers of every description, yellow lilies, wild roses and phlox. The lilies were the most plentiful; sections of the mountainside were yellow with their bloom. The view of the plain from these peaks is very beautiful and interesting. Rivers and small streams wind through the valley, joining the large Wei River about forty miles away. This resort has many birds with varied song calls which are heard in the evening and morning. At break of day it is one constant babble of notes from their joyful throats as they perch on bush or rock by the rippling water streams. It is a good place to rest, not many activities—you have time to read and meditate."

On July 6 we returned to the city of Sian, and a few days after that a wire came from Mr. Vaught saying my board had given their consent for me to do relief work for the American Advisory Committee and asking me to go to Chungking as soon as I could make arrangements. A few days later a wire came from Leland Brubaker giving the Mission Board's permission. Not knowing just where I would work, I took clothing so that I could stay at Chungking some time if necessary.

8

SENT TO HONAN

In making plans to get back to Chungking I had the help of Mr. Hall of the Y.M.C.A., who contacted the provincial heads of the postal trucks and also the manager of the Bank of China to gain permission for me to ride on a truck operated by one of these two concerns. When I got to Pao Chi everything was planned for me to get away at once on one of the postal trucks, which made Chengtu in four days. There is a law, however, to protect the passenger buses, which does not allow anyone to ride the postal truck when the passenger bus has room to accommodate all passengers. The passenger bus sells tickets only when there is a vacant seat for the passenger. Having several seats vacant on their bus for the day I was to leave Pao Chi, the company officials would not give their permission for me to ride the postal truck. I bought seat number 13 on their bus. They promised they would get me there in four days, just the same as the postal truck would do.

When I went to the station in the morning I found we had a regular rattletrap to ride in; it had no lights and everything had the appearance of being likely to fall to pieces soon. The seat assigned to me was just over the back wheels; one spring had worked through the upholstering in the back and protruded through all padding and cloth and dug into my back as we rode along. Twenty-four tickets were sold for a bus the size of a sixteen-passenger bus in the States. We started out on time by pushing the bus to get it started. After a long time it started, but we had gotten no farther than one mile away from the station until it had to be repaired. The fuel was not feeding properly. We tried it again, got across the river about three miles from the city, and there stopped. The fuel tank was removed and patched,

and after a four-hour stop we were on the road again. After getting through the inspection of the passengers and the driver's papers, we proceeded only a few hundred yards until three other passengers got on, sitting any place, piling their baggage over our feet, and making our crowded condition much worse. This was one way the driver had of making more money than the company paid him. Before we came to each inspection station these three extra passengers would have to get out; they would walk past it and then get in again after we were safely out of sight of the inspectors. We made only about half of our first day's distance the first day.

During the night we had rain which cooled off the atmosphere. The road was not muddy or dusty. Driving over the mountains was pleasant. In two days we made what we ought to have made the first day. I, of course, was "crusty," for I was riding this truck under protest, and every time a postal truck would whiz past us I would say to myself, "What an opportunity you missed by not going with them."

The morning of the third day we were ordered to get out early so that we could get to our next stop early in the day. When I got to our bus, the whole gear box was opened and parts were lying around; the mechanic was standing there looking as if he did not know what to do. We will have to take off our hats to the Chinese mechanic who can repair cars by taking parts from other worn-out cars, even if they are not of the same make, putting them together and making them go. By nine o'clock he had everything put together and we were on the road again, making thirty miles an hour. All thought we would make our destination before sundown. But by midafternoon the bus driver began to stop quite frequently to drink tea. The day was hot, but he spent more time than was necessary. The mechanic found many loose nuts that needed fastening. Becoming impatient at this "fooling around," I asked the driver why he was not trying to get us to our destination before late at night. This made the driver angry, and the situation became worse rather than

better. Now, even the wheels got hot and had to have water carried from the rice fields to be thrown on them.

About two hours before sundown, when we were about thirty miles from Kuan Yuan, the driver and the mechanic wanted to stop for the night but all the passengers wanted to go on. We all knew they could make it if they wanted to. When asked by several of the passengers what I wanted to do I said I would stay wherever the bus stopped. Then they made up a purse of five dollars per passenger for the driver to take us in yet that day. This gave him and the mechanic a little over one hundred dollars, which had a magic effect on that machine. We say in America that money talks; it does in China, too. After this all the bolts stayed tight, the oil flowed perfectly, the wheels kept cool—and so did I—and the driver got on good terms with me again and would joke with me. Several Chinese businessmen in the bus whispered to me that I didn't understand the Chinese and I should let them handle the driver. That was their method; mine would have been to report him to the company for carrying passengers unlawfully.

On account of rain I had to stay at Kuan Yuan two days but I was very comfortably located in the China Inland Mission's quarters in that city. The engine of the bus in which we rode from here on seemed to be very good, but the body was of very poor material. We had to be ferried across the river and after getting across all took their seats; but the engine would not start. The passengers got out and pushed. We had to push it for at least one third of a mile, even past the inspection office, but we jokingly went on. Going downhill, we picked up speed and the engine started after getting over a little knoll; and after that it went very well. The body did not seem to be fastened very securely to the frame, and as we went around curves it would swing two or three inches off plumb and then adjust itself again on the straight sections of the road. We had a rather heavy load of luggage on top and this made the body swerve more. Several of the

small boards of the body fell off as we traveled over rough places in the road. The big surprise to me was that with the poor start of the first morning we made the remaining part of the distance to Chengtu in two days, getting in at sundown. We had been in a very heavy rain and all my baggage on top got wet. I stayed with the Slocums of the Baptist Mission on the university compound. Mr. Slocum was a teacher of science in Nanking University, now located on the West China University campus.

After a few days' stop in Chengtu I bought a ticket for Chungking. I had written Mr. Vaught of my coming, and when I arrived at the Canadian Mission Business Agency's headquarters and asked for a room, Mrs. Jones replied, "Yes, we have a room for you. We are crowded and I hope you don't mind being put in with another roomer, Mr. James Hunter." I certainly did not mind, for he is an old friend of mine. He had gotten in from the States only a few days before, by way of India. I had last seen him at Tung Chou when we were forced out of interior China. Later, Mr. William H. Mitchell, of the Canadian Mission of northern Honan, roomed with us. Mr. Mitchell, like himself, was taking up work for the American Advisory Committee, and Mr. Hunter was getting permission for part-time work with the committee. So we talked over our new jobs together.

I stayed in Mr. Vaught's home for two full days and three nights. While he was in the city he turned over to me the correspondence which he had had concerning the relief work and I acquainted myself with the problems of those appealing for funds as they were portrayed in these letters. Only a few days after I arrived in Chungking, there was a committee meeting and I met most of the members of the American Advisory Committee. Mr. Dwight Edwards and Mr. Fitch were acquaintances of mine. Soon Mr. Vaught told me he thought of sending me back into the northwest, and the way requests were coming in, it seemed very likely that most of my time would be spent in Honan province. The rest of

my time in Chungking was spent in getting details about what the committee was doing in Honan and reports of the lines of work they were promoting. Mr. Fan, head of the committee for Christian service to wounded soldiers in transit, was seen and I made application for a travel pass for Honan, Shensi and Kansu provinces. This was secured from the military *Yuan* and bore the signature of the Generalissimo. Of course this was of untold value to me in all my travels. We three men also had cards printed showing our position as field supervisors for the relief committee.

During my stay in Chungking the weather was hot and dry. One perspired all the time, night and day. While there I sent two letters to Elizabeth and two to Leland Brubaker and received several from home, also.

I was glad to secure a reservation on a bus for August 13 and start my journey back north. This time our bus was poor, we had tire trouble, and it took us three days to get to Chengtu. I did not stay long in Chengtu. From there I rode on a postal truck; but since it could not take all my baggage I had to send the suitcase containing all my good clothing by parcel post. I had a very good trip, made each stage of the four days' journey on schedule, except one day when we had rain for an hour or two. The roads were very good.

The first two days all along the way we saw the farmers harvesting their rice. At some places it was practically all gathered and at other places they were just starting the harvesting. They cut the grain by hand with small sickles. To thresh it, they beat it over lattice work fitted into one end of a very large wooden box. At the other three sides the box has mats about six feet high to keep the grain from flying out of the box. Two men take large handfuls of rice straw at the butts and beat the heads over this lattice work in the box with a drawing motion to pull all grains out of the heads. The two beaters rhythmically beat each handful four or five times, or until all heads are clean of grain. The rice is taken from this box and spread on large drying mats for

husking. The roadside is used at many places for this drying.

Arriving at Pao Chi, I went to the Free Methodist compound to stay. They had a good bed for me and I had an excellent rest. The next morning I went to the post office and inquired about my baggage, but it had not come through. I waited two days and still it did not come. When one is wanting to travel in a hurry he seems to hit problems at one place if not at the other. However, since I was quite sore and tired when I arrived, the forced delay was perhaps a blessing in disguise. While I was waiting at Pao Chi, a critical flood in Ping Min County was reported and I was asked to go there and investigate the needs. I delayed my decision until I got to Sian. After three days I left Pao Chi for Sian without my suitcase. When I got there, mail and a few telegrams were waiting for me. Some were wanting me to go to Ping Min County, but Mr. Vaught's wire and letter asked me to proceed to Honan as soon as possible. Reports he had received from there seemed to indicate that a major famine was starting and the committee did not want to grant any more funds for that field until I could report on conditions. While in Sian I helped organize a relief committee for Shensi province and a subcommittee for Ping Min County. The general committee would look after the refugees now pouring into Shensi from Honan, and the subcommittee would take care of the flood victims of Ping Min County. On the subcommittee there were two members who were officers in the China Industrial Co-operatives; they hoped to use part of the funds given to start work co-operatives whereby the local villagers could largely get back on their feet. The flood victims were refugees who had left their homes in front of the advancing Japanese army; though thrifty they had not accumulated very much in the few years they had been tilling this land. Other committee members went to Ping Min County to investigate and start the work on a larger scale there.

I left Sian on September 6 in company with Osee and Mr.

Nieh. My suitcase as yet had not arrived. We proceeded as usual, taking the train to where the road is impassible by day, the truck around this forty-mile break, and the train again to finish our journey to Loyang. We stopped one day at Ling Pao, the traditional home and birthplace of Lao Tzu, and gave some more of our church funds for relief to transients and also to help a few women in spinning cotton thread. We arrived in Loyang in a big rain on the ninth of the month.

9

FIGHTING THE FAMINE

*China, with her great population and poor or slow transpor*tation, has been subjected to many local famines. Some have been very severe, with thousands starving to death, while others have affected only small areas and caused but few people to starve. Since even under normal conditions China does not produce much more than she needs to feed her people, whenever drought, flood or war comes the people suffer. She has, however, during the good years placed in granaries the surplus food; then when drought comes these storehouses are opened. By this method, experts claim, any section can go through two years of poor harvest in succession before conditions become serious and famine prevails. These storehouses do two things for the people who need food. They keep down the price of grain by placing the reserve on the market when grain becomes scarce, thus forcing the grain hoarder to sell at stored-grain prices or not sell. They also give the people a large supply at times when the common family otherwise has only a small supply.

The Honan famine section we could work was not large, only about two hundred miles long by one hundred miles wide, but the need there was most severe. The famine was not caused altogether by drought, but that played a little

part. In the spring of 1942 they had about a fifty-per-cent wheat crop all over the territory, and in some very small areas only a thirty-per-cent crop. A number of factors brought on one of the worst famines China ever experienced: an autumn failure of all crops; the closeness of the territory to the battle line; the Japanese raid into part of that territory the year before, in which all surplus grain was destroyed and many villages burned; the breaking of the Yellow River dikes, flooding great portions of the rich valleys of Honan, driving out thousands of farmers who had settled just back of the battle line, the great number of Chinese soldiers stationed along the rim of this partial-failure area. The famine came on very suddenly, and was really a famine blitz.

Old, experienced relief workers, representing both the government and the church, hardly got started until the need was so stupendous that some felt nothing could be done to cope with it. Helping some to move out and get away from this slow death was all that could be done. There was no plan as to where to send them or how to care for them when they arrived at places where more food was available. The wheat crop was largely used up for tax payments and for food for the soldiers guarding against the Japanese. Only the autumn crops were left for the common people, and when these failed the situation was desperate. I was in some of the territory in April and no one was thinking or talking of famine; but six months later when I returned, thousands of people were fleeing and a great number of trees had all the leaves and bark eaten off. In the forty or fifty counties affected, the Church Committee had only one relief committee and it was organized to take care of refugees from occupied territory. When I went into this territory, my first job was to help organize the church workers into committees and assign counties in which they would function in administering relief. It was necessary also to learn as accurately as possible the needs of the different areas, but soon we found, by going to the government of each of the counties,

that we could not meet nearly all the needs but would have to take some of these sufferers and try to save them and then allow the others to flee or starve. Our staff of workers and the funds at hand were not sufficient to help all.

We worked with the government and other relief agencies, trying not to overlap. The government, heavily burdened by the war effort, was slower than we were in getting relief machinery going, but by late winter and spring it helped more than any other agency did. The Buddhist Society for Relief started several orphanages and fed large groups of people in each community; however, they helped only the local people. At Loyang, in the spring of 1943, the Buddhist Society fed more than six thousand people for a period of three months. When I visited their camp, they were giving the people very good food, and I judge it cost them as much as $150.00 Chinese currency per month to give each person one meal a day.

After organizing the relief committee at Loyang, we had representatives from the Lutheran, Canadian Anglican, Swedish and Catholic missions, one Chinese and one foreigner from each mission. Requests were sent to Chungking for funds and the committee got busy as to places of most need while I went on to Chengchou to investigate their need and work with that committee. Osee and Mr. Nieh traveled with me as far as Chengchou. During our visit there, seeing their great need, Osee decided to stay at that place and help work the country field. Some of the worst famine territory was at Chengchou and in the surrounding counties. The Japanese had raided this territory just one year before and had burned great parts of the city. Business and work were at a standstill. It was a skeleton city. At the time of the Marco Polo bridge incident it was a city of about one hundred sixty thousand people. It enjoyed a thriving business, being the junction of the Ping Han railroad running north and south, and the Lung Hai running east and west. Now there were about twenty thousand people living in the city,

and most of these were soldiers or refugees. All large stores had closed and what businesses were open were mostly street shops selling food and stores with a few articles of wearing apparel.

Several sessions with the committee were held and plans were laid for enlarging their work. Requests were sent to Chungking for increased funds for helping the eight county districts for which they assumed responsibility.

Reverend Ashcraft, of the Chengchou committee, and I traveled south from Chengchou to Hsuchou, a distance of sixty miles. At that place the road was sandy and even walking was difficult, but by traveling early and late we made the trip in two days. This place was the main station of the Augustana Lutheran Mission. Several years before this they had a relief committee here, but it needed reorganization. They called the old committee together and we listened to their needs and suggested territory which they should work. First, they took in a rather large territory but later it was cut down and a few of the counties were worked by other committees formed at other sections of the famine area.

From Hsuchou Reverend Ashcraft returned home and I traveled on south forty miles to Lo Ho or Yincheng, where the American Advisory Committee thought a committee was needed. They had sent to Chungking requests for starting an orphanage. Funds had been sent and I went largely to investigate that situation. When I arrived, the largest mission group in that area, the China Inland Mission, was having a conference. Many of the missionaries were present, and from them we could get firsthand information about the needs of the counties they were working. They felt that because of the problems of securing grain and the threat of invasion it was best not to open the orphanage, but were willing to use some of their time and allow the Chinese mission workers to use time in administering general relief. A committee was organized with the China Inland Mission, the Seventh Day Adventists and Chinese businessmen taking

part. They sent in a request for one hundred thousand dollars Chinese currency with which to start the work in the nine counties which this committee would supervise.

From Lo Ho I returned to Loyang, using seven days for the trip. A wire and a letter came from Mr. Vaught asking me to go to Linru County to contact people there who were wanting to start relief work. I was in Loyang only a few days, then went by charcoal bus to Linru. It is only about seventy miles from Loyang but it took us all day to travel that distance. On my arrival Doctor Carlson telephoned to representatives in Lushan, forty miles away, and in the late afternoon of the second day we had representatives in the doctors' home, talking over the formation of a relief committee. A skeleton committee was formed. It was made up of young men—one Catholic priest and two young Lutheran missionaries of different branches of that church. They at first wanted to do some work relief, but the program of well digging and irrigation never developed because other urgent needs hindered the using of funds for this work. They were to work four counties in which the drought had been very severe.

This month of committee work and organization resulted in the forming of five committees definitely administering funds in forty-two counties. These committees requested more than one million dollars Chinese currency to start their work. On my return to Loyang I sent a telegram and wrote a report of the needs of the entire field. I had sent short reports from each place I visited, but now we could look at the entire problem. Counties with populations of as many as four hundred thousand reported that more than half of their people would be in need of help before the winter passed. One county reported that eighty thousand to one hundred thousand individuals had already left the county, a large per cent of them going into Shensi, fleeing starvation. Cities and villages were full of people begging for food. In the fall hundreds were in the fields hunting roots and weeds to eat.

During all of my travels in organizing these committees the roads were crowded with refugees going west in rickshas made into carts, pushing wheelbarrows. Men carried their belongings; the women and the larger children walked; all were wearily making their way westward. Talking to these refugees one found that the great majority were people who only a few years ago had had to leave their homes because of the breaking of the Yellow River dikes. They had found work in villages with farmers, but now that the crops had failed they had no work and no food. They had heard that there were good crops in Shensi, and, hoping to get work there, they had started west. Many of them had no relatives or friends in the west, and with no definite place to go they were on the road. Here in September a great number of the tree leaves and small twigs had been eaten. Chinese elm trees less than six inches in diameter had been stripped of all their bark in the Chengchou and Hsuchow areas. Even in these early days, many children were being forsaken, left by the roadside.

Following is a quotation from my letter of September 12 to Mr. Vaught: "Yesterday I was at the railroad station and got some details about the people who are migrating west. The numbers increase as you go west until you get to Ling Pao, the first break in the railroad. There were between four and five thousand waiting for passage; about three thousand had registered and the others were waiting to register. Toilets were around buildings, walls, piles of waiting freight and stacks of lumber. There was a stench all around the places where they were staying. It is good that it is autumn and soon it will get cold. Two days previously the slow train going west carried two thousand four hundred people with their household belongings. Many, too impatient to wait for registration and train passage, traveled by foot. The average for the fifteen days preceding my inquiry was about one thousand five hundred from this one railroad station alone. This information was given to me by the station mas-

ter, and he went to his records in order to give them correctly. At first the government or charity organizations gave each person five dollars to help him along the way but funds soon ran out and now nothing is given."

Free passage for the refugees and the household goods which they were carrying along was given only to Ling Pao. There they disembarked and scattered, but the greater part went across the break and got the train that ran the thirty miles of dangerous road to the border of Shensi. Mr. Chi, of the Swedish mission at Ling Pao, told me that when the people got off the train, not having had food for two days, they rushed the food stands, sometimes taking all the food; this practically forced all food stands around the railroad stations to close. They were not allowed to pass through the city of Ling Pao. Of those leaving the province, only about half of any one family would leave, the others remaining to plant the crops and watch the home. These refugees presented a very pitiable sight as they traveled along. Many were sick, and on the train they traveled on open cars. In case of rain there was no protection for their bedding, clothing and food—if they had any.

As the people travel, they go in groups. Friends of a village, with relatives from other near-by villages, will be traveling together. Some groups will have as many as fifty or seventy-five individuals; other groups will have only one or two families. If the family has been fairly well-to-do they will have some money, for they sold everything they could not carry along, except their land and their house. The articles taken along are a blanket or two, some clothing, a box containing a few bowls, chopsticks and small pans, the large iron kettle for cooking food and boiling water, a mat woven of the peeling of *kaoliang* stalks. All this is piled on the wheelbarrow, together with the very small children of the family, and, if the old grandmother goes along, she sits on the household effects and rides; all others walk. The wife and mother, perhaps having bound feet, walks back of the

wheelbarrow twenty or thirty feet, leading a child six or eight years old; all are tired and hungry. People in the party who do not have wheelbarrows place their belongings into cane-woven baskets tied on ends of poles carried across their shoulders. About ten o'clock in the morning the travelers stop to get drinks and eat what food they have. As they go

Refugees fleeing with belongings

along the road the children will beg from those who have food, go into the fields and dig roots of weeds, or steal handfuls of vegetables from irrigated fields. All this will be cooked in the kettle which they are carrying along and will be eaten for breakfast. There is not much strength in it but it is something to fill the stomach and give relief from that gnawing pain.

Often, as they rest after eating, the children will go to a shady place and lie down and go to sleep. While they sleep the party will get up and start along the road again. Later these children awaken with none of their friends around, forsaken, not knowing where to go. They generally sit by the roadside and cry until someone comes along and rescues them.

One evening, as I was preparing for a night's rest at a city street chapel, I was attracted by excited talk in the courtyard, and, stepping to the door, I saw a young man who had picked up a bundle of rags in the gutter by the road as he was traveling. This bundle contained a little baby about six months old. He brought it to this chapel to see if the people there could save it from death. The evangelist's wife said: "Oh, I can take care of it for a few days." Although she had a baby about nine months old she took this abandoned baby to her breast and nursed it also. I was up early the next morning and got my bed and bedding ready to be loaded on the rickshaw. While the boy was doing that I went to inquire about this baby. Having been only hungry, it had slept all night. The evangelist's wife said to me, "Reverend Wampler, I cannot take care of this baby long. Our own children are underfed. Food is so expensive and our salary is so small that we cannot feed any more mouths. Can't some church or orphanage or some relief camp take this child?" Later, it was cared for by the relief committee.

As we stopped along the road to drink water or to eat, children begged for food. One day, having bought peanuts, I was shelling them and letting the hulls fall on the ground. The children were soon scrambling for and eating the hulls. I gave them the peanuts and went without any. One morning, after Osee and I had been riding on the train all night, we were tired, hungry and thirsty. Near the station were food stands. We went to one that looked rather clean and purchased a bowl of steaming noodles. Since there was no place to sit down we stood and started to eat. We had taken only a mouthful or two when several old women and children began to beg for a few mouthfuls. I stepped back, trying to get a little farther away from their dirty bowls and chopsticks, but they kept following, getting closer, even trying to get their bowls between my bowl and my mouth. I finally put some from my bowl into the bowl of an old woman, hoping that would stop the begging but, alas, that only

increased it! A dozen others saw what I had done and then they came insisting on a few mouthfuls. In desperation, not able to eat, I divided the entire bowlful among those empty bowls. Others were still crying for food.

One day as I stopped at an inn the proprietor asked me to go into a back room to eat because he could not control the children when someone ate in the open. As I went into the room he brought my bowl of noodles with beef scraps and broth over them and placed it on the table before me. I bowed my head in thanks before starting to eat, but all the time I prayed and while I was eating I heard children crying and saw them standing at the door holding their bowls and chopsticks in as far as possible, saying, "Big official, leave a mouthful for me; leave a mouthful for me." I was hungry and I did not leave any for the children, but when I paid my bill I got four unleavened Chinese cakes about four inches in diameter, paid two dollars each for them, cut them in two, and as I went out the door gave one piece to each child. I had no sooner done this than others, begging for food at other places, came running, wanting me to give something to them. The young man who was pulling me said, "You will have to get out of here or they will mob you." So I jumped on my ricksha and went down the road with those people still clamoring for something to eat.

One day I saw a boy about twelve years old coming from his cave home and staring at people passing along the road. He had no clothing, and famine was evident all over his face and body. The bones of his knees and elbows protruded under the skin stretched over them. From a distance of twenty or thirty feet every rib in his body could be counted. As I went on I thought of my own sons back in America going to school and having three meals a day. I thought of the saying of Jesus that to love God was the first commandment and the next in importance was to love one's neighbor as he loved himself. I was trying to love God, but how could I love my neighbor as myself, when in the story of the good Samaritan

Christ interprets our neighbor to be anyone in need when we have the means to help? As I went along the road and thought of this I resolved that if I ever had the opportunity I would do something for that boy. About ten days later as I passed along that place again the family was still living in the cave. I stopped my ricksha and walked up the bank to the entrance of the cave and talked to the people. I learned that they were victims of war driven from their homes, and that now famine added to their suffering. I gave them five dollars and told them to use it in buying more food for the children.

The cold north wind was whipping the dust and sand over the frozen ground. I was wearing my heavy fur coat and yet was not too warm. By the path I was traveling over a vacant lot lay a child wailing and crying so that one could hear him fifty or sixty yards away. It was about ten o'clock at night, when most people were hurrying home. When I came to where the child was I stooped down and tried to talk to him, but at first he paid no attention to my call. He continually repeated, "My father is at home sick. He has no food or fuel to keep him warm. Pity me; pity me." As he would wail this sentence he would kick his legs, his hips acting as a pivot on which he forced himself around in a circle on the frozen ground. I asked him if he could walk and he said he could. I told him to get up and I would give him some money to take home to his father. After he got up I gave him several paper bills and returned to my room. Perhaps after I left he got down again in order to make his begging more effective.

Osee and I had now been working among the sufferers of Honan for about four months. We needed to go to Sian for some clothing, mission business and a short rest. We had made one lap of the train journey to Ling Pao and were going across the break in the railroad. Our ricksha-cart was hauling our baggage the ten miles and we were walking. Just about one mile out of the city the road wound up over a very

high loess hill or mountain. A few hundred yards from the top, almost in the middle of the road, stood an empty wheelbarrow. By the side of it lay an old woman covered with a comforter. Kneeling in front of the wheel and bowing his head to the ground as the people passed was the husband begging for help. Hundreds of people were passing on both sides. Occasionally a soldier or a businessman passing would share with them part of the cake he was eating, but the great majority of the passers-by had nothing to share. On questioning the old couple we found that they had come from Mihsien and were fleeing hunger, but their strength had failed them; it almost seemed that they had gotten to the end of the trail. Just a week before I had had a letter from my wife saying someone had given her fifty cents for some hungry Honan person. That sum exchanged into ten dollars Chinese currency. I took out the ten dollars and told them that someone in America had given me ten dollars for some hungry person in China and I was giving it to them. We asked them to go back to Ling Pao and there get further help and instructions from the chapel in that city. We asked them to use some of this money to get someone to help them get back to the city. The wind was very cold and the exposure there was not good for even strong, well-fed individuals.

In the outskirts of the east suburb of Loyang lived a very interesting family. One day as I traveled along I noticed three children sitting by the road. I went up and tried to talk to them. The smallest one, eighteen months or two years old, was very dirty, and had only a few clothes on. Flies were crawling all over him. He would not talk to me but just sat there in the sun looking out into space. Nothing I could say would cause him to turn his head. The oldest of the three, about eight years of age, would answer questions.

"How many are in your family?"

"There are seven mouths in our family."

"Where was your home before you came here?"

"We lived in Cheng County before coming here."

"Why did you leave Cheng County?"

"We had no food there and father could not get work."

"Where are you going?"

"We had hoped to go on into Shensi, but we cannot get on the train; all our money has been spent and we have to stay here."

"Where are the other four of your family?"

"They are out in the city begging for food."

"Where do you live now?"

"We live here in this culvert under the road."

There where they were sitting was a brick culvert, about four feet broad and four feet high, with a brick base, which they called home. By the side of the entrance on several bricks sat the old iron kettle for cooking the food. In the culvert were the mat and one or two pieces of bedding. A few small articles, boxes and empty tin cans lay around on the floor of the culvert. I visited this family several times during the winter and helped them with money gifts. Several died during the winter, but the little chap, dirty and poor, lived on, looking into space. What opportunities does this world hold for him as he lives on and struggles for mere existence?

Our various methods of giving relief will be briefly described on the following pages.

Seed grain distribution

Seeing the pitiable situation of the fleeing people on the roads, and knowing the congestion in all the cities in Shensi and the lack of organization for these people, all our committees started on a program to help the people in their homes by giving monthly grants of twenty dollars to each individual; no home, however, received more than one hundred dollars per month. The famine blitz was testing all our resources. Many farmers had no grain to plant. Those who had some were asking a very exorbitant rate of interest for loaning any for seed, some asking three, four and five times

as much as they loaned to be returned at harvest time. It was time to plant; at places there had been good rains. Only the preparation of the ground and the planting of the seed yet needed to be done. When we wired for funds the Chungking committee responded with liberal grants which enabled us to give out over one million, two hundred thousand dollars' worth of seed grain (sixty thousand dollars in United States money) to the farmers. During the nine months of relief work we distributed seed grain two times.

In the autumn we distributed seed wheat, vegetable oil plant, and some Chinese turnips. These last two crops grow well in autumn and do not freeze out in Honan winters; the roots, stalks and leaves make an excellent vegetable. Most of this fund went into the purchasing of seed wheat. The farmer was to give back at the harvest time the same amount of wheat which he had received. The vegetable oil and turnip seeds were an outright gift, with the understanding that if these crops grew well, other poor people were to be permitted to go into the plots and gather food. At the harvest time the people willingly returned the seed we gave them. In only a few cases, where the land with the crops was sold or the people had moved away or died, was no grain returned. This seed grain program benefited ten thousand, three hundred ninety-nine families, who planted thirty-one thousand, six hundred twenty-nine and seven-tenths *mu* (Chinese acres).

In the spring we made, mostly on the same basis, a grain loan of a little over one million Chinese dollars (fifty thousand dollars United States money). The main seeds distributed this time were corn, cotton, millet, soybeans and kaffir corn. Some very poor widows were given sweet potato plants. In the spring about twenty-seven thousand *mu* of land were planted from the seed loan, and about ten thousand families benefited. Many of these spring crops were either lost by flood, in the Yenchang area, or by the grass-

hoppers, but all the people were very grateful to our committees for their assistance during those trying days.

P'ing T'iao

In every community there are those who take advantage of a distressing situation and profit from the misfortunes of others. In any famine there are those who, having grain stored, will bring it on the market when prices begin to soar. China's one method of combating this inflation is called *p'ing t'iao*. The government and benevolent-minded individuals will loan money, interest free, to be used to buy large stocks of grain from sections where grain is cheap, ship it into the famine area, and there sell small quantities to poor people at cost. No money is made on the transaction. Only one of our committees needed to use this method because in all the other centers the Chinese government started this method of work, and in the spring when we started our gruel kitchens all our committees were able to secure cheaper grain by buying through this government *p'ing t'iao* committee.

In this blitz famine in Honan our big problem in using this method extensively was transportation facilities. The famine was most severe in no man's land and just back of the battle line. Roads were broken. For transporting grains there were available only a few good streams on which the enemy did not have gun range. The railroad was broken at many places and night trains over these breaks were mostly used for the soldiers' needs.

With all these handicaps, many thousand tons of grain and other foodstuffs were brought in and sold on this *p'ing t'iao* method. All this was of great help in keeping down prices. In one section helped by our relief program, an army general cut prices by placing thirty-two grain merchants in prison, and ordering the keeper of the prison to see that they got nothing to eat for three days and three nights. At the end of these days, he got their reaction regarding prices. The results were that grain and flour in those counties dropped

three dollars per pound. General Tang Tzuling himself was aiding in *p'ing t'iao* grain selling. Each general in his army had to support one forsaken baby, while General Tang himself had three of these children. Each soldier had to give one day's ration out of each month's food allowance. The work units of his soldiers had to dig wells for irrigation for the farmers; each group of thirty had to dig three during the autumn and spring. Old temples were torn down and the brick used to line these wells.

Soup kitchens and grain distribution

Our relief committees operated four soup kitchens in the Chengchou area, one at Loyang and one in the Linru area, each kitchen furnishing one meal of ten ounces per day. Of the grain for these six kitchens, some *p'ing t'iao* grain was purchased but most of it was bought on local markets. The kitchens at Chengchou fed four thousand daily, and the one at Loyang a little over six hundred. The one at Linru fed over three hundred daily, mostly children. The adults who could prepare their own food were given the grain ground ready to be cooked, and they could take it home and prepare it themselves. During the spring months the government opened one or more of these gruel kitchens in every county and gave one meal per day. In local villages each wealthy man had to feed, besides his own household, one to ten of his poor village folk, according to the amount of land owned by him. At Chengchou, several times when the government could not get grain they gave money to the people, allowing each the cash amount of the grain value.

Refugee camps

There was in Chengchou a great number of people from the flooded area who, because they had no way of making a living when famine came, were put into a camp and fed two meals per day. The refugees had to do all the work of the camp, draw water, prepare wood and fires, cook food, and keep the camp in a clean and sanitary state. Gradually other

work was required of all who were able to work. Some made Chinese shoe soles or hair nets; some spun cotton into thread; some wove cloth. The carpenters made spinning wheels and looms. A few stocking machines were bought and then the apt ones were taught to knit stockings. A department was organized to dye the yarn, wash and press these stockings, and get them ready for market. Because a number of these people were inexperienced this work did not nearly pay the expenses of the camp, but they were producing a nice lot of material which helped to reduce the overhead expenses of the camp.

Another interesting work project was supervised by two ladies of the Norwegian Lutheran mission at Lushan. It was a wool knitting and weaving school. They received girls from ten to eighteen years of age who had no homes. They

Girls carding wool for spinning

were girls who had already been engaged but who, because of the famine, could not be cared for in the parents' homes and were turned over to the grooms' homes. Famine conditions having made it impossible for these homes to take care

of the girls, they were thrown onto the public. White slave traders were looking for girls like these and many girls were being picked up by them. The two Norwegian ladies saw the girls' plight and organized this project to care for a few of them. An average of ten thousand dollars per month for six months was used in caring for from thirty to seventy-five of them. The ladies had five poor women and one trained worker to assist them in their work. During the six months they sold thirteen thousand, nine hundred forty-seven dollars' worth of knitted and woven goods, and had four thousand, five hundred dollars' worth of stock on hand. Several of these girls would have been exchanged for grain to feed other members of the family if they had not come into the school. During the winter season they did only knitting. Two thirds of the girls had never done any knitting before, many of them being yet small. In all, they knit two hundred woolen caps, fifty pairs of gloves, thirty pairs of socks, one hundred slipover sweaters, one hundred other sweaters, fifty pairs of trousers and sixty children's outfits. In the spring the girls had three classes a day in the national language, arithmetic, gymnastics and religion. The school closed the middle of May just before the wheat harvest. These girls, with this training, when they go into the homes of their husbands will have a vocation which will add substantially to the family incomes.

A lady close to the front line in Kwangwu County helped many women by a unique method. She requested from the committee at Chengchou fifteen thousand dollars to buy grain to grind and sell to the poor of her community. She purchased two donkeys from farmers going west to be returned to them at the same price when they returned to their land and wanted the animals. Then she used these donkeys to grind the grain, poor women managing the grinding, sieving and preparing of it for market. This meal was sold at cost and always good measure was given. It was to help those who could buy only five or six pounds of meal at a time.

During the two months this plan was in operation she turned the capital practically six times, grinding thirty-three thousand, one hundred two *tan* of grain. (One *tan* is about one hundred fifty pounds.) Money expended for grain was over ninety-seven thousand dollars and sales of meal amounted to over ninety-six thousand dollars. More than five thousand people were helped by being able to purchase cheap meal in small quantities. Four hundred fifty were helped entirely free. At the end of the two-month experiment she turned back to the committee thirteen thousand, six hundred twenty-one dollars, a loss of only one thousand three hundred seventy-nine dollars. I do not know any place where four hundred fifty people were fed so cheaply and where the service was any more appreciated than in this experiment.

Children's camps and nurseries

I found it evident, as soon as I began to investigate the needs in Honan, that one of the most difficult problems would be caring for the children. Women and children are generally the first to suffer in war or famine—and a combination of the two is no exception. Children were being left by the roadside but the great majority were at the doorsteps of the county official's office, and the homes of missionaries and wealthy Chinese. No one could care for all these children privately. Most counties started nurseries for infants below two years old, using as wet nurses refugee women who had lost their own children. However, at places where cow or goat milk could be secured, this was used. Each woman who helped was from a poor home. She was fed and paid a small wage to nurse and care for two of the abandoned babies. In one case there was a woman nursing four babies, but these babies were so poorly nourished that one or more of the weaker ones died. Homes were found for as many of these little ones as possible. Our church committee co-operated with the government agency by giving monthly grants of money. Missionary nurses and Chinese church workers gave

time for supervising and feeding the babies. One nursery was started by our committee at Chengchou under the supervision of a lady missionary. She had sixteen motherless children, all girls. In addition she fed many mothers with infants so as to help the mothers to be able to feed their own children. At Linru they had ninety babies, had placed forty in homes, and had lost twenty by death. At Yehsien there were twenty and at Hsuchang thirty-four, the nurses of the Lutheran hospital taking the responsibility for caring for the health of this last group. In many other places we helped by funds and workers in caring for these helpless children. The Catholic bishop took care of about ten at Loyang.

A camp in the Lushan neighborhood, run by the government under Fang Ting Chang, was very well managed. Mr. Kuo, a fine Christian gentleman of Hsuchang, was director of this camp along with his camp at Hsuchang, and he had a very good staff caring for the children. When I was there they had fifty-four babies who were not more than eighteen months old. Miss Welch of the China Inland Mission, a nurse, was with them several months and organized the feeding and care of the babies. There were two Chinese nurses supervising the staff. Their surroundings were clean and most of the children were in good health. The camp had twenty goats and one good foreign cow, which furnished the milk for the babies, the larger children using what was not needed for these younger ones. They had sixty more little tots from two to four years old who were being cared for in the same compound. The cost for these children under four years was about fifty per cent more than that of the larger children, who could partly look after themselves. At that time they had seven hundred boys and girls from five to twelve years of age in the same camp. These older children studied half-time and worked half-time.

Many grants of money were given to children's camps supervised by our subcommittees and county representatives. When I was in Linying County I visited their camp of

two hundred seventy children, to which our committee was giving one thousand dollars per month, and also about one hundred bushels of millet which had been purchased earlier in order to help the county care for these children. One refugee woman looked after ten children, their food, clothing and sleeping quarters. Both children and *amah* were given two meals per day.

In this same city there was a police camp for children. These were hungry children who had walked the streets and roads, snatching food from counters and display stands and even from people eating in the inns. If an owner would start to run down a thief, others would snatch more while he was gone; he was, therefore, helpless to correct the theft. One day I saw a man weighing out about a half pound of bread for a customer. When he had his steelyards up, looking at the weight, a child slipped in through the crowd, snatched a piece about as big as the one the man was weighing and started running through the crowded street. The merchant looked up and shook his head, realizing all his profits for that sale, and then some, had disappeared. The merchants appealed to the police, saying they would give food to these children if they quit stealing it. The police then began arresting the children, getting many more than they had expected. When I was there they had one hundred thirty food snatchers in one small courtyard. The buildings housing them were far too small for that many. I advised the committee there to help as much as their funds permitted. A Chinese nurse, Mr. Chao of our committee, was looking after the health of both camps and was doing a fine piece of work with his limited means.

The effect of inflation is shown by the care of the two hundred seventy children in comparison to costs in our camp at Liao four years earlier. At Liao their three meals a day and care cost only about one cent American money per day per child. Our food was better than what these in this camp were getting with only two meals per day, costing a little

over eighty cents per day American money, more than eighty times as much as it had cost to care for a child four years earlier. I believe that had they fed them as well as we did, it would have been one hundred times more expensive.

Medical aid

Caring for the sick is always a problem in every famine but in this one it was exceptionally difficult, for medical supplies were very hard to get. One order was over nine months being filled and delivered to the hospital needing the supplies. The greater part of the help given in a medical way was by the Catholic and Lutheran missions of Chengchou, Loyang, and Hsuchang. However, all committees were giving financial aid to any medical unit rendering service to the refugees or poor people of the community. The Catholic hospital at Loyang opened a clinic at the railroad station and treated a great number of the people as they passed either going west or returning to their homes during the spring. This clinic and the large hospital clinic at Chengchou were taken over by the medical team which was sent up from the Chengtu medical school for summer aid in the famine area. During the nine months our relief organs paid for the treatment of over two hundred thousand patients and spent a little over three hundred thousand dollars. During the spring, because of a few cases of cholera at Chengchou, a unit was set up there for cholera prevention under the joint auspices of the government and the relief committee. All over the territory there was a widespread epidemic of relapsing fever, and because of inadequate supplies many died, having low resistance caused by undernourishment. On every hand we were handicapped by not having sufficient staff or supplies.

Grain buying in Shensi

The problem of feeding the people in Honan would have been an easy task had not war been raging. In most of Shensi they had a good wheat crop. In Kansu, farther to the northwest, they had great supplies of grain. Had the

Japanese not had control of a great part of the east and north banks of the Yellow River we could have bought grain in the northwest, floated it down the river rather rapidly and cheaply, and unloaded it near the sources of need. The railroads also would have been used but now that the only usable one was broken at several places, with more than forty miles passable only at night, the normal volume of freight overtaxed its capacity. Despite these handicaps the government secured supplies from the west, and our committee from Chengchou bought large supplies from the south. The last of October the committee from Chungking gave us very large grants, a total of more than five million dollars, suggesting that we buy grain away from the famine area to be shipped in when needed. I went to Sian to consult with the committee there about the buying of grain, and, if feasible, to turn over some of our funds for this purpose. We learned that it would be difficult to transport the grain, but after consulting with some businessmen and getting places for free storage, the committee thought it advisable to buy and store, and later, if we could not send it into Honan, it could be used in the program of relief for the Honan refugees fleeing into Shensi. Mr. Hunter, who was working part-time for the relief committee, was to supervise the buying and the storing of this grain.

The flood relief program for Ping Min County was not very well organized as yet. Ping Min was organized as a county in 1929. Before that, it was largely uncultivated wasteland. After an increasing number of famine refugees and other destitute people settled there the government decided to make a new county of this district, which was sociologically quite different from the neighboring counties. Refugees from the war areas of Hopei, Shantung, Shansi and Honan entered the new county to open up the land offered. The new and progressive county magistrate, himself a war refugee from Shantung, was sent to take charge of this reconstruction work. Schools were opened, roads were built, indus-

tries were encouraged, over two hundred thousand trees were planted, and salt pits were worked. These poor people were getting on their feet.

Late in the evening of August 3 the whole of this lowland area was swept by an enormous wave from the Yellow River, varying in depth from ten to twenty feet, traveling with a force capable of carrying huge lumps of coal weighing over a ton. This flood left a deposit of mud from one to three feet deep all over the area, which, when dried, would vitally improve the land, which previous to this flood was too sandy in most places to be good farm land. Let me quote from the report of Mr. George Hogg, of the China Industrial Co-operatives, concerning his first investigation of the flood:[1]

"Chien An Village.

" 'I was told that my ox had been found on the flats ten miles away, after the flood,' the village headman told me, 'but I didn't go.' 'Why not?' 'Because three of my children are still missing. It's no use talking about oxen when you can't find your children.' This was while we were on our way to the village. I wouldn't have known we'd arrived unless he'd told me. 'Here's our village,' he said, walking up a slight mound on the mud plain. 'That bit of a house over there is all that's left of our school; the people's houses are all buried under here. Two hundred seven of our eight hundred villagers haven't come back. About five hundred others came back from various places downstream, but when they saw the state of our village they just went right away again and went west to beg. Most of the students in our new school were drowned, anyway, so it's no use building the school again yet.'

"We walked over to a tree under which some people were gathered around an oxcart filled with coal. An old woman was sitting out all by herself, crying. 'What's she crying about?' asked the headman. 'She just got back here after walking all the way from Tungkwan where the flood took

[1] Hogg, George, *I See a New China*, pages 138-9. Little, Brown and Co.

her. Now she sees the village like this. That's all,' someone replied.

"I asked about casualties, and the villagers went through their families, counting numbers on their fingers. 'The Kao family, seven, only one left. The Shen family, only one out of five left, the Lis, two out of six left, the Wangs lost four out of five, the Sungs, three out of eight, the Chus, four out of six,' and so on. We came to a family that had lost two. 'You don't need to write that down,' said the headman; 'we nearly all lost two. Write down the serious things.'

"Some of the women were crying again, and even the children, up to now very proud of themselves for having survived, looked solemn, so I changed the subject.

" 'How about organizing co-operatives for spinning and weaving?' I asked. 'That'd give you a way of earning money for food.'

" 'If you can give us looms. Our village had thirty-six looms and two hundred spinning wheels before the flood, but now there aren't any. Not one.'

" 'I've cried so much I can't cry any more,' laughed a woman with merry wrinkles round her eyes. 'We've had mass cries and individual cries, and now I can still cry but no more tears will come. I've cried myself dry. So if you'll please help us find a way to keep alive and earn our own living, we'll be very grateful to you, I'm sure.' The others stood by, skeptical but inclined to be hopeful, while I took a photograph of the survivors standing on what was once their village.

" 'We were only a small *hsien* to begin with, and poor,' said the magistrate, 'but we were just beginning to look like something after three years. Now that's all gone overnight. Two things are left, though. One of them is the trees we planted. The other you'll see tomorrow—the spirit of the people and their desire to rebuild. So, at least, these things remain of three years' reconstruction and education, and serve as the symbols on which we're going to rebuild.'

"As we walked in the *hsien* government gate, Magistrate Wang waved his hand toward some mud over to the left. 'My reception room,' he remarked, 'and to the right here are the educational department and the economic research department.' A wooden pole had been placed across from the fork of one tree to another. 'My two secretaries spent the night on this perch,' explained the magistrate. 'The accountants were in that tree over there. The soldiers made a platform in the trees outside their house. The trees saved everybody.'

" 'How about yourself?' I asked.

" 'I was up on the rooftop of our new office building. I knew it would stand because I built it myself last year. I had a ladder placed against the roof and pushed women and children up. When the roof was full I went up myself and climbed over to the north side of the roof to watch the water come. There was a terrific roar by that time, and a stench of mud and water and dust long before it actually came. Then we could see a white wall rushing toward us. There was an awful jumble of agonized noises—mules and donkeys braying, oxen mooing, pigs screeching, dogs barking, women shrieking, children crying and men shouting, trees and timber cracking, and all the time the roar of the water. By next morning at dawn the water was only a few feet deep but still running swiftly. By ten or eleven o'clock we could come down and wade through the mud.' "

We went in, with the government co-operating to the fullest, to help those who had been driven away from their homes by war, and now all their personal property and many from their families had been swept away by a flood. The committee at Chungking had sent four hundred thousand dollars for this work. One hundred thousand had been sent to Tali and the other was in Sian. The treasurer of the committee, Reverend Styrelius of Pu Cheng, who had been appointed to supervise these funds, had died. Three months after the flood, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Hogg and I went into the field to see what the government was doing and to get our

funds working. Mr. Hogg was bringing some men and some women trained in industrial co-operative methods to supervise the starting of co-operatives. Mr. Hunter became sick, and Mr. Renvold, secretary of the Sian relief committee, traveled with me. We first went to the flooded area and investigated the need there. The land had dried and most of it was planted. The crops were coming up nicely and people were gathering food from the vegetable oil fields which had been planted for greens.

Three things needed to be done quickly. First, a number of people, especially children, did not have clothing. Bedding was needed as the winter approached. General Chiang, military head of this war zone, had appealed for old clothing, and the army sent six thousand old army suits. They had already been given out and were being remodeled for civilian wear, the children getting the greater number of these made-over garments. This did not meet more than half the need, so our committee got Y.W.C.A workers to go into the territory and supervise the making of garments. Second, a great number of people were living under trees, or carts; they had not rebuilt their homes. The big problem was that there was no wood or straw for the roofs. They built the sides of earth. This straw and the wood had to be carried into the county from adjoining counties at a cost of about thirty dollars for a one-room building. The committee got to work at relieving this situation. Third, sickness was very prevalent. Appeals were made for help and the Friends' Ambulance Unit, through the assistance of the China Industrial Co-operative, sent two young men, one British and one Chinese, into this county to assist the local government in administering medical aid to these people.

Twenty-three co-operatives had been started when we were there and all were producing thread. Weaving co-operatives were being started. In the co-operative I visited they had sixty-four members and all the women were spinning good thread, but their wages were not sufficient to feed

and care for their families and themselves. When the China Industrial Co-operative experts came they were able to improve the output, organize it better, and increase the wages of these women. Because the huts the people lived in were very small, they were doing their spinning and cooking in the yards. Sewing was also being done in the open air. Food was of a very poor quality, but everyone had something to eat, even though it was nothing but leaves and young wheat blades mixed with a little grain. I tasted some and it did not taste very bad, but I suspect that there was not much nourishment in it. This was a good example of the local authorities and the foreign relief agency co-operating, reducing the suffering to a minimum. Great credit should be given General Chiang Chien Jen, chairman of the committee, for our work, and the general-in-charge for nine counties of which Ping Min was one.

I quote from my letter written at Sian to Mr. Vaught, showing how the work of the two provinces interlocked.

"I will soon be starting back to Honan but before I leave here I want to write a short report on conditions as I see them. Mr. Hunter will take care of this work after this and report the Tali situation. We have had a number of executive committee meetings and I think all are agreed on about the following program:

"The government has sent quite a lot of grain into Honan for the soldiers and this has brought down prices of grain in Honan, and quite likely we can buy all the grain there that our committees will be able to handle, at less than it can be bought for here and shipped to Honan. It will be very expensive to get it there even if the railroad would haul it free, for there will be several handlings and that always costs. There are two breaks in the railroad between here and Loyang. Millet and corn are rather cheap here and we do think it might be advisable to purchase those two kinds of grain and store them here for a few weeks until we can find out what the prices are in Honan; then if they get too ex-

pensive down there, we could ship them to at least the western counties of Honan where a great number of refugees are congregating because the authorities in Shensi are trying to stop this flow of refugees into this province. So it appears now as though there will be need of some soup kitchens for these people in another month or two. If this grain should not be needed in Honan, then later we could use it here for the Honan refugees and the Shensi poor, some of whose jobs have been taken because of these Honan people coming into this province.

"Some claim there are now one million Honan refugees along the railroad from Tung Chuan T'ien to Pao Chi, and that at least another half million will come into the province in the next month and a half. There is a shortage of unskilled labor here in Shensi and most of the strong young men can get work after a few weeks, but there is need of helping them until they can find work. Many are sick and unable to work until they build up a little. So that is the reason for the appeal for the five hundred thousand dollars by Hall, Hunter and myself in the telegram of a few days ago. Hunter will stay here and help the Tali committee and also look after the administration of this aid to these people along the railroad stations. He will also look after the buying of this grain for Honan. Most of these people will be going back when spring comes and their crops begin to grow. I do not think very many of them will be absorbed into the community here but of course some will. Medical work is being done for the refugees here, and this phase of help along the railroad could be increased to the capacity of our staff and funds. Diseases are very prevalent among these people."

I returned to Loyang on November 8 and made plans for another visit to the committees. Our money had come through and plans needed to be made for getting food to the people. For the first time I saw a dead man lying on a street in Loyang, and on my way to Chengchou I saw another one on the road. The road was still crowded with people going

west, but there were fewer than when I made the trip in September. Along the road north of Hsuchang the elm trees were peeled of all bark as high up as the people could reach; also the leaves and the small branches had been cut off and used as food. Some villages reported that most of the dogs had been killed and eaten. Donkeys, mules and oxen, after

Dead ox and bark of tree supply food for famine victims

practically starving, were killed and the bones with the little flesh were cooked, making broth to eat with other food. Great crowds of people were busy in the fields cutting off the young wheat, gathering weeds and anything green to be found to cook. In Hsuchang I visited a school for wives of poorly supported soldiers, where they were being trained and helped to get along. The Chinese soldier is paid very poorly and unless he is an officer he does not have very much to send home; and now, with food so expensive, the small sum sent back amounts to little.

One day as I traveled along the road and saw the destruction of the trees I thought of the poet, Kilmer, who extolled the grandeur and the beauty of the tree, concluding by saying, "But only God can make a tree." A Chinese famine can soon destroy thousands of what would grow into beautiful trees. The hungry people attack a tree two ways: peeling off the bark, thereby stopping its circulation; stripping it of

all the leaves, destroying its lungs. As I thought of these poor trees, many of them in their last stage of disease, and of what a blessing they would have been if allowed to grow to maturity, I was made sad and my thoughts ran in a melancholy mood. How beautiful the road would have been with green trees growing on both sides, shading the weary traveler as he journeyed along on a hot summer day! This pulmonary disease has attacked more than ninety per cent of all

Stripping young trees of leaves along the road

the trees in that section, and a great number of them have their circulation cut also. They will soon be dead. Here are a few trees whose pulmonary scars are beginning to heal; if they are not attacked again by this disease, and if they are able to eat plenty of wholesome food they may still become mature trees, but not as God intended they should be. In the case of some baby trees, having had their respiratory systems injured, having had a hard time getting started in life, and their resistance being low, the severity of the injury will practically destroy them. Their rightful mission of growing to a ripe old age and of being a blessing to mankind is being destroyed. They are caught between the millstones of war and famine and no one has time to protect them against exposure to these diseases. Then I heard God speak

to me, "Thou hast had regard for the tree [gourd], for which thou hast not labored, neither made it grow; . . . and should not I have regard for Honan, that great province [Nineveh, that great city], wherein are more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand . . . and are starving to death?" (See Jonah 4: 10-11.) I could wash my hands of this whole matter and go home to America, but that strange Man on the cross keeps calling me back again and again, and I must go on even though the road is hard.

Along about this time prices began to advance very rapidly, and big notes began to flood every community. Paper was so scarce, it was reported, that the cost of paper, dyes, and labor to produce a one-dollar bill was more than it was worth. So one-hundred- and two-hundred-dollar notes became common. A number of people could not use these notes, and our relief program was in need of smaller notes. As the demand became greater for small notes, the merchants and money exchangers discounted the large notes and a regular racket started. Our relief committees were caught in this racket, at some places losing as much as twenty per cent on the big notes. At places where they maintained camps, they had to get money, regardless, to keep things going. The government forbade this discounting of big notes; then the grain merchants advanced their prices. If one had small notes to pay his bill, it did not take as many as he bargained to pay, for their quoted price was on the basis of the big notes. We wired Dr. H. H. Kung and Mr. Vaught, appealing for help. It was most unfortunate to have thousands of people starving to death and then lose money to greedy capitalists on exchange. The government seemed to be helpless in checking it; people were arrested and put into jail, and a few were shot for doing this, yet it went on underhanded. Banks did not have enough small notes to give out three, four or more hundred thousand dollars a week. When these money changers got these small bills they just held

them. Our wire to Doctor Kung and Mr. Vaught brought results. An airplane was loaded with six million dollars' worth of small notes in charge of an official from the Central Bank and was flown to Sian. From there the notes were shipped by train and truck to Loyang. The inspector came to see the bank officials. After that we did not have much trouble but at times we would have to wait several days or a week to get the full amount that we wanted.

Another problem was transportation. As long as we could buy food supplies locally we had no trouble, but when grain supplies began to run low in some sections and demands increased we had a real problem in getting animals or men to haul what we could buy from other sections. So many of the draft animals had died or had been killed that officials often could not get enough to haul supplies for the army. This resulted in drafting men. When we went on the market to hire carts or men to transport grain, prices began to climb. The highest price that we had to pay to have corn transported from Loyang to Chengchou, a distance of eighty-five miles, was just about two dollars a pound, or in American money ten cents a pound. With prices soaring, and with the roads, carts and vehicles wearing out and no material to repair them, these haulers did not make a large sum. We were caught in a series of circumstances over which we had no control, while we were trying to help the needy people. The government at Chungking, to help in this situation, matched every dollar which came from America and turned it over to the committee to use in relief. To help out in the animal shortage, they allotted to this area five million dollars which the farmers could borrow at a very low rate of interest to buy animals. They made arrangements for several individuals to own one animal if the price and land tillage did not justify individual ownership. The government asked our committee to assist the county officials in distributing these funds for the purchase of draft animals.

The spring rains were fair all over the territory. A good

wheat crop was harvested, and even before it was harvested we had reports of many people dying because of overeating. The crops planted in the spring were growing nicely, but when all the people were hopeful a flood struck in two of the counties. Shortly after that, a scourge of grasshoppers came, devastating parts of twenty counties. People were sent to the fields to catch and behead these insects, receiving a small sum of money for every pound caught and delivered to the official's office. The people of one village caught seventy million hoppers, or four thousand pounds, in one day and were paid for their catch. They counted several pounds and from that reckoned their catch for the day. One worker wrote me describing these hoppers. "Today we were out in still another county with an evangelist to visit a sick preacher and found the plague of grasshoppers even worse there. All the way from this town, and out over the large area we covered, practically everything except beans has been destroyed. There the grasshoppers are larger, about one-fourth grown, and have changed from black to yellow and grey. There were millions of them, and they were marching as armies in great groups, each group going in a definite direction. When a ravine is reached they go down one side and up the other, only hopping and crawling. When grown, they fly across."

An interesting method of fighting this pest is described by one worker. In order to catch the large hoppers, the people took anything they had to swat them. In three days the hoppers had either been killed or had laid their eggs and passed on. When the little fellows hatched out this worker wrote: "As soon as these eggs began to hatch, the district magistrate again issued an edict ordering everybody to help in their extermination. The method of killing these newly hatched locusts is somewhat different from that employed with the adult. As these cannot yet fly, but can only hop a distance of an inch or two at a time, the people dig ditches deep enough to prevent their escape, and after all have been

chased in, the ditches are filled with dirt and the locusts are thus buried alive."

Much more could be said regarding the Honan famine but we must look to the future. I quote from a report to the American Advisory Committee: "With a fairly good wheat crop, we were hoping that the great need for relief funds would end by the autumn and that only the widows and the orphans left by the past year's famine would still be our main concern. However, two things have occurred which break down this hope. The breaking of the dike of the Yellow River south of Weishih flooded the counties of Fukow and Sihwa, leaving homeless about six hundred thousand people. Then the coming of the locusts, or grasshoppers, which, according to the latest reports, are spreading over ten to twenty counties, has caused the destruction of practically all crops. One report says bean plants have escaped, and another says the cotton was not eaten. In some sections they are planting fields for the third time, but in other sections rain is not sufficient to plant at this late date. Only a few fast-growing crops can be planted so late in the season, and the seed for these has risen to exorbitant prices.

"With the increasing cost of living, the need for assistance will be just as great as it has been during the past year. The relief workers of Honan will have to prepare for another winter of suffering and use all their strength physically and financially in fighting hunger, disease and starvation. Whenever possible the poor people ought to be put to work, for in that way relief funds go farther. This will take a larger staff, but in the long run it will be better for the person receiving the aid, and will also allow the person to live on a little better than starvation rations. If the people move out, there ought to be a person or committee who co-ordinates the relief they receive in travel and work on their way from Honan through Shensi and into Kansu. Often there is trouble in the different provinces as these people make their journeys without the proper assistance.

"As field supervisor of the Honan famine districts, I wish to thank the American Advisory Committee for their deep interest in our work there, for sending large grants each month to relieve the suffering, and for contacting the central government in Chungking and the provincial government of Honan, thus making our work much easier. You have done your part well."

There should be funds forthcoming to loan to the Chinese after this war is over, to help them get back on their feet again. Likely there will be plenty of funds for large enterprises, but the small village farmer will be overlooked in these larger demands. The task, then, of the church is to have a method whereby these people can borrow, with little or no interest, money to buy farm tools, draft animals, and building materials for homes, and whereby small businessmen can secure small loans to be paid back in quarterly or yearly installments. I do not think there are many in China expecting or wanting a handout, but all would welcome a system which would help them get on their feet financially a little faster.

10

VISITING SACRED PLACES IN HONAN AND SHENSI

Ten miles south of Loyang is the famous Lungmen pass where the Yi River passes through a narrow mountain range. The pass itself is said to have been the work of the Great Yu, who regulated the rivers in China. Whatever the origin of the pass, it cuts right through the mountain from the upper valley to the one into which it empties, a distance of half a mile, and is very smooth and straight. When one thinks of the legend and looks at the topography of the pass, the great basin in the valley to the south of it through which the Yi River flows, he is made to think that the pass might have been cut by artificial means to drain a great lake basin sixty

miles long and thirty miles wide. It does not look as if it was cut out by the river flowing over the rock.

The pass is only about five hundred yards wide and thousands of Buddhas have been chiseled right into the rock cliffs. Both sides have the images, but most of them are on the west side. There is one about sixty feet high. In the many small caves and recesses there are thousands of Buddhas of different dimensions carved on the walls and into every other small recess of the caves. These carvings were begun in the fourth century of our era, during the Sui Dynasty, and probably it took several hundred years before all were finished. These thousands of images of Buddha are found sculptured with artistic skill on the hillsides and in some narrow crevices into which it would be impossible for the artist to put his head; yet in those places you will find them either on one or both sides of the crevice. These carvings are proof of the artistic skill of the Chinese at this period of their history. Above the images are beautiful carvings of lotus flowers, and the cave ceilings have images of clouds and flowers carved all over them. Time has worn some away, earthquakes and tremors have cracked others, and part of them have fallen away, but all show great devotion to religion among these people hundreds of years ago.

Hua Shan is one of the five sacred mountains of China. Osee, Mr. Drumright of the American Embassy, and I took a three-day trip and climbed this sacred mountain. It is situated just west of the border of Honan in the southeast corner of Shensi. You can see Shansi and Honan from the mountain. Tradition has it that it was visited a number of times by Lao Tzu, and now all the temples on the mountain are Taoist. The mountain, which is in Hua Yin County, rises very abruptly from the plains of the Wei and Yellow rivers. It is pyramidal and square in shape, towering over five thousand feet in height, with a circumference of about three miles at the base. It has three principal peaks, the east, the west, and the south, the south being the highest of all.

We stayed at the north peak, which is six or eight hundred feet lower than the main mountain. This mountain is surrounded by a great number of other peaks, some practically as high as this one. There are all kinds of shrubs and large trees on the top, but for the most part the sides are just bare rocks. Some of these solid rock cliffs are at least one thousand feet high. The temples are only fair for beauty, but the elaborate urns and sacred vessels of the temples are very well kept. To reach the temples we had to climb thousands of steps chiseled out of the solid rock cliffs and supported by iron chains on both sides. As we entered the gorge of the only approach to the mountain, we came to a beautiful temple yard called the Pavilion of No Sorrow. Going up the gorge we followed a small stream, which was very clear and beautiful as it tumbled over the rock on its way to the valley below. The Chen Wu temple on the north peak was erected in memory of Lao Tzu. Legend has it that he was buried in one of the caves on the summit close to the south peak. As one goes from one peak to another on the summit he gets different views of landscapes. From the south peak he looks across a rocky chasm at least three thousand feet deep, to piles of rocks forming very narrow ridges, sloping off into other mountains. From the west cliff he looks out upon the great plains of the Wei and Yellow rivers, beautiful with growing crops of variegated colors. The climb up the mountain was not hard because of the steps and the chains, but apart from these it would be almost impossible to ascend it.

Close to the east peak the surface is one large granite rock. There is at least one acre of this bare rock. It is not steep but at a few places rock steps have been cut to assist the climber as he ascends to the temple on the pinnacle of this peak. I sat there and thought of how Lao Tzu could have gotten some of his ideas of the great Tao of which he wrote. That hard rock had little crevices worn into it by the gentle rain falling on it and the little streamlets flowing over it, gradually wearing away this hard surface. He said that the great

Tao was like that, not exerting itself, but gradually overcoming the hardest of forces that might resist it. If he could have sat upon this mountain, as I did, and read John's gospel he would have understood better the Tao, the Word: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Perhaps he could have found the true God whom he was trying to find in those early days.

Sian, formerly known as Siking or Chang An, is thought by some Chinese historians to be the settlement of the founders of the Chinese race. The city attained the climax of its prosperity when it was the capital of the empire from 206 B. C. to 605 A. D. After that period Loyang, Honan, became the seat of the Dragon Throne for several hundred years. Osee and I saw the famous collection of stone tablets called Forest of Tablets. There are over one thousand tablets, on which are inscribed facts concerning over two thousand years of history. The value of one's visit to this historic place at present is very much lessened because all of the most valuable tablets are encased in sun-dried brick and he cannot see them. The famous Nestorian tablet was there, but, of course, could not be seen, as it was encased in the brick in order to keep it from destruction in case of air raids in these quarters. The city of Sian is in a very good state of repair. The main streets are well paved and broad, with blooming shrubs and green patches of grass along the center making it very attractive. The wall is built of brick, broad and high, about as big as the wall around Peiping. Sian is a nice city, located in a very rich and beautiful plain. It has been bombed but not very severely.

About ten miles east of Loyang, on the highway from Loyang to Chengchou, we passed the White Horse temple. We went in to see this old Buddhist temple. The buildings are in rather poor repair but it is reckoned as being the oldest Buddhist temple in the Far East. The story goes that the emperor of China, about the year 60 A. D., dreamed that there was a new, true religion founded in the West. He sent sixty

messengers to search out this religion and bring representatives back to China to teach it. When they got to India the Buddhist religion was flourishing and they brought back one of the priests. After his arrival in China he went about the country riding a white horse, hence the name of the temple. He lived at this temple and taught this new religion to the Chinese people. There are some very old and interesting urns and slabs in the courtyards. In one of the side buildings is an idol of the first priest who came from India to preach this religion. The most valuable piece of art in this temple is a very beautifully carved Buddha, of white jade, about three feet high, in a sitting posture. It is encased in glass immaculately clean, with a golden chain around its neck. The folds of the mantle are tinted with gold leaf. Although the robe is a part of the solid piece of jade the carving gives it the effect of a mantle over the body. It is just about life size. Since this section was the center of Chinese civilization at that time, no doubt the story is true that it is the oldest Buddhist temple in all China, and from this center this religion spread all over the empire. As I walked through the grounds, I pondered on how different their religion might have been had these kingly representatives gone on to Palestine or Antioch and taken back with them a young Titus or a Timothy instead of this Buddhist representative, and what changes might have been in this twentieth century.

We frequently passed through two other cities which have been very important in Chinese history. Tung Kwan marks the boundary between Shansi, Shensi and Honan. It is a very strategic city, with its wall built around or over three very steep hills, the Phoenix Hill, the Sacred Beast Hill, and the Elephant Hill. Tung Kwan is in a very poor state of repair now because the Japanese have a fort just across the river and are constantly shelling the city. The trains trying to run the dangerous stretch through Tung Kwan at night are very seldom hit, but the city always gets the effects of the shells.

Ling Pao is located along the Yellow River about halfway between Tung Kwan and Loyang in Honan. There are no high mountains in this section but it is quite hilly, with very little really level ground. Its history goes back more than three thousand years and it is the legendary birthplace of Lao Tzu. It is claimed that he wrote his Tao Teh Ching here, but, of course, this is all legend. We went just a little south of the city and saw the ruins of an old temple which is marked now only by tablets; it is reported that Lao Tzu lived here about 600 B. C. It is also the birthplace of Yang Kuei Fei, the beloved and notorious consort of Tang Ming Hwang, one of the emperors of the renowned Tang Dynasty (618-905 A. D.). Today Ling Pao is noted for its fine cotton grown in the fertile valleys south of the city and the almost seedless Chinese dates grown on the hills around the city. There is a very large cotton packing plant here which prepares the cotton for shipping out to other parts of the world.

11

OVERWORKED MISSIONARIES

*As I look back over the work and see how all the commit*tees sacrificed themselves in serving others, I am reminded of Christ's statement of how the great in His kingdom are those who serve. Truly they served others, not looking to their own comfort. They all co-operated with me in a most excellent way. It was a pleasure to work with them, and many lasting friendships were formed. They are a noble group of people, standing close to the front lines of the war in China, encouraging and helping the most needy without asking anything for themselves. They have won the admiration and the deep respect of all who have watched their work, including government officials, and those whom they have served. Several of the Chinese staff were robbed as they went about their work, losing personal property, bicycles and clothing,

the replacing of which would cost a great deal. One lost his life at the hands of bandits. But still these workers went to their tasks unfalteringly.

All the committees worked together in a teamlike manner, helping each other in any possible way. Funds and suggestions as to methods of work were often transferred from one committee to another. No one on any of the committees except Osee was doing only relief work; all the others were carrying on their regular duties along with this relief program. At Loyang I often saw the midnight candle burning in the room of the secretary-treasurer of that committee.

Some of the individuals whose names I list below have carried heavier burdens than others. It will be impossible to state individually how each did all that was asked of him without complaining, and how it necessitated some carrying heavier loads than others, but I want to acknowledge with appreciation that each gave help in administering over twenty million Chinese dollars to the suffering people of Honan. To them all I would say, "I know, however, your greatest satisfaction is not in what I say, or the amount of money you have handled, but in the fact that you have saved many people from starving, and in some cases through your efforts they have had the opportunity to hear the gospel message for the first time."

The missions with their workers I list alphabetically:

Augustana Lutheran: Reverend Swenson, Reverend Hanson, Reverend Nelson, Doctor Carlson, Miss Akins, Miss Miller.

Baptist, Southern: Miss Cox, Miss Murray, Miss Stribling.

Catholic: Father Henckels, Bishop Megan, Father Fransanetta.

Canadian Anglican: Reverend and Mrs. Andrew, Reverend Simpson, Miss Clark, Miss Howard.

China Inland: Reverend Trudinger, Mr. Kennedy, Reverend and Mrs. Duncan, Miss Standen, Miss Welsh.

Free Methodist: Reverend Ashcraft, Miss Jones.

Norwegian Lutheran: Reverend Bo, Reverend Espegren, Miss Lefdal, Miss Ulstein.

Swedish: Reverend and Mrs. Aspberg, Reverend Bergquist, Miss Patterson.

12

RETURN HOME

We started homeward on July 23, 1943, although we still had many things to do in China, along the lines of both relief and personal interests. After our short train ride to Pao Chi, we went the rest of the way to Chungking by truck. We stopped a few days in Pao Chi to inspect the work our relief committee was doing in co-operation with the China Industrial Co-operative. The women's department of that organization, under the direction of Mrs. K. M. Lu, was taking care of five hundred eighty Honan orphan children, we paying for only the food for the children. Housing, teaching and books were supplied by the co-operative. The larger children have to work part-time and study part-time. In one place where they feed two hundred fifty children there is only one cook; consequently the larger boys and girls have to take turns in helping the cook prepare the meals. The camp is clean and the children are well fed. The money secured by the spinning and weaving done by the children does not go into the budget but is apportioned among the children, who send it to relatives living in Honan.

We also visited a refugee village where small houses for one hundred eighty-five Honan families have been built by the county in connection with the Y.M.C.A. relief workers. The buildings were very poorly erected, each house being only about ten by seven, built of *kaoliang* stalks and plastered with mud. The doors were made of the same kind of material. The roofs were of grass with a thin coat of mud. In some of the rooms the roofs were leaking and the occu-

pants had little space to get away from the dripping water. One family was housed in one room. The people were organizing co-operatives and starting work in shoe making, laundering, and cart and wheelbarrow transportation.

From Pao Chi we traveled by F. A. U. truck to Swang Shih Pu, a distance of sixty miles. Here we stayed in the China Industrial Co-operative hostel and visited projects which the co-operative was carrying on with our relief funds. We walked out about one mile to a place where some of the refugees were building a factory. All the material was gotten by different groups which the China Industrial Co-operatives have organized into co-operatives. The people were fed with famine funds until they got on their feet; then the co-operative took over all expenses. The average time for them to begin to make all their own expenses was one month. In this building all lumber was furnished by the group cutting trees on the mountains; lime was furnished by the lime co-operative; bricks were pounded out by the brick co-operative. The building was constructed by masons and carpenters out of the famine area of Honan; the ditch which furnished the water power to run the machinery was dug by these men. When the building is completed, most of the boys operating the machines and training other boys will be orphans from the Honan famine area. They were then being trained for this kind of work in the Baili school at Swang Shih Pu. Machine shops are producing these machines so that when a surplus number of boys are trained they can go back to their villages and set up shops like this and improve the standard of living in their home communities.

One day we took a hike to the lumberman's co-operative about seven miles from Swang Shih Pu. There were about forty men in this co-operative and all had come from Honan. The co-operative, with headquarters at a temple, had bought the trees from the priest of the temple, paying three dollars for each large tree and two dollars for smaller ones. After cutting them, carrying or sliding them down the mountain,

and getting them into the city and trimmed for building, they got four hundred dollars for large ones and two hundred fifty for small ones. When we visited the mountain, the trees were about all cut and the men were prospecting for coal. If coal should be found they would have permanent jobs which would supply them with funds to care for their families. We had dinner with the men and all were enthusiastic about their work. It was quite different from the cry for help to which I had been listening in Honan for the past year.

One of the Baili schools is located here and is supervised by Mr. George Hogg. There are forty pupils in the school and about half of these are Honan refugee boys who have been picked out of the many hundreds of boys who have been taken into their orphanages. These boys have proved more apt in learning and handling machinery. After their technical training in this school, they will go out and fit into positions of leadership in the many co-operatives which are now being formed all over northwest China and after the war will spread all over China. It was good to see this splendid work and see how life was being rebuilt.

From Swang Shih Pu to Pao Chung we again rode the F. A. U. truck, but heavy rains had washed out bridges and we took three days to make a one-and-a-half-day trip. From Pao Chung we were "yellow fish" or hitchhikers; however, in China you first bargain how much you pay for your supposed free ride. Rain made the roads difficult and we were delayed at many places. However, we finally arrived at Chungking on August 17. Here reports were made to the American Advisory Committee, and plans were completed for our return to America. Plane reservations were made with the China National Aviation Corporation, and all papers and pictures were given to the censors for inspection. These were sealed and returned to us before we embarked.

Early on the morning of September 9, after breakfast, we walked to the airport, about two miles from the Canadian Mission Business Agency. We were supposed to get to the

port by 5:30 o'clock. Since no buses were running and very few rickshas were on the streets we had a man to carry our luggage. Mr. Silcock, the fine old man of the Friends-in-China, walked along with us. Our plane was a twin-engine Douglass carrying more than twenty passengers. A ticket from Chungking to Calcutta, India, was $8,850 Chinese national currency (four hundred forty-two dollars United States money). After I was weighed and my baggage was weighed and lightly inspected I was allowed to pass through the gate and get on the plane. I took my seat, the second from the front, which was about the center of the right wing, next to one of the big engines which pulled us through the clouds.

We were off at seven o'clock and had a most lovely and pleasant trip. As I looked down upon the framework of the powerful engine, it reminded me of the back of a huge hippopotamus tugging under his load. As we rose over the Yangtzu River and the hills around Chungking, we could see the terraced fields of rice and other crops growing in the narrow valleys. Cities, villages, rivers and roads made a beautiful landscape. Occasionally a cloud beneath us would cut out all views of the earth; then again we could look down through cloud openings upon a busy people below.

After just a little over two and a half hours of flying we approached the airport of Kunming. Many planes were on this field, and a great number of men were at work improving and enlarging its runways. After refueling and changing a few passengers we started out again. From here we climbed to our greatest height as we passed over the foothills of the Himalaya Mountains, called the Hump; we were told we were seventeen thousand to twenty thousand feet high in this flight. We passed over Japanese-held territory as we flew over those high mountains. At some places where it was not cloudy, we flew very close to the mountains, but at other places everything was blotted out of our view by the clouds.

Everything looked so pure and white that it seemed we were sailing over a sea of white snow. As I thought of the sorrow and the hatred under those clouds, with man killing man, and then of the beauty and purity of the picture I was looking at, what a contrast! I thought how easy it would be to live pure and clean up there among the clouds, but my second thought carried me to Honan, where even that terrible famine was largely man-made. At least, the famine would not have occurred had not war, selfishness and greed been raging near that area. Heaven and earth are full of the glory of God, but man at times makes life ugly and barren.

After getting over the Hump and as we came into a lower altitude our eardrums began to pain. It was the first earache I remember having, and it was quite severe for about one hour. At Imphal, where we stopped about fifteen minutes, a great number of large transport planes were loading to carry supplies to China. After getting in the plane and going up again, our ears quit paining.

It took us a little over four hours to fly from Imphal to Calcutta. Going over this lap of our journey I saw the most beautiful cloud formation. The monsoon season was just about over, the air was washed of all dust particles, and the sky above was a deep blue with the vegetation below shading from pale green to dark green. The shadow of the clouds added beauty to the green below. The clouds were broken and we floated along in the strata with them. The undersection of the clouds was flat and generally dark, but the upper part was a rolling fountain of bubbles and knolls. Occasionally a column would stand up and at the top burst out like a beautiful fountain. Others reminded me of beautiful snow-white mushrooms. At places I could look down upon cascades of foaming white billows sparkling in the sunlight. I just felt as if I would like to play in this purity.

The plane began to nose closer to the clouds, and, glancing at the electric signal over the door to the pilot's room, I read, "Passengers fasten seat belts." I seized mine and fastened

it around me. That was no more than done before things began to roll over the floor of the plane. Some who were late in getting their belts fastened got their heads bumped against the top of the plane. I wondered what was happening when I looked out and saw the big "hippopotamus" engine plowing through the fountain of clouds into the pockets between, which made sailing rather rough for about twenty minutes. We soon glided onto the runway at Calcutta, India, and our journey from Chungking, China, was over. We were taken in a bus to the customs house in Calcutta. In another half hour we were on our way to the Lee Memorial mission where we were to stay while in Calcutta, a member of the customs staff having very graciously phoned, while we filled out our papers, to see if they had rooms for us.

We had planned on staying in Calcutta about one week. But the first night while we were at supper a telegram from Bombay was read announcing that a ship was soon sailing for America, and anyone in Calcutta wanting to go to America should proceed to Bombay at once. A few business items were hastily looked after and reservations were made on the afternoon train of September 11 for Bombay. Rev. George L. Kerns was a great help in taking us to places to which we needed to go in getting our papers filled out for travel and getting money changed to use on the road. Food and water were prepared for the forty-eight-hour journey across India.

Arriving in Bombay we were met by the American Express man. He told us the ship was delayed several days. He called a taxi, told us how much to pay the driver, and gave him directions. Soon we found ourselves in the home of Brother and Sister Lynn Blickenstaff. His business office, along with the American Express, took care of securing our tickets, changing our money and keeping us informed as to the ship's sailing. We were in Bombay long enough to see part of that city but not long enough to visit our mission field. While we were in Brother Blickenstaff's home, Miss Goldie Swartz passed through the city and visited with us several

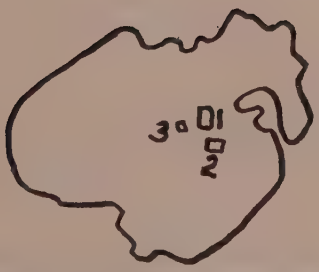
hours. Miss Verna Blickenstaff was in their home planning to sail on the same ship with us. We did not get to see any others of our India missionaries.

We had a big ship and a speedy trip to the States. It had a large number of passengers but we were not crowded. Everyone was largely responsible for caring for his own cabin. We had a good room, good beds, and good food. Only two meals were served, cafeteria style, each day, and for lunch we had sandwiches, milk or cocoa. The food was not as elaborate as some ships serve but it was plentiful and well prepared. We were glad to do our part in getting our trays served and carrying our dirty dishes back to the room where they were washed. Practice for abandonment of ship was diligently adhered to and we tried to learn all the methods explained to us, knowing we were traveling dangerous waters. All the way home there were no dangers known to us, the sea was mostly smooth, and I took every meal in the dining salon. We would have been glad to go ashore the several places we stopped, but that was denied us because of the emergency of war. The thing we wanted most was a safe journey home and when the shore line of America came into view it gave us a great thrill. We did not know just where we were landing but we knew it was America and that was enough.

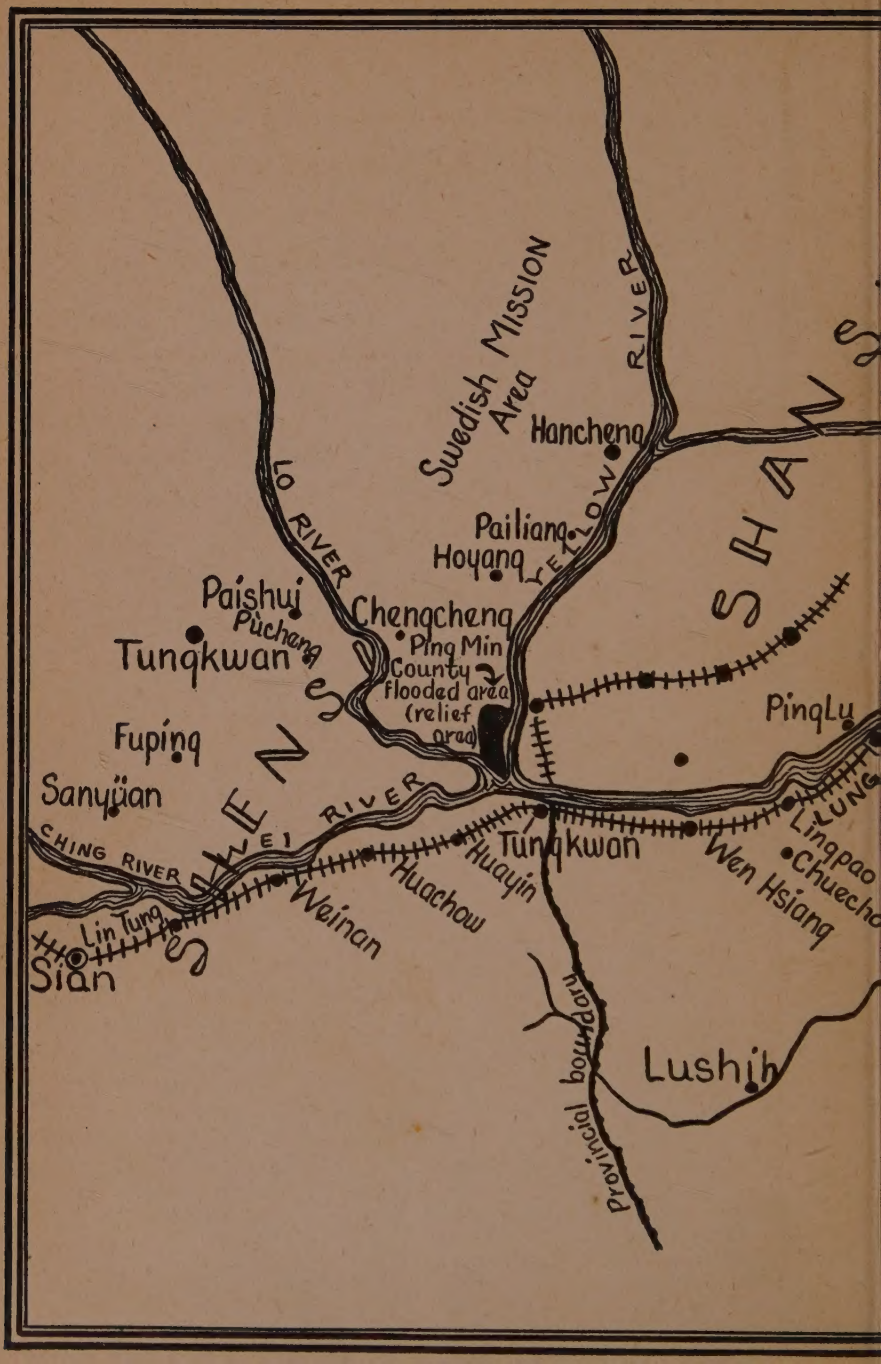
After docking at San Pedro harbor, near Los Angeles, we had to pass through customs and military inspection. This completed, Miss Blickenstaff, Osee and I got in a taxi and drove to the parsonage of the Calvary Church of the Brethren and found that Bro. M. S. Frantz was pastor there. He was not at home but we were allowed to go into the house and some of the ladies of the church prepared our supper out of Brother Frantz's refrigerator. In talking with friends who gathered, I expressed the desire to telephone to my wife at Greenville, Ohio. They said that was a good time, it being late evening. The call was put in and in about twenty minutes I was talking home, telling her of our safe arrival, and

that I hoped to be at home with them in a few days. Brother Frantz was of great help to us in getting our tickets and transporting our luggage to the train.

On October 25 we boarded a train for Chicago. From Chicago I went to Union City, arriving at 4:10 A. M. As I stepped off the train I found exactly the same group of people meeting me that I had left on the same platform at 2:18 A. M., one morning a little over two years before—my wife, two sons, and Mr. and Mrs. Ira Rife.



1. Church of the Brethren mission field in Shansi
2. Honan famine area
3. Flooded area in Shensi


Swedish Mission Area
Hanchena
YELLOW RIVER
LO RIVER
Pailiang
Hoyang
Paishui
Püchang
Chengcheng
Ping Min County flooded area (relief area)
Tungkwan
Fuping
Sanyüan
SHENSI
PingLu
WEI RIVER
CHING RIVER
Tungkwan
Huayin
Huachow
Weinan
Lin Tung
Sian
Wen Hsiang
Provincial boundary
Lushih

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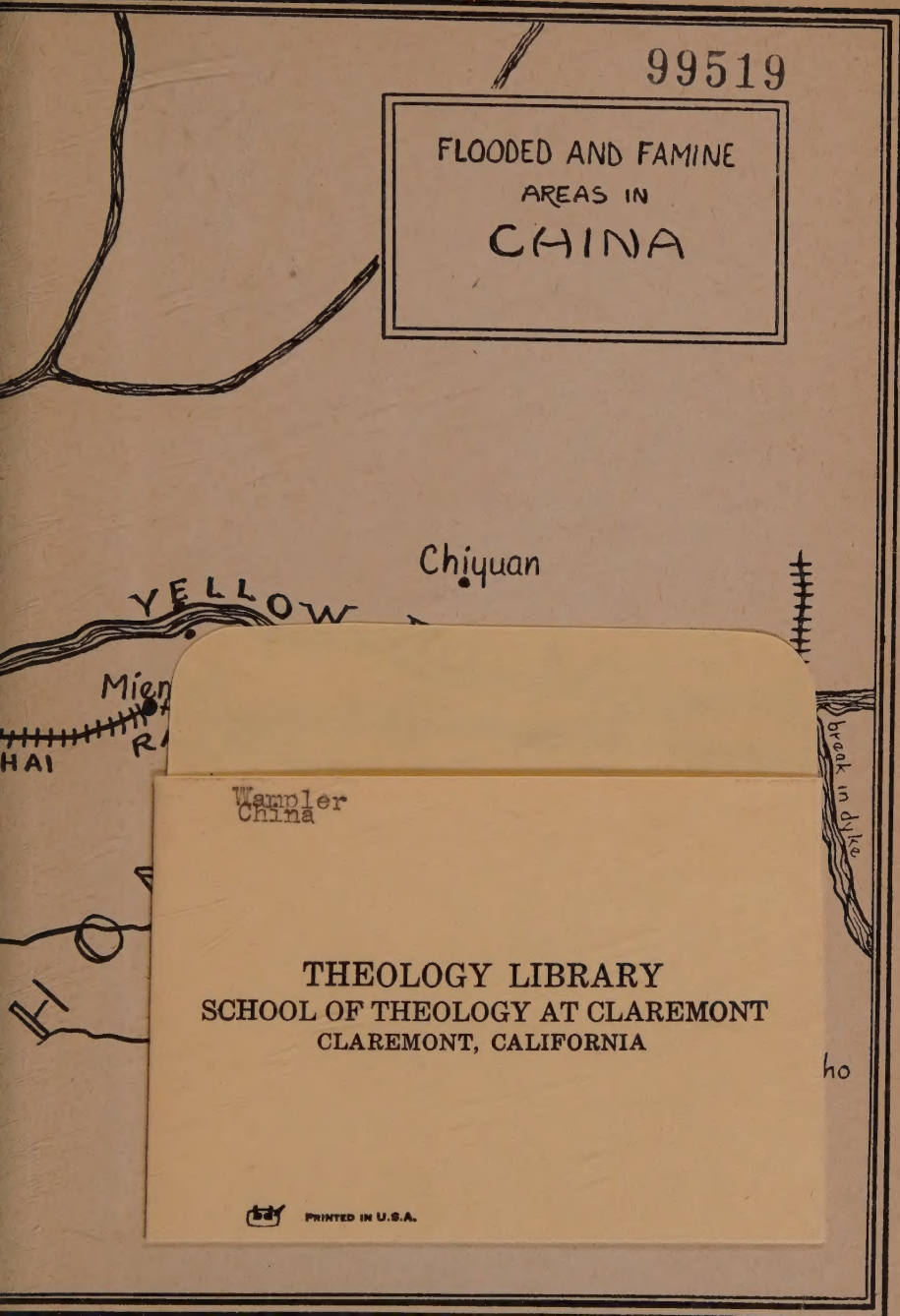
FLOODED AND FAMINE AREAS IN CHINA



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